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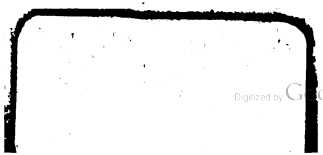
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THE

MONTHLY VISITOR,

AND NEW

Family Magazine.

By a Society of Gentlemen.

Whatever may be the final sentence of mankind, we at least endeavour to deserve their kindness. *Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

VOL. XIII.

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WILLIAM COWPER,

Published June 1.1802, by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

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THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

MAY, 1801.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours.

My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness—and none more than mine!

IN the course of our biographical labours, it has fallen to our lot to delineate a vast variety of characters. We have seen the *statesman* holding the reins of empire, the *divine* expatiating on subjects of the highest importance, and the *literary man* devising his schemes and executing his purposes for the instruction and entertainment of mankind. We are now, however, called to contemplate a very singular phenomenon. Mr. Cowper possessed excellent talents—was blessed with the most flattering connections—and yet was subject to the greatest evil that can afflict humanity. His history, indeed, imparts lessons of improvement—it affords the strongest incentives for caution and humility.

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq. was born at Berkhamstead, in the county of Herts, about the year 1730, and his family had been long distinguished, both for

their talents and virtues, having attained to the g est respectability. Lord Chancellor Cowper was of his ancestors—by the remove of only three generations. His celebrity is well known to every intelligent lover of his country. The father of our poet held the living of Berkhamstead—and appears to have been a man of amiable manners and strict integrity. The mother died at an early period—a circumstance which her son lamented in strains of affecting sensibility. Gray, the author of the Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, was similarly circumstanced—and displayed similar tokens of filial affection. These traits of feeling, on so tender an occasion, reflect great credit on their memory.

Mr. Cowper, at the usual age, was sent to Westminster school, where he made an astonishing progress in his classical studies. How long he continued at this famous seminary we cannot tell, but certain it is, that the bustle of a public-school was ill suited to the modesty of his disposition. Whether he was disgusted with the overbearing conduct of the elder scholars, or whether he thought such a situation injurious to moral improvement, it is not in our power to say—but he, from that period, conceived a dislike to almost every kind of publicity. In consequence of this prejudice, he never visited college—and in other ways supplied the defect of his education. His aversion to large schools, which he acquired during his stay at Westminster, is thus pointedly marked in the conclusion of his *Tirocinium, or Review of Schools.*

Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ
(Appris'd that he is such) a careless boy,
And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,
Merely to sleep, and let them run astray?
Survey our schools and colleges, and all,
A sight not much unlike my simile.
From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its colour draws,
Thence do prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste;
And tho' I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—*This building to be let,*

Unless the world were all prepar'd to embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place,
Yet backwards as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean,
(Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
Or better manag'd, or encourag'd less.

Mr. C. is by no means singular in his sentiments on this subject. Other writers on education, have expressed themselves equally strong respecting the tendency of large public seminaries—where the attention of the master cannot be great, and where exist the strongest temptations to the violation of morality.

When Mr. C. reached maturity—having previously entered himself at the Temple, by way of preparation—he was appointed clerk to the house of lords. With the particular duties of this office we are unacquainted. However, we are informed, that it requires at least an occasional appearance before the house—and this proved an insurmountable objection. Overpowered with this circumstance, he became extremely miserable, and, it is said, even attempted to put an end to his existence. So acute were his feelings—so violent his sensations on this occasion. From this time, having relinquished his situation, he sought and courted the shade of privacy. The melancholy, however, of his temper, was by no means removed. The same sombrous hue continued to darken his prospects of futurity.

About this period he became more particularly intimate with the late Mr. Madan, of the Lock Hospital, from whom he imbibed the principles of Methodism, and which were intended to soothe the perturbed state of his mind. For a time he was better—and gave way to emotions of joy. This cheerful interval was of short continuance—he relapsed into his usual state of melancholy—which remained, in a less or greater degree, through life. Indeed, *his* was a most pitiable case—it is impossible that we can read the particulars of his indisposition, without the sincerest commiseration. He cherished the idea that *he was forsaken by his Creator*—though he was admired for

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the purity of his morals, and the steadiness of his integrity. In one of his poems, speaking of his mother and father having arrived at the mansions of glory, he pours forth the following lines:—

But *me*, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distrest;
Me, howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams open'ing wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force,
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh! the thought that *thou* art safe, and *he*,
That thought is joy—arrive what may to me!

In another part of his poems, he draws an affecting picture of himself in these words—too remarkable not to be introduced to the notice of our readers:

Look, where he comes—in this embower'd alcove,
Stand close conceal'd, and see a statue move,
Lips busy and eyes fix'd, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below,
Interpret to the marking eye distress,
Such as its *symptoms* can alone express!
That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest, or join the song,
Could give advice, could censure, or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
Renounc'd alike its office and its sport,
Its brisker and its graver strains fall short;
Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,
And like a summer's brook, are past away.
This is a sight for pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views,
Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierc'd with the woes that she laments in vain!

The reader, though he cannot fail of commiserating the condition of our poet, yet will be surprised to find that, amidst all this distress, he applied to his literary studies with uncommon avidity. In his lucid intervals he composed his *Task*, and other poems, with which the public has been so greatly and justly delighted. We forbear to enter into the merits of this charming

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poem, because it has been the subject of a series of *Reflectors* in our Miscellany, for near a twelvemonth past. There we explained the design of the author, and selected those passages which recommend themselves by their beauty and originality. His *Task*, in six books, embraces an astonishing variety of subjects —and will hand down his name to distant generations. So much benevolence and piety, united to so great a portion of taste and genius, claim our highest admiration. Few poems were more universally read, and few more warmly admired. COWPER, all at once, from his recluse abode, burst upon the world with a peculiar effulgence, and will continue to shine with an unclouded glory!

Mr. Cowper also produced a *Translation of Homer*, in blank verse, which does great credit to his judgment and ability. It was published in two quarto volumes —many of the notes were furnished by Mr. Fuseli, the famous painter—this work, report says, has undergone various important emendations. It is truly wonderful that the translator could prosecute so great an undertaking, considering the state of mind under which it was accomplished.

Mr. C. at one time, lived with Dr. Cotton, at St. Albans—then resided with Mr. Unwin, at Huntingdon—and lastly took up his abode at Olney, where he formed an acquaintance with the Rev. John Newton, who ushered his poems into the world. In his introductory preface, Mr. N. gives this sketch of the author—"It is very probable these poems may come into the hands of some persons in whom the sight of the author's name will awaken a recollection of incidents and scenes which, through length of time, they had almost forgotten. They will be reminded of *one* who was once the companion of their chosen hours, and who set out with them in early life, in the paths which lead to literary honours, to influence, and affluence, with equal prospects of success. But he was suddenly and powerfully withdrawn from those pursuits, and he left them without regret. By these steps the good hand of God, unknown to me, was provid-

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ing for me one of the principal blessings of my life, a friend and a counsellor, in whose company, for almost seven years, though we were seldom seven successive waking hours separated, I always found new pleasure. A friend, who was not only a comfort to myself, but a blessing to the poor affectionate people among whom I lived."

Mr. Newton published a volume, entitled *Olney Hymns*, among which the pieces with the signature C. are Mr. Cowper's; indeed they are easily known from the rest, by their superior elegance and simplicity.

Mr. C. died on the 25th of April, 1800, at East Dereham, about twelve miles from Norwich, where he had resided for some time previous to his dissolution. Mr. Greathead, the independent minister at Olney, has published a funeral sermon for him, in which he details the rise and progress of his malady, with a minuteness gratifying to our curiosity. The account of his death shall be transcribed—"Although our beloved friend never was reconciled to his removal from this vicinity, nor even recovered that freedom in conversation which he enjoyed before his relapse, yet his health was apparently much improved within two years after he left us, and his mind was at least as strongly as ever interested in his literary employments. About twelve months since, when they became less regular, and ceased to engross his attention, his health evidently began to decline, though very gradually. He was, however, usually engaged in the composition of small pieces of poetry, and his appearance betrayed no essential alteration for the worse till the end of last January, (1800). Dropsical symptoms, which were then manifested, became daily more alarming, and his strength very rapidly decayed. Death, which he had for so long a period hourly expected, seemed scarcely to be apprehended by him, when it really approached. His young friend and relative (the Rev. John Johnson), convinced that he would shortly exchange a world of infirmity and sorrow for a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, repeatedly endeavoured to cheer him with the prospect, and to as-

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sure him of the happiness that awaited him—still he refused to be comforted. "Oh spare me! spare me! you know, you *know* it to be false," was his only reply, with the same invincible despair to which he had so long been a prey. Early on the *twenty-fifth* of April, (1800), he sunk into a state of apparent insensibility, which might have been mistaken for a tranquil slumber, but that his eyes remained half open. His breath was regular, though feeble, and his countenance and animal frame were perfectly serene. In this state he continued for twelve hours, and then expired, without moving a limb, or even heaving a breath!"

In taking a retrospective view of the character and condition of this extraordinary person, we are led to a variety of reflections. But we shall hazard only two remarks, which seem to rise out of our subject.

Our first observation relates to *the degree of understanding* which deranged individuals are found to possess. In the present instance, a striking proof is afforded us, that great strength of mind forms no ground of exemption from this sorest of human calamities. Indeed the case of Mr. Cowper resembles that of Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting minister, of considerable learning and piety. An interesting account of this unhappy man was given to the world by Hawkesworth, in his Adventurer, and it excited no small attention. Having discharged the duties of the christian ministry for several years with singular ability, he, owing to some domestic calamity, became miserably oppressed in mind. He entertained an idea which nothing could ever induce him to relinquish, that his *rational soul* had deserted him. Accordingly he considered himself as a *mere animal*, capable of exercising neither prayer nor praise, being divested of all responsibility. In this state, however, he wrote an admirable treatise against infidelity—dedicated to the queen. The work itself betrayed not the least mark of a disordered mind—but on the contrary, displayed profound erudition and consummate ability. The dedication, indeed, contained a statement of his sad deprivation, where he denominates himself *a thing*, and

gravely implores the prayers of the queen and her subjects for his recovery—on this account this part was suppressed—and the treatise proved highly serviceable to the cause of christianity. Thus did he pass his latter days under this melancholy persuasion, an object to all around of pity and compassion. He died in 1732. Now the case of Mr. Cowper was not an idea that his soul was annihilated—but that it was not possible for *him* to enjoy the divine mercy. With this opinion he would never be prevailed upon to attend public worship, because, as he used to say, he was in a state of *absolute reprobation*. This was his constant declaration. Yet, in other respects, he possessed powers of mind distinguished for their energy and activity.

The other observation that occurred to us, is that, *deplorable* must the state of that mind be, who could *despair*, though no *rational* ground could be assigned for its despondency. Mr. Cowper, as well as Mr. Browne, was admired for the benevolence of his temper and the purity of his manners. All who knew them—loved them. How thankful should we be for the inestimable blessing of HOPE—it is the sum and substance of our present felicity. To use the words of Mr. C. himself, who knew its value by the deprivation of it—

Hope! let the wretch once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak—for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee!
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land,
That boasts the treasure all at his command,
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine
Were light—when weigh'd against one smile of thine!

While we cherish a fervent gratitude for our elevation in the scale of being, let it be the object of our prayers, that the Deity will be pleased to *continue* us in the *enjoyment* of our mental powers till the period of dissolution. Thus shall we possess an useful and honourable station in society. And as all things here below originate in the divine bounty—so be the energies of our souls devoted to the divine service and glory!

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LL]

WINTER MORNING WALK.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

'Tis morning—and the sun with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires th' horizon, while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From ev'ry herb, and ev'ry spiry blade,
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.

COWPER.

THE title of this book shews the nature and variety of its contents. Its author was a fervid lover of nature—he traced her through her four seasons—relished all her scenes, and has described her most prominent features with an exquisite delicacy. Here, indeed, the foddering of cattle on a frosty morning—the woodman and his dog—the dripping poultry—and the whimsical effects of a frozen water-fall, are drawn in vivid colours, and with a characteristic beauty. The poet then launches out in praise of true liberty—slavery is, of course, justly reprobated—and freedom, temporal and spiritual, is most warmly recommended to the regard of mankind. Mr. Cowper was, in every respect, a zealous advocate for the promotion of human felicity.

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The *Woodman and his Dog* form an interesting picture—it has been made the subject of the pencil—and we shall now judge of its appearance in poetry—

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of men; to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail crept short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow, and now, with many a frisk,
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark, nor stoops for aught,
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air!

The *Ice-House*, made by the late Empress of Russia, is thus beautifully described—

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer, or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, no other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues
Illumin'd ev'ry side: a watry light
Gleam'd thro' the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n,
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; tho' smooth
And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well be fit
For grandeur, or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none,

Where all was vitreous, but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat,
(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there,
Sofa and couch, and high built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist, to the warm touch—a scene
Of evanescent glory—once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur, and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless as it seem'd,
Intrinsically precious—to the foot
Treach'rous and false—it smil'd, and it was cold!

The poet presents us with many fine passages in behalf of *Liberty*—at whose shrine he bowed with the purest devotion:—

'Tis *Liberty* alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil—hurts the faculties—impedes
Their progress in the road of science—blinds
The eye-sight of discov'ry—and begets
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial—a meagre intellect—unfit
To be the tenant of MAN's noble form!

The *Patriot* and *Martyr* are thus also finely contrasted:—

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompence. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times, and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever during brass,
To guard them, and t' immortalise her trust.

room of the last a little white night-cap, which is generally carried in the pocket, for that purpose.

When they go out on foot, they are attended by a slave, who carries a sunshade (called here *sambreel* or *payang*), over their heads; but whoever is lower in rank than a junior merchant, may not have a slave behind him, but must carry a small sunshade himself.

Most of the white women, who are seen at Batavia, are born in the Indies. Those who come from Europe at a marriageable age are very few in number. I shall therefore confine my observations to the former.

These are either the offspring of European mothers, or of oriental female slaves, who having first been mistresses to Europeans, have afterwards been married to them, and have been converted to christianity, or at least have assumed the name of christians.

The children produced by these marriages, may be known to the third and fourth generation, especially by the eyes, which are much smaller than in the unmixed progeny of Europeans.

There are likewise children, who are the offspring of Portuguese, but these never become entirely white.

Children born in the Indies are nicknamed *liplaps* by the Europeans, although both parents may have come from Europe.

Girls are commonly marriageable at twelve or thirteen years of age, and sometimes younger. It seldom happens, if they are but tolerably handsome, have any money, or any to expect, or are related to people in power, that they are unmarried after that age.

As they marry while they are yet children, it may easily be conceived, that they do not possess

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those requisites which enable a woman to manage a family with propriety. There are many of them who can neither read nor write, nor possess any ideas of religion, of morality, or of social intercourse.

Being married so young, they seldom get many children, and are old women at thirty years of age. Women of fifty, in Europe, look younger and fresher than those of thirty at Batavia. They are in general of a very delicate make, and of an extreme fair complexion; but the tints of vermilion, which embellish our northern ladies, are wholly absent from their cheeks; the skin of their face and hands is of the most deadly pale white. Beauties must not be sought amongst them; the handsomest whom I saw would scarcely be thought middling pretty in Europe.

They have very supple joints, and can turn their fingers, hands, and arms, in almost every direction; but this they have in common with the women in the West Indies, and in other tropical climates.

They are commonly of a listless and lazy temper; but this ought chiefly to be ascribed to their education, and the number of slaves, of both sexes, that they always have to wait upon them.

They rise about half past seven, or eight o'clock in the morning. They spend the forenoon in playing and toying with their female slaves, whom they are never without, and in laughing and talking with them, while a few moments afterwards they will have the poor creatures whipped unmercifully, for the merest trifle. They loll, in a loose and airy dress, upon a sofa, or sit upon a low stool, or upon the ground, with their legs crossed under them. In the mean time, they do not omit the chewing of pinang, or betel, with which custom all the Indian women are infatuated; they likewise masti

cate the Java tobacco; this makes their spittle of a crimson colour, and when they have done it long, they get a black border along their lips, their teeth become black, and their mouths are very disagreeable, though it is pretended that this use purifies the mouth, and preserves from the tooth-ache.

As the Indian women are really not deficient in powers of understanding, they would become very useful members of society, endearing wives, and good mothers, if they were but kept from familiarity with the slaves in their infancy, and educated under the immediate eye of their parents, who should be assiduous to inculcate in their tender minds the principles of true morality and polished manners. But, alas! the parents are far from taking such a burthensome task upon themselves. As soon as the child is born, they abandon it to the care of a female slave, who generally suckles it, and by whom it is reared, till it attains the age of nine or ten years. These nurses are often but one remove above a brute, in point of intellect; and the little innocents imbibe, with their milk, all the prejudices and superstitious notions which disgrace the minds of their attendants, and which are never eradicated during the remainder of their lives, but seem to stamp them, rather with the character of the progeny of despicable slaves, than of a civilized race of beings.

They are remarkably fond of bathing and ablutions, and they make use of a large tub for this purpose, which holds three hogsheads of water, and in which they immerge their whole body, at least twice a week. Some of them do this, in the morning, in one of the running streams out of the city.

In common with most of the women in India, they cherish a most excessive jealousy of their husbands, and of their female slaves. If they discover

the smallest familiarity between them, they set no bounds to their thirst of revenge against these poor bondswomen, who, in most cases, have not dared to resist the will of their masters, for fear of ill treatment.

They torture them in various ways; they have them whipped with rods, and beat with rattans, till they sink down before them, nearly exhausted: among other methods of tormenting them, they make the poor girls sit before them in such a posture, that they can pinch them with their toes, in a certain sensible part, which is the peculiar object of their vengeance, with such cruel ingenuity, that they faint away by the excess of pain.

I shall refrain from the recital of instances, which I have heard, of the most refined cruelty practised upon these wretched victims of jealousy, by Indian women, and which have been related to me by witnesses worthy of belief; they are too repugnant to every feeling of humanity, and surpass the usual bounds of credibility.

Having thus satiated their anger upon their slaves, their next object is to take equal revenge upon their husbands, which they do in a manner less cruel, and more pleasant to themselves.

The warmth of the climate, which influences strongly upon their constitutions, together with the dissolute lives of the men before marriage, are the causes of much wantonness and dissipation among the women.

Marriages are always made at Batavia on Sundays, yet the bride never appears abroad before the following Wednesday evening, when she attends divine service; to be sooner seen in public, would be a violation of the rules of decorum.

As soon as a woman becomes a widow, and the body of her husband is interred, which is generally done the day after his decease, if she be but rich,

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Sedan-chairs are not in use here. The ladies, however, sometimes employ a conveyance, that is somewhat like them, and is called a *norimon*. This is a kind of box, narrower at the top than the bottom, and carried by a thick bamboo pole, fastened over the top. They sit in it, with their legs crossed under them, and have then just room enough to sit upright, without being seen.

For the Monthly Visitor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE, BY A. K.

Example strikes where precept fails,
For sermons are less read than tales.

I AM not going to enquire whether moral depravity is more general, virtue more frequently oppressed, or vice held in less detestation, than at any former period of time. It appears to me, that vice and error have ever held almost unlimited dominion over the human race, and shackled, by their morbid influence, the best feelings of the soul; to resist the allurements of vice, when arrayed in the seductive habiliments of pleasure, and assuming the soft voice of invitation, is, perhaps, a task of some difficulty. Yet, my young readers, think, before you give your minds up to the dangerous and transient enjoyment of sense, that vice, if not early resisted, is seldom subdued. I shall endeavour to prove the truth of my assertion by a melancholy tale—no fiction—but a serious and unfortunate fact.

Frederick Lawson was the only son of a good, but indigent family, who, relying on the promise of friends, educated him for the church. On quitting college, a maternal aunt invited him to take up his residence with her, until he could be otherwise pro-

vided for; a friend of hers was a dignitary in the church, and he had assured her that he would attend to the interest of her nephew; relying on this promise, and extremely anxious for his future welfare, Mrs. Freeman generously supplied him with the means of mixing with such society as his family connections and future expectations entitled him to. In the presence of the young, the gay, and the dissipated, he too frequently forgot the sanctity of that character he was intended to occupy; pleasure opened her thousand sources, and he freely drank of the inebriating draught; and, if conscience, sometimes in a casual pause from folly, attempted to be heard, her voice was silenced by the sneer of ridicule, the clamour of fashion, or the force of example.

The winter, for it was autumn when he arrived in London, passed rapidly away, spring advanced, and the bishop, who was about to retire to his episcopal seat, summoned Frederick to attend him there as domestic chaplain; he soon found himself very agreeably situated—he was treated by his patron with great kindness, and by his family with respect. Two young gentlemen, nephews of the prelate, were entrusted to his care; they were lively good-humoured boys, who soon became very strongly attached to him, for his manners were both pleasant and insinuating. In the excursions which he daily made with his pupils, in the vicinity of the Priory, they, by their uncle's orders, used to call frequently among the peasantry, to view their manner of life, enquire into their wants, and make little presents among the children. In one of these benevolent rambles, they were smitten by the appearance of a cottage, which, for neatness and rusticity, seemed to emulate the simplicity of ancient days, a low hedge of sweet-briar and hawthorn, carefully trimmed, separated it from a wild and extensive common, around which was scattered a few straggling hamlets; the garden, which fronted the cottage, was not extensive, but prettily laid out in small beds of flowers, shrubs, and odoriferous herbs, which mixing their sweets with the wild thyme that grew profusely on the heath,

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gave a balmy fragrance to the air, and an exhilarating sensation to the heart; up the white front of the cottage, the luxuriant honeysuckle mixed its pliant tendrils with those of the vine; near the door stood an antique elm, whose bold projecting branches denoted that it had flourished there long before the present inhabitants of the cottage had been called into being, a rustic seat of turf was formed beneath it, on which sat a young woman knitting, and caroling a sweet and plaintive ditty, unconscious of being observed. Frederick opened a wicket, which led through the garden to the cottage, without thinking that he might possibly obtrude on persons who wished to remain unknown; the idea occurred just as he had reached the tree, it was then too late to recede, as his appearance had alarmed the young woman, who threw down her work in confusion, and hastily retired; at the same time a neat old woman, of chearful aspect, advanced from the cottage, and civilly invited them to enter, this they declined, but seating themselves without ceremony beneath the tree, began to talk with the old lady, who was very communicative on the situation of her family. They learnt that she was grandmother to the young woman they had seen, whose father was recently deceased, he had occupied a small farm, which they at his death, for want of friends to assist them, had been obliged to quit. Maria, so was the young woman called, had one brother, a bold eccentric lad, who quitted home in disgust after the death of his father, and entered himself for a sailor on board a king's ship; they were in great anxiety for his safety, and utterly unacquainted with his present destination, though they knew he had left England.

Frederick asked what ship he was on board of—the Lion, answered the grandmother. Frederick promised to make enquiries where the Lion was stationed, and likewise to gain intelligence whether the ship had been in action since her grandson had been on board. This condescending goodness quite charmed the unsuspecting cottager, she eagerly called Maria to come forward, who, advancing with timidity,

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was informed of the kindness of the good young gentleman, and desired to gather him the best nosegay the garden afforded. With this request she complied, and mixing the flowers with taste and judgment, presented each with a small *bouquet*; they soon after departed, leaving the cottagers much impressed in their favour.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF THE

HOTTENTOTS.

(From Barrow's Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa.)

TWENTY years ago, if we may credit the travellers of that day, the country beyond Camtoos river, which was then the eastern limit of the colony, abounded with kraals or villages of Hottentots, out of which the inhabitants came to meet them by hundreds in a group. Some of these villages might still have been expected to remain in this remote and not very populous part of the colony. Not one, however, was to be found. There is not in the whole extensive district of Graaff Reynet, a single horde of independent Hottentots; and perhaps not a score of individuals who are not actually in the service of the Dutch. These weak people, the most helpless, and, in their present condition, perhaps, the most wretched of the human race, duped out of their possessions, their country, and finally out of their liberty, have entailed upon their miserable offspring a state of existence to which that of slavery might bear the comparison of happiness. It is a condition, however, not likely to continue to a very remote posterity. The name of Hottentot will be forgotten, or remembered only as that of a deceased person of little note. Their numbers of late years have ra-

pidly declined. It has generally been observed, that wherever Europeans have colonized, the less civilized natives have always dwindled away, and at length totally disappeared. Various causes have contributed to the depopulation of the Hottentots. The impolitic custom of hording together in families, and of not marrying out of their own kraals, has no doubt tended to enervate this race of men, and reduced them to their present degenerated condition, which is that of a languid, listless, phlegmatic people, in whom the prolific powers of nature seem to be almost exhausted. To this may be added their extreme poverty, scantiness of food, and continual dejection of mind, arising from the cruel treatment they receive from an inhuman and unfeeling peasantry, who having discovered themselves to be removed to too great a distance from the seat of their former government to be awed by its authority, have exercised, in the most wanton and barbarous manner, an absolute power over these poor wretches, reduced to the necessity of depending upon them for a morsel of bread. There is scarcely an instance of cruelty said to have been committed against the slaves in the West India islands, that could not find a parallel from the Dutch farmers of the remote parts of the colony towards the Hottentos in their service. Beating and cutting them with thongs of the hide of the sea-cow, or rhinoceros, is a gentle punishment, though these sort of whips, which they call *shambos*, are most horrid instruments, tough, pliant, and heavy almost as lead. Firing small shot into the legs and thighs of a Hottentot, is a punishment not unknown to some of the monsters who inhabit the neighbourhood of Camtoos river. Instant death is not unfrequently the consequence of punishing these poor wretches in a moment of rage. This is of little consequence to the farmer; for though

they are to all intents and purposes his slaves, yet they are not transferable property. It is this circumstance which, in his mind, makes their lives less valuable, and their treatment more inhuman.

In offences of too small moment to stir up the phlegm of a Dutch peasant, the coolness and tranquillity displayed at the punishment of his slave, or Hottentot, is highly ridiculous, and at the same time indicative of a savage disposition to unfeeling cruelty lurking in his heart. He flogs them, not by any given number of lashes, but by time; and as they have no clocks, nor substitutes for them, capable of marking the smaller divisions of time, he has invented an excuse for the indulgence of one of his most favourite sensualities, by flogging them till he has smoked as many pipes of tobacco as he may judge the magnitude of the crime to deserve. The government of Malacca, according to the manuscript journal of an intelligent officer in the expedition against that settlement, has adopted the same custom of *flogging by pipes*; and the fiscal, or chief magistrate, or some of his deputies, are the smokers on such occasions.

By a resolution of the old government, as unjust as it was inhuman, a peasant was allowed to claim, as his property, till the age of five-and-twenty, all the children of the Hottentots in his service to whom he had given in their infancy a morsel of meat. At the expiration of this period, the odds are ten to one that the slave is not emancipated. A Hottentot knows nothing of his age; "he takes no note of time." And though the spirit that dictated this humane law expanded its beneficence in favour of the Hottentot, by directing the farmer to register the birth of such children as he may intend to make his slaves, yet it seldom happens, removed as many of them are to the distance of ten or twelve days journey from the Drosdy, that the

Hottentot has an opportunity of inquiring when his servitude will expire; and indeed it is a chance if he thinks upon or even knows the existence of such a resource. Should he be fortunate enough to escape at the end of the period, the best part of his life has been spent in a profitless servitude, and he is turned adrift in the decline of life (for a Hottentot begins to grow old at thirty), without any earthly thing he can call his own, except the sheep's skin upon his back.

The condition of those who engage themselves from year to year is little better than that of the others. If they have already families, they erect for them little straw huts near the farm-house. Their children are encouraged to run about the house of the peasant, where they receive their morsel of food. This is deemed sufficient to establish their claim to the young Hottentots; and should their parents, at the end of the term for which they engaged, express a desire to quit the service, the farmer will suffer them to go, perhaps turn them away, and detain their children.

Those who are unmarried and free are somewhat better in their situation than the others, though not much. The pitiful wages they agree for are stopped upon every frivolous occasion. If an ox or a sheep be missing, the Hottentot must replace them; nor would he be suffered to quit his service till he has earned the value of them. An ox, or a couple of cows, or a dozen sheep, worth forty or fifty shillings, are the usual wages of a whole year; and it frequently happens that a bill for tobacco or brandy is brought against them to the full amount.

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JUBILEE

TO THE MEMORY OF

SHAKESPEARE;

FROM

MURPHY's LIFE OF GARRICK.

(*Continued from page* 162, *vol.* 12.)

IN our first extract from this interesting work, we left our dramatic hero performing with considerable applause at the theatre in Goodman's-Fields; and, passing over many circumstances in the course of his theatrical career, we trace him to that period when he devoted his hours to the completion of a design which he had long meditated, and had much at heart. "This was," says his biographer, "to give a grand jubilee to the memory of Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth-place of our great poet. At that town all hands were set to work. A boarded rotunda, in imitation of Ranelagh, was erected on the banks of the river, and many other decorations were displayed in various parts of the town. On the 5th and 6th September, a numerous concourse assembled from all parts of the country, and also from London. On the 7th, public worship was celebrated with great magnificence. As soon as the religious ceremony was over, the strangers went in crowds to read Shakespeare's epitaph over the door of the charnel at the east end of the church. At three, on the same day, the company met in the rotunda, where a handsome dinner was provided. A little after five, the musical performers ascended

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the orchestra, and the songs, composed by Garrick, were sung with great applause. Garrick closed the whole with his ode, upon dedicating a building, and erecting a statue to Shakespeare, in his native city.

When the company began to rise, Foote, who sat next to this writer, said, "Murphy, let us take a turn on the banks of the Avon, to try if we can catch some inspiration." We accordingly sallied forth. Foote was no sooner seen on the margin of the river, than a crowd assembled round him. He cracked his jokes, and peals of laughter resounded all over the lawn. On a sudden, a tall man, prodigiously corpulent and unweildy, broke through the circle, richly dressed in gold-laced cloaths, in order to have conversation with a famous wit. Foote paid him several compliments, and then asked him, "Has the county of Warwick the honour of giving birth to you, sir, as well as to Shakespeare?"—"No," said the uncouth gentleman; "I come out of Essex."—"Where, Sir?"—"I come out of Essex:"—"Out of Essex!" said Foote;—and who drove you?"—A loud laugh broke out at once, and the Essex traveller rushed away, with a look that spoke his resolution never to have any more intercourse with a man of wit.

On the 8th September there was a splendid ball in the rotunda, and for the following day was announced a grand procession through the town, in which the principal characters in Shakespeare's plays were to be exhibited. It happened, however, that a violent tempest of wind and rain made it impossible to put that part of the scheme into execution. The jubilee ended abruptly, and the company left the place with precipitation.

September 1769, to June 1770. The Stratford Jubilee was in October transferred to Drury-Lane.

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In order to give it a dramatic form, Garrick invented a comic fable, in which the inferior people of Stratford and the visitors were represented with great pleasantry. As it was never published, an exact account is not to be expected. We remember a scene in an inn-yard, with a post-chaise standing at the remote end. When a crowd, after much diverting talk, withdrew from the place, a voice was heard from the inside of the chaise, Moody was within; he let down the blind, and, in the character of an Irishman, complained, that, not being able to get a lodging, he was obliged to sleep in his chaise. He then came forward amidst bursts of applause King soon joined him, and they two were the life of the piece. The dialogue throughout was carried on in a vein of humour. The songs, that had been heard at Stratford, were occasionally intermixed, and the whole concluded with a grand procession, in which Shakespeare's plays were exhibited in succession, with a banner displayed before each of them, and a scene painted on the canvas to mark the play intended. A train of performers, dressed in character, followed the colours, all in dumb show acting their respective parts. Mrs. Abington, at last, in a triumphal carr, represented the comic muse. Dr. Arne's music, the magnificence of the scenery and decorations, and the abilities of the actors, conspired to establish the entertainment in the public opinion in so powerful a manner, that we are assured by a gentleman, who has a collection of the play-bills, that it was repeated no less than a hundred times in the course of the season. During the run of the piece, Garrick, on several intermediate nights, ascended a pulpit raised on the stage, and there spoke the following ode to the memory of Shakespeare, in a style of graceful elocution.

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ODE

On dedicating a Building---and erecting a Statue to

SHAKESPEARE,

AT STRATFORD UPON AVON.

I.

TO what blest genius of the isle,
Shall gratitude her tribute pay,
Decree the festive day,
Erect the statue, and devote the pile?
Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
To own the bosom's Lord?
'Tis he! 'tis he!—that demi-god!
Who Avon's flow'ry margin trod;
While sportive fancy round him flew,
Where nature led him by the hand,
Instructed him in all she knew,
And gave him absolute command!
'Tis he!—'tis he!
The god of our idolatry!

II.

To him the song, the edifice we raise;
He merits all our wonder, all our praise!
Yet e're impatient joy breaks forth
In sounds that lift the soul from earth;
And to our spell-bound minds impart
Some faint idea of his magic art;
Let awful silence still the air;
From the dark cloud, the hidden light
Bursts tenfold bright!
Prepare! prepare! prepare!
Now swell at once the choral song,
Roll the full tide of harmony along;
Let rapture sweep the trembling strings,
And fame expanding all her wings,
With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name
Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Shakespeare!

III.

Let the enchanting sound
From Avon's shores resound;

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Through the air
Let it bear
The precious freight the envious nations round!
Though Philip's fam'd immortal son,
Had ev'ry blood-stain'd laurel won,
He sigh'd, that his creative word
(Like that which rules the skies)
Could not bid other nations rise,
To glut his yet unsated sword:
But when our Shakespeare's matchless pen,
Like Alexander's sword had done with men,
He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan;
Not limited to human kind,
He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
Rais'd other worlds and beings of his own!

IV.

Oh! from his muse of fire
Could but one spark be caught,
Then might these humble strains aspire,
To tell the wonders he has wrought;
To tell,—how sitting on his magic throne,
Unaided and alone,
In dreadful state
The subject passions round him wait;
Whom, tho' unchain'd, and raging there,
He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career;
With that superior skill,
Which winds the fiery steed at will;
He gives the awful word,
And they all foaming, trembling, own him for their Lord.

V.

With these his slaves he can controul,
Or charm the soul;
So realiz'd are all his golden dreams
Of terror, pity, love, and grief;
Tho' conscious that the vision only seems,
The woe-struck mind finds no relief:
Ingratitude would drop the tear,
Cold-blooded age take fire,
To see the thankless children of old *Lear*
Spurn at their king and sire!

With his our reason too grows wild!
What nature had disjoin'd,
The poet's pow'r combin'd,
Madness and age, ingratitude and child!

VI.

Ye guilty lawless tribe,
Escap'd from punishment by art or bribe,
At Shakespeare's bar appear;
No bribing, and no shuffling there!
His genius, like a rushing flood,
Cannot be withstood;
Out bursts the penitential tear;
The look appall'd the crime reveals;
The marble-hearted monster feels,
Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

VII.

When our magician, more inspir'd,
By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,
Exerts his most tremendous pow'r,
The thunder growls, the heav'ns lour,
And to his darken'd throne repair
The dæmons of the deep, and spirits of the air.

VIII.

But soon these horrors pass away,
Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day;
He smiles:—They vanish into air!
The buskin'd warriors disappear!
Mute the trumpets, mute the drums;
The scene is chang'd; *Thalia* comes!
Leading the nymph *Euphrosyne*,
Goddess of joy and liberty!
She and her sisters hand in hand,
Link'd to a numerous frolic band,
With roses and with myrtle crown'd,
O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
Circling the monarch of th' enchanted land.

IX.

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
Surrounded thus, the bard in transport lies;
The little loves, like bees
Clustring and climbing up his knees

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His brows with roses bind;
While fancy, wit, and humour, spread
Their wings, and hover round his head,
Impregnating his mind;
Which turning soon, as soon brought forth
Not a tiny spurious birth,
But out a mountain came
A moutain of delight!
Laughter roar'd to see the sight,
And *Falstaff* was his name.
With sword and shield he puffing strides,
The joyous revel out
Receive him with a shout,
And modest nature holds her sides;
No single pow'r the deed had done,
But great and small,
Wit, fancy, humour, whim, and jest,
The huge mis-shapen heap impress'd,
And, lo!—Sir John!
A compound of 'em all,
A comic world in one;

X.

Sweet swan of Avon! ever may thy stream
Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme;
Not Thames himself, who in his silver course
Triumphant rolls along
Britannia's riches, and his force,
Shall more harmonious flow in song.
Oh! had those bards, who charm the list'ning shore
Of Cam and Isis, tun'd their classic lays,
And from their full and precious store
Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted Avon praise;
Nor Greek nor Roman strains would flow along
More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong;
Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal
The weakest numbers, and the warmest zeal.

XI.

Look down, blest spirit! from above,
With all thy wonted gentleness and love;

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And as the wonders of thy pen
By heav'n inspir'd,
To virtue fir'd
The charm'd, astonish'd sons of men;
With no reproach, ev'n now, thou view'st thy work,
Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,
To taint the mind of youth:
Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,
And as thou giv'st it fame, that fame defend;
And may no sacrilegious hand
Near Avon's banks be found,
To dare to parcel out the land,
And limit Shakespeare's hallow'd ground;
For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,
As broad, and gen'ral, as thy boundless mind!

XII.

Can British gratitude delay
To him, the glory of this isle,
To give the festive day,
The song, the statue, and devoted pile?
To him the first of poets, best of men!
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

Garrick still continued at the head of the theatre until the close of the season in June 1776. "On the 10th of that month," continues Mr. Murphy, "our English Roscius made his last bow to the public. To him it was a moment big with regret, with sorrow, and heartfelt gratitude. He was for some time inclined to end his course with the part that he at first set out with; but, upon consideration, he judged, that after the fatigue of so laborious a character as *Richard III.* it would be out of his power to utter a farewell word to the audience. He, therefore, chose the part of *Don Felix* in the comedy of *The Wonder*. He knew that he was to go through a severe trial, but he mustered up his spirits, resolved to exert himself through the night

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with his utmost vigour, and shew himself, *qualis ab incepto*, a great actor to the last. Public notice was given, that the profits of the night were to be assigned to the fund for the relief of those, who should be obliged by their infirmities to retire from the stage. He prepared a prologue for the occasion, and, as it was the last he ever spoke, we have no doubt but it will be acceptable to our readers.

AN

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. GARRICK,

On the 10th June, 1776.

A VET'RAN see! whose last act on the stage
Intreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead; plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow feeling makes one wond'rous kind!
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress,
That hope obtain'd the wish'd-for end secures,
To soothe their cares, who oft have lighten'd yours.
Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar!
Shall they, who govern'd fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius, tax the pitying street,
With "*date obolum*," to all they meet?
Shan't I who oft have drench'd my hands in gore,
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more,
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain,
Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men, who slew me, and the men I slew:
I must, I will, this happy project seize,
That those, too old and weak, may live with ease.

Suppose the babes I smother'd in the tow'r,
By chance, or sickness lose their acting pow'r;
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd?
In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd, starv'd?
Matrons half ravish'd, for your recreation,
In age should never want some consolation:
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grizzly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and down,
And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies; gentlemen, forbid it;
Give joy to age, and let 'em say—you did it.
To you*, ye Gods! I make my last appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wisdom to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may dine?
Olympus shakes! that omen all secures;
May ev'ry joy you give, be tenfold yours.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ENIGMA BY JOHN COLES, ANSWERED.

1. War.

CHARADE BY THE SAME.

1. Hemlock.

CHARADE BY SCOTUS.

2. Newspaper.

REBUS, BY THE SAME.

1. Visitor.

* To the Upper Gallery.

Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

[From the Masquerade.]

1.

FAR from the mansions of the great,
I boast my humble birth!
Unknown to ministers of state,
I travel o'er the earth.

With low-born peasants I am seen,
From maids of honour flown,
Who hie me to the village green,
While they approach the throne.

Companion of the gay and young,
With buxom health I vie;
E'er on the bed from whence I sprung,
I languish, fade, and die.

If pictur'd thus you know my face,
Then straight declare my name;
Or own you forfeit every grace,
And take me to your shame.

2.

OBSERVE my graceful form, ye fair,
Perhaps from tears you'll not forbear,
If to your memory I recal
Some faithful friend's untimely fall.
The hero's deeds I oft record,
And sing his praise in every word.
All that remains of mortal clay,
I guard secure till that blest day,
When the last trump shall bid him rise,
And joyful mount above the skies.
From solemn scenes now hast away,
And view my polish'd form so gay;
In silver deck'd I'm often seen,
With ornaments of lively green,
Or from japan my dress receive,
Most nicely fitted, you'll believe:

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Like modern belles, my body's shape
Does each fantastic fashion ape,
As tall and slender, broad and squat,
Whether the ton be slim or fat.
A head I have, sans eyes, sans ears,
Yet often shed I scalding tears;
Two arms sometimes, with graceful bend,
Which often their assistance lend,
And of great service always prove,
When I from place to place remove:
Four feet I have, but never walk,
A mouth, but ne'er was known to talk;
Nor was ever seen to eat,
Tho' oft I give my friends a treat.
My favours on the rich I pour;
To those who money lack, I'm sour.
A nose I have, but, sad to say!
'Tis tweak'd and pinch'd so every day,
You'd think it must be black and blue,
Or twisted till 'twas like a screw.
Should you desire to know my age,
Peruse some old historic page;
For to the Romans I was known,
Who form'd me from a massy stone.
But here I'll stop, and say no more,
No doubt you've found me out before.

3.

He that in music takes delight,
And he that sleeps secure by night,
And he that from snug harbour sails,
And he that's conversant in gaols,
And he that much in tavern spends,
And he that courts of law attend,
He that explains heraldic signs,
And he that deals in silver mines,—
These are my several acquaintance;
I am an obstacle and hindrance.

CHARADES.

1.

When darkness reigns, and north winds blow,
And winter wraps the world in snow,
My first its friendly ray imparts,
To chase chill care, and cheer our hearts:
My next, by intricacies odd,
Secures the miser's golden god:
My whole, alas! while one it saves,
Sends many to untimely graves.

2.

My first by learning's sons is greatly prized:
My second's reptile state provokes disdain;
My whole's a being by the fair despised,
Made by my first conceited, pert, and vain.

3.

Oft has my first with noble blood been dy'd:
As oft hath humbled my poor second's pride:
My whole's a title each dull bard may claim.
Who by a quaint enigma grasps at fame.

4.

My first we do whene'er we try
Good rules to keep in memory:
My next's a dwelling, Scripture says,
Where men repos'd in ancient days:
My whole (though rare on earth to find)
Denotes a calm unruffled mind.

5.

My first spreads destruction and murder around:
My next in the playhouse and Bedlam is found:
My whole makes the guilty with terror turn pale,
When stern justice at length is found to prevail.

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SPANISH HOSPITALITY.

Extracted from Mordaunt;

BY THE AUTHOR OF ZELEUCO AND EDWARD.

Vevay.

YOU will remember that our muleteer was a good deal surprised, and a little angry, at seeing Travers and me laughing in the middle of the storm. He moved on rather sulkily; but before we could arrive at the inn, where we intended to pass the night, we perceived a lone house in the midst of underwood, at the foot of a mountain, and at a considerable distance from the high road. The muleteer declared that it was impossible for his cattle to proceed to the inn during such a storm, and the best thing we could do was to take shelter, for the night, in that house.

As I had been told that all those frontiers were inhabited by gangs of smugglers, who are the most desperate fellows in Spain, and sometimes act as robbers, I was not very fond of the proposal; I mentioned this to Travers, who, shrugging his shoulders, said, "he would do as I pleased; but that it was better to be robbed than drowned." Meanwhile a stout fellow, well mounted, rode by us towards the house: he had a gun on each side, slung in the manner in which a dragoon carries his carabine, and the man had under him a well-filled package of considerable bulk.

The muleteer asked him whether he might be permitted to shelter his mules from the storm.

"Do you think that my house is inhabited by Moors?" said the man.

The muleteer drove directly up to the house, unharnessed his mules, put them into the stable, which seemed to be the first room of the mansion; for through it we passed to the kitchen, where we

found three men and two women, with a blind musician, sitting by the fire, strumming a guitar, which he accompanied by occasional stanzas through his nose. The company were so attentive to the music, that they took little notice of Travers of me, till the person we had seen on the road, and whom we found to be the master of the house, came in.—"Why do you stand apart, like intruders, ?" said he, in a loud and rather surly tone: "I invited you to my house, which you ought therefore to consider as your own."

We bowed, and approached nearer to the fire. In a short time supper was laid upon a long table in the same room. The landlord made Travers sit on one side of him, and me on the other: he pressed us to every dish on the table. The principal one consisted of pieces of mutton and kid, stewed with abundance of hog's lard, and strongly seasoned with garlic: there was also a large dish of sallad, swimming in rancid oil, called a *gaspacho*. All the company eat voraciously of both, except Travers and me. Neither our own appetite, though keen, nor the landlord's invitation, could overcome the repugnance excited by the flavour and appearance of those two dishes. To make amends, however, we eat abundantly of the bread, which was very good, and of oranges, of which abundance are to be found in every cottage. We would have drank more of the wine had it not been extremely strong and fiery.—Our landlord mistook the reason of our giving a preference to the bread, and frequently assured us that we were just as welcome to the highest-seasoned dish on the table as to that.

The supper being ended, the company wrapped themselves in their great cloaks, and laid themselves on the ground, except one man, who preferred the table, and another, who chose the stone bench next the fire.

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I happened to say something to the muleteer concerning our baggage; this was overheard by the landlord—"Senor," said he, bluntly, "you are in my house: it is my business that all your things be properly taken care of."

He then desired Travers and me to follow him, which we did, into a room where there was a bed. —"This is the only bed in the house," said he: "as you are strangers, it is for you — *Buenas noches*;" so saying he left the room.

"If this man, after all, should prove a knave, I shall be much surprised," said I, "so much has he the manners of an honest man."

"It is the business of knaves to make others believe that they are honest," rejoined Travers.

"This man has succeeded with me," said I.

"Do you think he has succeeded with himself?" said Travers.

"I am persuaded he has," answered I.

"Then depend upon it he is an honest man," added Travers; "for though a man may deceive the rest of the world in that point, yet, were he as cunning as the devil, he cannot deceive himself."

"Right, Tom," rejoined I, struck with his observation, "and thus a knave can never be secure, even in this life; for, in spite of all his circumspection to keep his wickedness concealed, there is always one person in the world acquainted with it; and it is wisely ordered, that when nobody else could, that single witness very often betrays him, and brings him to shame."

I happened to step out of our bedchamber after this, and was highly pleased to find the storm entirely abated; but a good deal surprised, at the same time, that every person seemed fast asleep, though all the doors of the house, even that to the fields, were open.

When I returned, however, I thought proper to shut that of our bed-chamber, and then lay down

in my clothes beside Travers, who was already stretched on the bed.

We were awaked early in the morning by the muleteer, who informed us that every thing was ready. After breakfasting on bread and wine, I went in search of our landlord, whom I found already mounted and accoutred, as he had been the day before, with his two guns—I asked him what was to pay.

He looked displeased, and said, "his house was not an inn."

"I thanked him for his hospitality;—but still," said I, "you will be so good as to give this to the maid who dressed our supper, and the man who assisted the muleteer, neither of whom I can find."

"I pay them their wages," said he, refusing the money, and directly riding off.

While I amuse myself, and endeavour to amuse you, my friend, with what I can recollect of the most striking occurrences of this journey, I do not pretend to give you a view of the general manners or character of the Spaniards: were I in other respects qualified for that, the short stay I made in the country would render me inadequate to such a task. The impression left on my mind, however, by what I observed during this journey, is, that the Spaniards are of an honest, hospitable, and generous nature, and capable of making as respectable a figure as any people in Europe, if ever their minds should be freed from that absurd and debasing superstition, which chills their energy, and tends to check every species of improvement—more than all the other circumstances to which their poverty and degeneracy have been imputed. This, however, is conjecture; but what you may rely on as fact is, that a Spanish smuggler, treated two English travellers as has been mentioned.

Google

* * * *

———The second day after we left the house of the smuggler we arrived at Merida: it is a difficult matter to travel above six and thirty or forty miles a day in this country. Merida, formerly a Roman colony of great opulence (as many fragments of triumphal arches, and other pieces of exquisite architecture, indicate), is now the residence of idleness, poverty, and filth.

We should not have staid longer than was absolutely necessary in this wretched town, if I had not had a letter from the commandant of Elvas to an Irish officer in the Spanish service, who, having married a lady of some fortune, in the neighbourhood of Merida, found it expedient to reside there at that time.

After the civilities we had received from the commandant, we thought it proper that we should wait on his correspondent, and deliver the letter into his own hands.

We found him a lively intelligent man: he immediately invited us to sleep at his house. On my hinting our determination to proceed on our journey next morning,—"I do not expect, gentlemen," said he, "that any thing I can offer will prevail on you to make a long abode in such a place as this; but I shall be mortified, indeed, if you will not do me the pleasure of giving my house the preference to the inn, while you do stay."

He afterwards persuaded us to agree to remain all the following day, part of which we employed in viewing the Roman antiquities; and found our new acquaintance not only to be an hospitable landlord, but also an instructive Cicerone. The fortune necessary for acting the first of these characters are not more rare, in this decayed town, than the knowledge requisite for the second.

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After we had viewed what was thought most worthy of inspection, as we walked by the side of the river which separates part of the suburbs from the town, observing that the river was choked up at both banks, so as to confine the current within a few yards at the centre, I said, "May not many remains of Roman sculpture, and fragments of architecture, lie buried beneath the rubbish on each side of this river?"

"It is highly probable," replied the officer, "and a countryman of mine, a Roman-catholic clergyman, was so much of that opinion, that, as he passed this way, on his return to London from Madrid, some years ago, after as accurate an examination as he could conveniently make, he wrote to the minister of Spain, recommending it strongly that his excellency should take measures for having the rubbish cleared away, as there were many reasons for believing that the labour would be well repaid by the antiquities which would be dug up. The minister accordingly ordered an engineer to Merida for that very purpose. But no sooner was his design known, than certain monks began to murmur against it: they said, "it was paying that respect to fragments of Pagan temples and statues which was due to the relics of Christian saints only: that some men, particularly the whole childish race of virtuosos, were so depraved, as to admire specimens of ancient sculpture more than any portion of the real bones of a martyr: that if this scheme was adopted, who could answer that some heathen deity would not be dug up, of more exquisite workmanship than any of those which excited so much profane adoration already: that by the piety, as well as the wisdom of their ancestors, those idols were buried under ground, where, experience had now proved, they did no harm; but there was no knowing what mischief they might do

if they were raised again: that mention was made in the Bible of no resurrection but that of the quick and the dead; that statues were neither the one nor the other, and therefore not entitled to the same privilege: that it was safest, and most prudent, to leave things as they are; because change or innovation, on the pretext of reformation, was often productive of irreparable evil, as the church had already experienced."

These considerations greatly alarmed the good citizens of Merida, and seemed so rational to the king's confessor, a Franciscan friar, that he prevailed on his majesty to recall the engineer, and the river was allowed to remain choaked, as you see it, to the great consolation of the inhabitants.

We had an opportunity of observing another instance of the piety of these people, as we returned from the river.

It was a holiday: the whole town seemed in motion. At the corner of almost every street there was a group of both sexes, dancing to the music of a guitar.

I have observed, indeed, that at all times, and in every town and village of Spain, through which I have passed, people of all ages and conditions assemble round the musician, at the first sound of this instrument.

The agility of some of the male dancers seemed surprising, because they were often mere clowns, whose dress was ill adapted to that exercise: but what was more attractive was the wonderful flexibility of movement, as well as intelligence of look, with which many of the women humoured the music.

In the streets of Merida we particularly remarked one group of both sexes, who were performing the fandango, and other dances, with more enegy than the rest, and with a degree of vivacity and a wan-

tonness of gesture that seemed more suitable to Bacchantes, or the worshippers of the Heathen God of the Gardens, than to Christians. In the midst of these exertions, however, the great bell of the principal church tolled: it was the Ave-Maria, or Angelus hour; and in an instant all the dancers were on their knees. Those eyes, which the moment before flashed wantonness, were devoutly fixed on the ground; and, instead of the guitar, nothing was heard but an universal mutter of prayer.

"You see, gentlemen," said the officer, "that the enthusiasm of mirth is not at such a distance from devotion, in this warm climate, as it is supposed to be in your cold island, particularly by the inhabitants of the coldest part of it."

"I have a great notion, however," said I, "that those people were more earnest in the first than in the second."

"I believe them to be in earnest in both," rejoined the officer.

"I dare swear," said Travers, "they prefer the music of the guitar to that of the bell; but they believe, that if they omitted their prayers at the sound of the bell, they would be struck with some disease, which would put it out of their power to dance to the sound of the guitar."

"There is no knowing people's motives," replied this candid Irishman, "secret hopes and wishes, which we would not like to be known, are apt to intermingle with the devotion of the best of us.

"Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros,
Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto*."

"But the sudden transition which you have just

* Persius.

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sons, when he was chancellor of the queen mother, and communicate with another chamber, supported by cariatides, in an attic raised out of the cieling. On the side is a beautiful round cabinet: the periphery of the walls is embellished with Ionic pilasters, intermixed with looking glass; and the cieling forms a lofty dome. On the roof of the castle is an extensive terrace, bordered with an iron balcony; a handsome terrace stretches the whole length of the building, from which is a descent to a pasture, terminated by the river Seine; at the foot of the terrace on the left, between the flights of the steps, which form the figure of a horse shoe, is a little cascade with five pipes, making as many sheets of water. Orange-trees are placed in the walks in front, and in a half moon at the foot of the staircase.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

BEAU NASH,

By the Rev. Richard Warner, Author of the History of, and Excursions from, Bath, &c. &c.

WE cannot conclude this account of the Bath amusements, says Mr. Warner, without paying a small tribute to the memory of that celebrated personage, Beau Nash, who may claim the merit of having drawn the outline of that agreeable arrangement and orderly system in which they are at present carried on. The life of a man of pleasure, indeed, holds out but little that is entertaining to the biographer, or interesting to the reader; it may, however, serve the purposes of instruction, and, like the beacon, lend a light to discover rocks and quicksands, the situation and danger of which it is unconscious of itself.

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Mr. Nash was born at Swansea, in the county of Glamorgan, the 18th of October, 1674; his father having been long resident in that place, and possessed of a handsome income, chiefly derived from a glass-manufactory there. On his mother's side his descent was more respectable, she being the neice of Col. Poyer, who was executed by Oliver Cromwell, for defending valiantly the castle of Pembroke, on behalf of the unfortunate Charles the First. In the school of Carmarthen, a town that was then, and is now, the metropolis of South Wales, the central point of its science and literature, Mr. Nash received the elements of education, and a competent share of classical knowledge, which he was sent to the university of Oxford to improve at the early age of sixteen. Here he entered at Jesus College, with a wish on the part of his friends, and his own intention, to pursue the study of the law. But he had mistaken his turn; the dry code of civil jurisprudence, or the still drier volumes of English common law, the quaintness of Coke, and the dulness of Plowden, were ill-calculated to fix the attention of one whose disposition was naturally gay and volatile, and who was now surrounded by the diversified dissipation of an English university. Nash devoted himself to pleasure instead of institutes and acts of parliament; involved himself in an intrigue with a knowing female in the neighbourhood of the university, and was on the eve of sacrificing all his prospects to a very disproportioned marriage in point of age and fortune, when his friends discovered the amour, and instantly removed the young *inamorato* from the sphere of his mistress's attractions. A choice of profession was once more given to Nash, who, thinking that the army offered, beyond any other, opportunities of gaiety, and chances of gallantry, purchased a pair of colours, and became a soldier.

But he soon found that he had pleased himself with ideal delights; his rank did not lift him above subordination, and the duties and attendance attached to an ensign's commission became quickly insupportable to a man who had long pursued his pleasures without restraint, and deviated from regularity and order without reproach. He therefore quitted the army in disgust, returned to the discarded law, and entered himself a student of the Middle-Temple. He now became a town fine gentleman of the second rate; a sort of Wil Honeycomb; dressing tawdrily; affecting publick places; and dividing his time between play and the ladies. Sufficiently notorious in the confined sphere of private life, Nash shortly after became a public character by the following circumstance: at the time of William's accession to the throne, our hero was a member of the Temple, where he had acquired the credit of wit, gallantry, and elegance. A custom, sanctioned by very high antiquity, rendered it necessary for this society to entertain the new monarch with a revel and a pageant on this occasion; but the direction of these was a matter of importance, and not to be entrusted to a common hand. Nash's fame for taste and gaiety rendered him the fittest person for the office of high-priest on the occasion; the Templars, therefore, fixed upon him for the purpose, and their choice was sufficiently justified by the revel being conducted in such a manner as gave the utmost satisfaction to the king and his attendants. William, indeed, offered to knight Nash on the occasion, but our hero, who seems to have had sense enough to despise the unsubstantial mockery of a title without the palpable comfort of a good income attached to it, declined the intended honour. In the year 1704 Nash went down to Bath, which was just then beginning to be a place of fashionable resort; and a vacancy

happening about the same time in the office of Master of the Ceremonies, by the loss of Captain Webster, the well-known talent of Nash for the invention of amusement, and the promotion of dissipation, became a powerful recommendation to his succeeding to the important situation of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. He was accordingly elected; and invested with the fullest power to order, arrange, correct, and improve, the manners of the company, the routine of amusements, and the points of etiquette. Uncontrolled as was the authority thus delegated to him, it must be confessed he deserves great credit in having exercised it entirely for the public good. Under his auspices, Bath quickly emerged from that obscurity in which it had been hidden for ages, to splendor, eleganee, and taste. The old roads to it were repaired and improved, and new approaches made; public charities were instituted; places of amusement constructed; the pumps and baths furnished with new accommodations; and the motley crew of visitors which met together at the place of general resort, was reduced to order and propriety of conduct. Under his equal administration no rank could shield the criminal from punishment, if the code of laws established by Nash had been infringed; and no dignity of situation influence him to allow a breach or temporary suspension of them. When the Duchess of Queensbury appeared at the dress-ball in an *apron*, he deliberately desired her to take it off, and threw it to the attendants who were standing behind; and when the Princess Amelia applied to him for one more dance after eleven o'clock, he refused, assuring her that the laws of Bath were, like those of Lycurgus, unalterable. The influence which this firmness in his government gave him in the little world of Bath, was unbounded, and Nash took care to preserve and increase it by a considerable

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affectation of splendour in his dress and equipage; aware that external appearance has a powerful and visible effect on the largest part of mankind, the weak and the vain, and that the wise and the good are not entirely insensible to it, though in an inferior degree. Consistently with this just view of human nature, his house was richly furnished; his chariot was drawn by six grey horses, several persons on horseback and on foot attending the carriage, bearing French-horns and other instruments of music; his clothes were profusely decorated with lace, and his head crowned with a large white hat, cocked up in a fierce and singular manner. This was the meridian of Nash's glory. The Prince of Wales, and the Prince of Orange, gave him marks of their esteem; the nobility at Bath flattered him with their familiarity; the gentry treated him with respect; and the corporation always consulted him in every public step in which they engaged; a sum of money was voted by the chamber for the purpose of erecting a marble statue of the *King of Bath*, which, when finished, found an honourable station in the pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope.*

The latter of these respectable names is discovered amongst the number of Mr. Nash's friends, and it argues no little regard for the beau on the part of the poet, that Pope condescended to write, at Nash's desire, an inscription for the obelisk in

* The keen wit of Lord Chesterfield could not pass over this happy opportunity of ridiculing so absurd an association. He wrote an epigram on the subject, which concludes with these lines:—

"The *statue* placed the *busts* between,
Adds to the satire strength;
Wisdom and *wit* are little seen,
But *folly* at full length."

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Queen-square, erected by him in commemoration of the Prince of Wales's visit to Bath. Some little disinclination was expressed, indeed, at first by the bard to the task, as will appear by the letter next ensuing; but the one which succeeds it also shews that his friendship at length got the better of his fastidiousness.

"SIR,—I have received your's, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favour of his R. H. and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can.

"I am, sir, your affectionate servant,

"A. POPE."

"SIR,—I had sooner answered your's, but in the hope of procuring a properer hand than mine, and then in consulting with some, whose office about the P—— might make them the best judges what sort of inscription to set up. Nothing can be plainer than the inclosed; it is nearly the common sense of the thing, and I do not know how to flourish upon it. But this you would do as well or better yourself, and I dare say may amend the expression. I am truly,

"Dear sir, your affectionate servant,

"A POPE."

The inscription betrays no marks of the fancy that inspired the author of the Rape of the Lock. It as follows:—

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In Memory
Of Honours conferred
And in Gratitude
For Benefits bestowed
In this City
By his Royal Highness
FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES
And his
ROYAL CONSORT
In the year MDCCXXXVIII
This Obelisk is erected
By RICHARD NASH, Esq.

The prosperity of Nash continued for a longer period than is usually allotted to public characters; his popularity undiminished, and his honours untarnished; an admirable skill in play provided amply for his enormous expences, and his hilarity, gaiety, and easy address, as they contributed to the pleasure of society, gained him in return affection, if not esteem. But regard acquired by qualities which are not intrinsically excellent, can only be temporary. Those sprightly traits of character which may add a grace to youth, become ridiculous and disgusting in old age. The jest that pleases at twenty-five, will shock at seventy; nor can the most thoughtless contemplate with pleasure the man who, in the course of nature, must shortly change this being for another, idly busied about the frivolities of gay life, *et totus in illis*. The public now began to treat Nash with neglect, and shortly with contempt. The great, whom he had served with such devotion, rewarded him—as they are accustomed to remunerate the instruments of their pleasure—by deserting him in the hour of need. Sickness attacked him, and poverty stared him in the face. These were evils against which he had provided no defence, and therefore fell upon him with double weight. Sorrow and distress clouded the closing evening of his days, and reflection

came too late for any other purpose than to display to him the disconsolate situation of that man, when he approaches his end, who has spent his whole life in the pursuit of pleasure, and the service of folly.

Mr. Nash died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, February 3d, 1761, aged upwards of eighty-seven; and was buried with great respect and solemnity, at the expence of the corporation.

[*A tribute to the memory of this celebrated character, as related by Dr. Oliver, shall be given in our next.*]

The Cabinet of Mirth.

" Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

THE MATRIMONIAL RING.

THE ring, at first, according to Swinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant; the metal hard and durable, signifying the durance and prosperity of the contract. "Howbeit," he says, "it skilleth not at this day what the ring be made of—the form of it being round, and without end, doth import, that their love should circulate and flow continually. The finger on which the ring is to be worn, is the fourth on the left hand, next unto the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence into the heart."

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

The celebrated musician, Lully, having hurt one of his toes in beating time with his cane, the sore neglected, became so serious as to threaten his life. His confessor seeing his critical state, told him, that unless he burnt what he had composed of his new opera, in order to shew his repentance for

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having made so many operas, he had no chance of absolution. Lilley obeyed, and the confessor withdrew, after giving him absolution. M. le Duc called to see him soon after, and said, "What, and you have burnt your opera; and you are really such a ninny as to believe in the absurdities of that Jansenist, your confessor."—"Softly, softly, my friend," replied Lully, whispering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about; I had another copy!"

Almanack makers have time immemorial, been considered as poets: perhaps the stars have a poetical influence upon astrologers. At the head of an Almanack published a year or two ago, is the following regal table:—

Eight Henries, twice three Edwards, and one Stephen,
Have on the English throne been plac'd by Heaven;
Three Williams, Richards three, Elizas one,
Have in their turns supported Albion's crown:
One John, two Charles's, James two, Marys two,
Have also rul'd the throne and bid adieu:
Three Georges have grac'd the throne, and one Anne,
All deem'd the best of princes *to a man*."

THE GHOST OF HAMLET.

The late theatrical accident in Shropshire, where the acting manager received some slight injury from the *sun taking fire*, in the performance of Pizarro, is not the first instance of a manager being scorched by a flame of his own kindling. During the time of Mr. Garrick's performance in Goodman's-fields, the stage rose so much from the lamps to the back scenery, that it was very difficult for a performer to walk properly on it, and, unfortunately, it was then the custom to introduce their ghosts in a complete suit, not of gilt leather, but of real ar-

mour. The dress for this august personage was, one night, in honour of Mr. Garrick's Hamlet, borrowed from the Tower, and was, consequently, rather too ponderous for the Ghost of the Royal Dane.—The moment, therefore, he was put up at the trap-door, unable to keep his balance, he rolled down the stage to the lamps, which catching the feathers of his helmet, the Ghost seemed in danger of being consumed by mortal fires, till a gentleman roared out from the pit, "Help! help! the lamps have caught the *tusk* of your *spirits*, and if the iron hoops fly, the house will be in a blaze!" The attendants ran on the stage, carried off the Ghost, and laid him in a water tub.

In one of Queen Ann's parliaments, a gentleman of large fortune standing candidate for a borough, he opened an obscure house in the town for the use of his constituents. The landlord thinking this a very proper time to make his fortune, in drawing out his bill, for the mere article of ale, charged 300l. The candidate, astonished at such an imposition, refused to pay it, and said it was impossible his house could hold any thing like that quantity of liquor. "However, says he, "to do you justice, at the same time not to cheat myself, will you agree to be paid for as much ale as your house will hold?" The landlord consented, and a surveyor was immediately sent for, who, after measuring the several square feet of every corner of the house, returned the bill to amount to no more than *forty-four pounds ten shillings!*

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE.

Two soldiers being condemned to death in Flanders, the general was prevailed on to spare one of them; but not having a preference, wishing only that the execution of the other might be held up as

an example to the army, ordered the unfortunate soldiers to cast lots for their lives, with dice, on a drum head. The first throwing two sixes, fell to rubbing his hands, with the mingled sensation of gladness and sorrow; but was surprised when his companion threw two sixes also. The officer appointed to see the execution, ordered them to throw again. They did so, and each of them threw two fives; at which the soldiers that stood round, shouted, and said, neither of them were to die. Hereupon the officer acquainted the council of war, who ordered them to throw again. They did, and up came two fours. The general being informed of the circumstances, sent for the men and pardoned them, saying, "I love in such extraordinary cases to listen to the voice of Providence."

ACROSTIC.

Lured by a glance, a smile, a word, a nod,
Our fine ideas idolize this god;
Vows, oaths, epistles, oft persuasive prove,
Eyes are the sweetest harbingers of *Love*.

Theret, a man of learning in France, was one morning early taken out of his bed, and carried to the Bastile. The lieutenant of police went next day to examine him. "Sir," said Theret to him when he entered, "will you have the goodness to tell me why they have shut me up in the Bastile!"—"You have a great deal of curiosity indeed!" replied the lieutenant of police, with the utmost coolness, and retired.

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Beauties of the Drama.

THE HAPPY RECONCILIATION.

[FROM LIFE.*]

Scene.—An apartment in the priory; painted windows; a gothic table, and three chairs.

Enter Marchmont *and* Rosa.—(Rosa *has the manuscript in her hand.*)

March. Astonishing!—Raised to prosperity by one I so neglected, and ask no recompence but the revision of a manuscript!—'Slife, 'tis incredible: and remember, Rosa, we have already had reason to suspect her; and therefore, till I know the motive for her generosity, I shall not condescend to profit by it.

Rosa. What! won't you see her? will you again dismiss her?

March. Unthinking girl! why, wherefore should she serve me?—You are yourself, perhaps, the bribe: and shall I owe preferment to my daughter's shame?—No, she shall not enter.—And yet, if after all her motive should be good; if, to the only one who has stept forth to serve me, I prove suspicious and ungrateful—that must not be—give me the manuscript, and conduct her in.

Rosa. Here, here it is, sir, *(giving it)*.—And recollect, these are but the heads, the outlines of the book; and you are to decide, whether the materials are sufficient to ground a work upon.—And now look, sir, *(goes to the wing, and leads on*

* The Prologue and Epilogue to this interesting piece, will be found in our Parnassian Garland for next Month.

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Prim. So he did me; and I know no man that so well deserves my grand-daughter.—And now, what does she say?

Rosa. That to deserve him, who has so served you and my dearest father, will be the future study of my life.

Sir H. (Taking her hand and kissing it.) Then, thus I seal the bargain—and now, I only beg one thing—after marriage don't let us be too happy—you must now and then differ with me to keep me alive, for there is only one place in which I dread a difference, and that is here.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following translation from the Greek of Cleanthus will universally be allowed to possess the sublimity and pathos of true poetry. A considerable similitude to the sacred writings is very evident, and the original certainly contains much of their interesting simplicity.

Its author was a disciple of Zeno, whom he succeeded in his school; and he had for pupils King Auliconus and Chrysippus. He starved himself to death at the age of 90. B. C. 240.

The following is, I believe, the only one of his productions which has escaped the wrecks of time. It is preserved in the collection of Hœbus, the best edition of which is that of Paris, dated 1623.

I am, &c.

Nottingham. HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

OH thou, who hast many names, but whose power is one and infinite.—Oh Jupiter! first of immortals—sovereign of nature—who governest all—and to whose immutable law all things submit—To thee do I raise my voice;—for it is per-

mitted to man to invoke thee.—Every thing that lives, every thing that creeps—Every mortal king that exists on the earth, even we ourselves spring from thee—and thy image is impressed upon us. I will address then to thee my hymns, and will sing them without ceasing. This universe suspended over our heads, and which seems to revolve round the earth—'tis to thee that it obeys—it uniformly preserves in its course, and silently suffers itself to be governed by thy nod—the thunder-bolt, the minister of thy laws, reposes under thy invincible hand; ardent, endowed with immortality, it strikes, and nature trembles—thou directest the universal spirit which animates every thing, and lives in all beings. Such, oh, Omnipotent Ruler, is thy sovereign and unlimited power. Genius of nature! in the heavens, on the earth, in the sea, nothing is done, nothing is produced, without thee, except the evil which proceeds from the heart of the wicked. At thy word confusion becomes order—thou speakest, and the contending elements unite. By a happy concord, thou layest the foundation of that which is good with that which is not so, that a general and eternal harmony may be established. Alone, amongst created beings, the wicked interrupt this universal harmony—mistaken ones—they seek for happiness, and perceive not that universal rule, which, in enlightening them, will render them at once good and happy: but totally forsaking the good and the just, they sacrifice themselves each to his ruling passion—they pursue the bubble renown—they seek riches, or they pant for pleasures, which, however seductive, are the forerunners of misery and remorse.—Oh thou Omnipotent dispenser of all good—Good, to whom the storm and the thunderbolt are obedient, avert from man this insensate error; deign to enlighten his soul; let one ray of that wisdom by which thou

governest the universe, illume his understanding, so that honoured ourselves we may honour thee in gratitude, celebrating thy works in such an uninterrupted hymn, as best befits our feeble and mortal beings: for neither the inhabitant of the earth, nor the inhabitant of the heavens, can have a more momentous, or a more awful occupation, than the just celebration of that sublime first cause which presides over nature.

CUSTOM OBSERVED BY THE DUTCH WITH REGARD TO LYING-IN WOMEN.

MR. FELL, in his Tour through the Batavian Republic, notices the following singular custom with regard to lying-women:—"I must not," says he, "omit to mention a practice, which, I believe, is peculiar to Holland. When a woman is brought to bed, a bulletin is daily fixed to her house for a fortnight, or longer if she continues so ill as to excite the solicitude of her friends, which contains a statement of the health of the mother and the child. This bulletin is fastened to a board ornamented with lace, according to the circumstances of the person lying-in, and serves to answer the enquiries of her friends, and to prevent any unnecessary noise being made near the door of the indisposed person. We saw at Leyden the most of these boards ornamented with lace, and there learnt their meaning. When a person of consequence is dangerously ill, a bulletin of health is generally affixed to their house, to satisfy the numerous enquiries that are, or are supposed to be made after them; but, unless it is a childbed case, the board, to which the bulletin is pasted, is unornamented with lace.

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VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

DRURY LANE.

IN our dramatic department of last month, we announced the performance of a new tragedy, entitled *Julian* and *Agnes*, which was brought forward, for the first time, on the 25th of April, at the above theatre, but, on account of a pressure of matter, were obliged to defer the particulars, which are as follow:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso	*Mr. Kemble.*
Provost	*Mr. Wroughton.*
Prior	*Mr. Packer.*
Confessor	*Mr. Barrymore.*
Infirmier	*Mr. Holland.*
Knight	*Mr. Powell.*
Agnes, Countess of Tortona	*Mrs. Siddons.*
Ellen	*Miss Biggs.*

The scene is laid in a convent on Mount St. Bernard, and opens with a conversation between the Monks on the mysterious conduct of a melancholy man who had taken refuge among them. Shortly after, a female of superior rank is seen traversing the snow-clad mountains, with her attendants, carrying a young lady on a bier, apparently dead. Notice of their approach is conveyed to the convent, and, by the assistance of the Monks, are extricated from the difficult recesses of the mountains, and the young lady restored

to life. The fate of the melancholy man now interests the Monks; he is sought for among the rocks, and, being found, is brought into the presence of the provost, who implores him to calm his conscience by a confession of his sorrows. After much difficulty he consents, and tell his story. From this it appears that he is *Julian*, Count *Tortola*, under the assumed name of *Alphonso*. That, at an early period of life, he won, by his martial exploits, the love of the beautiful and amiable *Agnes*, the Princess of Navarre, and married her. In some few years after, he was again called to the wars, on which occasion he passed himself for a single man on *Ellen*, the sister of a Swiss banneret, his particular friend, who was left for dead on the field of battle, and had recommended her to his protection. When the ardour of his passion for this new object had subsided, he returned home to visit his countess, and in the mean time the Swiss Banneret, who recovered of his wounds, being apprised of the imposition on his sister, came to *Tortola*, and was killed by *Julian* in an attack upon his life. Struck with remorse, and driven by his crimes to despair, *Julian* then repaired to Switzerland in search of *Ellen*; but, at her solemn request, he promised never to see her more. He then commenced a wanderer through the country, but had been for some time an inmate of the convent of St. Bernard, at the time the strange females arrive in that neighbourhood. An attempt made by some robbers upon them brings him to their assistance; he kills one of the banditti, but is mortally wounded in the encounter, by which he rescues the females, one of whom proves to be *Ellen*, whose sorrows had just brought her to the grave, and the other, his wife, *Agnes*, Countess of *Tortola*. A reconciliation takes place, and *Julian* dies, after receiving the forgiveness of *Ellen*, who has just strength to bestow it, and expires.—The prologue, which was delivered by Mr. Powell, represented the play as founded on one of those domestic tales of woe which come home to the heart. The epilogue, spoken by Miss Biggs, was for the most part an eulogy on the heroism of Lord Nelson. Upon the whole it was well received.

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THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MAY, 1801.

TO A FRIEND.

Written after his Departure to the West Indies.

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

ADIEU my much lov'd friend! adieu for ever!
To thy sweet converse, social mirth adieu!
O thou, whom many an envious league doth sever,
Be thine the lay, to parting friendship due.

Thee my lorn fancy loves to picture, sailing
Across the vast Atlantic's foamy waste,
Each unknown coast in fond idea hailing,
And dreaming joys thou haply ne'er shalt taste.

For ah! to what blest region canst thou wander,
Where scenes than *ours* more fair thy senses greet?
Where canst thou view more healthful streams meander?
Find skies more genial, airs more balmy sweet?

What though the clime thou seek'st, with maize wide spreading,
Bananas tall, in green luxuriance smile;
What though the citron, richest odours shedding,
With grateful zest the novel taste beguile;—

There many a Briton—cross'd the hostile surges,
The soil scarce trod—hath heav'd his gasping breath;
Tornado there his blasting fury urges,
And arid fever breathes contagious death!

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But thou art gone, and vain the voice dissuading:—
Knew'st thou my wish—yet ah! it may not be—
Edearments past thy visions oftimes aiding,
Thy truant soul would wing its thoughts to me!

Say, when the sun, meridian beams diffusing,
With vivid splendor gilds the clouds thin folds,
Say, wilt thou think, thy friend, like thee, deep musing,
Though *distant* far, the *selfsame* orb beholds?—

Say, when the breezes sleep on ocean's pillow,
And the calm waters scarcely lave the strand,
Say, wilt thou think, each gently murmuring billow,
Like thee, perchance, hath left thy natal land?

LINES

Written on visiting a romantic, but obsuure hamlet.

BY THE SAME.

ALL hail ye scenes, that glad the wondering view,
Sublime, fantastic, lovely, ever new!
Where art to nature lends a softening power,
And quiet sojourns in her rockroof'd bower;
Scenes, that bid grief's dark clouds at distance roll,
Scenes, that in golden visions wrap the soul!
What though no Auburn's bard, inspir'd of heaven,
To these fair haunts perennial fame hath given;
What though they thus have bloom'd from age to age,
(Ne'er character'd in history's blazon'd page)
In humble privacy, unseen, unknown,
Save by a few, whom labour calls her own;—
Yet are they still to fancy, feeling, dear,
Still prompt th' enthusiast's sadly pleasing tear;
Still every charm these varying prospects give
In memory's blest elysium long shall live.
At this most pensive hour, when from afar
Still twilight hither guides her shadowy car,
How sweet to mark the sun's deep roseate glow
Rest slowly lingering on yon mountain's brow!
Oft through the vista's of those arching trees,
That woo the kisses of the evening breeze,

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A lengthening ray of soft cerulean light
Now quivering gleams, now vanishes from sight.
The purpling trefoil, redolent of May,
The unyok'd steeds, that homeward drag their way,
The clustering woodbine, peeping from the glade,
In contrast with the holly's duskier shade,
The village steeple, tapering to the sky,
(So should meek faith to heaven uplift her eye!)
The cotter's lattic'd home, the curling smoke,
The fading grandeur of yon lonely oak,
The plumy jubilants' last sweet farewell,
The simple music of the shepherd's bell,
The streamlet, gurgling from the cliffs above,
The milkmaid's song of one, who died for love,
And voice of echo, heard at every close,*
All, all inspire a cherublike repose!

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

COME gentle sleep! thou soft restorer come,
And close these wearied eyes, by grief oppress'd;
For one short hour, be this thy peaceful home,
And bid the sighs that rend my bosom rest.

Depriv'd of thee, at midnight awful hour,
Oft have I listen'd to the angry winds;
While busy memory, with tyrant pow'r,
Would picture faded joys, or friends unkind.

Or tell of her who rear'd my helpless years,
But torn away, ere yet I knew her worth;
How oft, tho' nature still the thought endears,
Has my worn-bosom heav'd its tribute forth.

Come then soft pow'r, whose balmy roses fall
As heavenly manna sweet, or morning dew,
Beneath thy wings, my troubled thoughts recall,
And, haply, lend them some serener hue.

Barnard's Inn. T. C***.

* "A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close."
Collins' Ode on the Passions.

LINES

Written after reading Sermons by the Rev. Edmund Butcher.

BUTCHER, 'tis thine, through each impressive page,
To pour instruction o'er a trifling age;
By thee, RELIGION, heavenly maid! appears
Inspiring hopes, not nursing causeless fears;
Not frigid, gloomy, sullen, and forlorn,
But bright, and radiant, as a summer's morn!
Each serious duty, every social part,
Is drawn with judgment, by a feeling heart;
Wide through our land, may thy instructive page
Long be the guide of youth, the prop of age!
From its sweet influence, may my struggling heart
Sustain with firmness every trying part!
View the vain world in each diurnal scene,
With placid temper, and a soul serene!
Then, when the closing hour of life draws near,
And fault'ring nature finds no comfort here,
May faith, with nervous arm, each fear release!
And whispering seraphs say—DEPART IN PEACE!

ANNA.

LINES.

WHEN bright Aurora, with refulgent ray,
From eastern waves proclaims the new-born day,
Peeps from her saffron bed, and spreads around
Her genial heat, to warm the dewy ground;
The croaking rook salutes the ruddy morn
With clam'rous notes, on sable pinions borne.
The feather'd songsters of the verdant grove,
Tune their harmonious throats to songs of love;
With rapture fill'd, from each surrounding spray,
They welcome in the smiling god of day.
The bleating flocks forsake their dewy bed,
And wake the shepherd from his lonely shed;

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The nimble colt trots o'er the prostrate field,
To human force unknowing how to yield—
The ruddy plough-boy, whistling as he goes,
His frequent stripes on lazy beasts bestows;
Whilst yonder course in unison resounds,
With bugle-horns, and loud melodious hounds;
Thus swiftly passes our life's varied scene!
The silent moon spreads round a calm serene;
But Phœbus, with a more enliv'ning ray,
Dispels her fainter orb, and brings the day.

C. STRONG.

LINES,

Addressed to a Lady on her leaving England.

FAREWELL Maria! may each gale that blows,
Waft thee to health, to pleasure and repose!
May halcyon smooth the still, unruffled main,
And fancied dangers be thy all of pain!
But oh! when foreign wonders meet thine eyes,
And foreign beauties charm, and arts surprise;
Should novel pleasures steal into thine heart,
And each new pleasure new desires impart,
Yet still, Maria, still remember, here
Are friends still true, and friends who once were dear:
Still cherish in thine heart affection's flame,
For those now link'd by friendship's sacred name.
Still let thy thoughts revert to Britain's shore,
And treasure up its joys in memory's store;
Its charms, its pleasures, to thy mind recall,
The cheerful converse, and the lively ball:
Then, while the scenes in mental prospect rise,
And fond remembrance streaming from your eyes,
Then think, that all whom once you here have lov'd,
All whom your partial friendship has approv'd,
With undiminish'd ardour think of you,
And still, with anxious eyes, your fate pursue.
Then ah! Maria, sometimes let thy mind,
Revert to those to whom you once was kind;

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And still tho' wid'ning oceans roll between,
Revisit ev'ry friend, and ev'ry scene;
And, if a youth, not blest with fame or art,
And boasting nothing, save a grateful heart,
Can claim one thought beyond the last adieu,
Still think of William, as he thinks of you.

Stanmore. T.

THE CHOICE.

SHOULD e'er kind Providence vouchsafe to give
Me free permission as I'd chuse to live,
I'd first select some rural, snug retreat,
With a small cottage, elegantly neat.
Encircling ivy should its walls entwine,
The fragrant rose, and lovely jessamine,
To grace my humble dwelling, should combine.
Six fertile acres of the richest ground,
My little mansion should inclose around;
Whilst the soft murmurs of some purling rill,
The ravish'd ear with pleasing sounds should fill.
A pleasant garden too I'd have, well stor'd
With choicest fruits, to decorate my board;
And when the mind, from pleasing study free,
Should seem dispos'd to sociability,
I'd chuse some friend, who, innocently gay,
Should with me pass a chearful hour away;
A friend, of manners gentle, and refin'd,
The pride, and ornament of human kind!
Thus bless'd (together with an income clear,
Of just one hundred sterling pounds a year),
Secure from want, life's fleeting hours I'd spend,
In serving God, my neighbour, and my friend:
Nor envy those, to whom indulgent heav'n,
Has greater wealth, and better fortune giv'n.

Market-Lavington,
Wilts. JOHN ROBERTS.

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ODE TO SOLITUDE,

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE, OF NOTTINGHAM.

SWEET soother of the woe-worn breast,
Relieve my soul by grief opprest,
Now tow'ring prospects fade.
With thee at midnight hour I'll stray,
When night's sweet orb shall cheer my way,
And silver o'er each glade.

There ling'ring near some murmuring stream,
I'll oft indulge sweet fancy's dream,
And soothe my anxious breast:
Whilst the sweet plaintive birds of night,
Instils a pleasing calm delight,
A welcome lovely guest.

While nature's noise is lost in sleep,
And nought disturbs th' unruffled deep,
I'll give my soul to thee.
No worldly cares shall intervene,
Nor ought disturb the tranquil scene,
But Philomel and me.

Thus oft I'll court thy lov'd controul,
Thro' paths that ne'er were trod;
'Till joys ecstatic fill my soul,
And raise my thoughts to God.

ALMERIA;

OR,

THE PENITENT.

(Concluded from page 306, *vol.* 12. *)*

IN vain I now assum'd a chaster part,
In vain I struggled with a broken heart,
In vain I try'd to purify my stain,
Correct my life, and rise (reform'd) again:
Pleas'd at the hope, from savage man I flew,
And sought protection from each friend I knew;
Each friend, at my approach, shrunk back with dread,
And bade me hide my pestilential head:

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E'en for the meanest servitude I sought,
But nice suspicion at my figure caught,
My dress too flaunting, or my air too free,
And deep reserve betok'ning mystery;
Some frailty rais'd a doubt where'er I came,
And every question flush'd my cheeks with shame;
Conscious of guilt, o'ershadow'd by pretence,
'Twas hard to act the *farce* of innocence.
Oft as I begg'd the lowest servant's place,
The treacherous colour shifted in my face;
The fatal secret glow'd in every look,
Trembling I stood, and falt'ringly I spoke.
Next came the views of home into my mind,
With each dear comfort I had left behind;
Pardon and pleasure started to my thought,
While hope inspir'd forgiveness of my fault:
But soon, too soon, the sweet ideas fled,
And left me begging at each door for bread.
Yet poor indeed was this support to me,
(Ah! had I starv'd on common charity!
Far other woes and suff'rings were in store,
My fame was lost and I could rise no more!
Driven to the dreadful precipice of sin,
My brain swam round the gulph and hurl'd me in!
And now no pen could picture my distress,
'Twas more, much more than simple wretchedness;
Famine and guilt, and conscience tore my heart,
And urg'd me to pursue the wanton's part.
Take the plain truth, and learn at once my shame:—
Such my hard fate,—I welcom'd all that came.
But oh! no transport mingled with my stains,
No guilty pleasure ever sooth'd my pains;
No vicious hope indelicately gay,
Nor warmer passions lull'd my cares away;
The flattering compliment fatigu'd my ear,
While half afraid, I half conceal'd a tear:
Whole nights I pass'd insensible of bliss,
Lost to the loath'd embrace and odious kiss;
Nor wine nor mirth the aching heart could fire,
Nor could the sprightly music aught inspire;
Alive to each reflection that oppress'd,
The more I gain'd, the more I was distress'd;

E'en in the moment of unblest desire,
Oft would the wretch complain I wanted fire;
Cold as a statue in his arms I lay,
Wept through the night, and blush'd along the day—
Ah! think what terrors e'er can equal mine!
Ah! think, and pity, for I once was thine!
The sweet society of friends was o'er,
For happier woman dare invite no more;
And they, at noon, would meet me with alarms,
Who stole at midnight to my venal arms.
My own companions no sweet comfort brought,
A shameful set, incapable of thought;
Their wanton passions ne'er could touch my heart,
For all was looseness, infamy, and art;
No modest maxims suited to improve,
No soft sensations of a chaster love,
No generous prospects of a soul refin'd,
No worthy lessons of a noble mind
E'er touch'd their bosoms; harden'd to their state,
Charm'd at their arts, and glorying in their fate,
Some stroke of frolic was their constant theme,
The dreadful oath, the blasphemy extreme;
Th' affected laugh, the rude-retorted lie,
Th' indecent question, and the bold reply;
E'en in their dress their business I could trace,
And broad was stamp't the harlot on each face;
O'er every part the shameful trade we spy,
The step audacious, and the rolling eye;
The smile insidious, and the look obscene,
The air enticing, and the mincing mein.
With these, alas! a sacrifice I liv'd;
With these the wages of disgrace receiv'd;
But Heaven, at length, its vengeance to complete,
Drove me—*distemper'd*—to the public street;
For on a time, when lightning fir'd the air,
And laid the sable breast of midnight bare;
When rain and wind assail'd th' unsheltered head,
That sought—in vain—the blessing of a bed,
Distress'd, diseas'd, I crawl'd to every door,
And begg'd, with tears, a shelter for the poor!

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My knees, at length, unable to sustain
The force of hunger and the weight of rain,
Fainting, I fell—then, staggering, rose again—
And wept, and sigh'd, and hop'd, and rav'd again!
Then, nor till then, o'erwhelm'd by sore distress,
To my own hand I look'd for full redress;
All things were apt, no flatt'rer to beguile,
'Twas night—'twas dark—occasion seem'd to smile;
Where'er I turn'd, destruction rose to view,
And, on reflection, rising frenzy grew.
From foolish love, the knife conceal'd I wore,
That, in my rage, Alcanor's bosom tore;
Thought press'd on thought—th' unsettled senses flew,
As from my breast the fatal blade I drew;
Still the stain'd point with crimson spots was dy'd,
And "this is well—'tis blood for blood!" I cry'd:
Thus did I poise the instrument in air,
Bent to the stroke and laid my bosom bare;
But ah! my crimes that instant rose to view,
Disarm'd my purpose, my resolves o'erthrew;
Fear shook my hand—I flung the weapon by,
Unfit to live—I was not *fit to die!*
Ah! wretched woman, she who strays for bread,
And sells the sacred pleasures of the bed;
Condemn'd to shifts her reason must despise,
The scorn and pity of the good and wise;
Condemn'd each call of passion to obey,
And in despite of nature to be gay;
To force a simper, with a throbbing heart,
And call to aid the feeble helps of art:
Oblig'd to suffer each impure excess,
The slave of fancy and the drudge of dress;
Compell'd to suit her temper to each taste,
Scorn'd if too wanton, hated if too chaste;
Forc'd with the public whimsy to comply,
As veers the gale of modern luxury;
And oft th' afflicted creature must sustain
Strokes more severe, yet tremble to complain:
The felon bawd, a dreadful beast of prey,
Rules o'er her subjects with despotic sway,

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Trucks for the human form, with fatal power,
And bargains for her beauties by the hour.
But should some female in her dang'rous train,
Attend the altar of her shame with pain,
Dispute at length the monster's base controul,
And dare t' assert the scruples of her soul;
Should she reluctant yield to the disgrace,
And shew the signs of sorrow in her face,
Th' imperious abbess frowns her into vice,
And hates the sinner that grows over nice.

But hear, yet hear your hapless daughter's plea,—
Some little pity still is due to me.
If to have felt each agony of mind,
To bear the stings which conscience leaves behind;
If on each morn to shudder at the light,
Dread the fair day, and fear the coming night;
If, like a thief, of every eye afraid,
Anxious I sought the blush-concealing shade;
If my sad bosom, bursting with its weight,
Bled and bewail'd the hardships of my fate;
If to have known no joys, and known all pains,
Can aught avail to purge my former stains,
Judge not your child, your suppliant, too severe,
But veil her frailties and bestow a tear.

Yet has Almeria a juster claim,
To seal her pardon and to close her shame;
Each early trespass nobler to remove,
And hope again the sanction of your love.
These holy mansions*, sacred to our woes,
To screen from scorn, and hide us from our foes:
Gradual the fallen woman to retrieve,
Reform the manners, and the mind relieve,
From barb'rous man to shield his hapless prey,
Expunge the blot, and chace the blush away;
To sooth each sorrow by the power of prayer,
And half supply a parent's pious care;
To lull the flutt'ring pulses to repose,
Each pang to soften, and each wish compose;

* The Magdalen Hospitals.

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Wean us from scenes that fatally misguide,
And teach the breast to glow with nobler pride;
These holy mansions have receiv'd your child,
And there she mourns each passion that beguil'd.
Thrice has the sun his annual beams bestow'd,
And found me here determin'd to be good;
Already feels my heart a lighter grief,
And each white minute brings me fresh relief:
Or if, by chance, my sorrows I renew,
Half claim my crimes, and half belong to you;
Here then for ever, secret and resign'd,
Here for its God will I prepare my mind;
Here pass, conceal'd, my penitential days,
And lead a life of piety and praise.

Come then, thou lovely patroness of fame,
Thou bright restorer of a ruin'd name,
Come, fair Repentance! o'er each thought preside,
Patient I follow such a heavenly guide;
To all thy laws implicitly I bend,
And call thee Sister! Saviour! Genius! Friend!
Oh! let me breathe the solemn vow sincere,
Oh! let Religion consecrate each tear!
Then should long life be mercifully given,
The soul repair'd, may dare to think of heaven;
Then cleans'd from every dark and Ethiop stain,
Virtue, that dove of peace, shall come again,
With smoothest wings resettle on my breast,
And open prospects of eternal rest.

And yet, before that golden hour arrive,
Oh! would my injur'd relatives forgive;
Oh! could they see this happier turn of fate,
And view their Magdalen's far chaster state—
Then would they fondly close her fading eye,
Bless her last breath, and bid her peaceful die!

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Literary Review.

The History of Bath. By the Rev. Richard Warner. Robinsons. *Quarto.* 2l. 2s.

THE author of this performance is already known to the world, by his *Pedestrian Tour into Wales, and into the West of England.* These, though small pieces, have attracted notice by the animation of their style, and the liveliness of their sentiment. He now appears before the public in the higher department of an *historian*—and even *the Historian of Bath*, the most pleasing and fashionable place of resort in the kingdom. In this province he has acquitted himself with ability—great pains seem to have been taken to trace the progress of this city from the earliest times up to its present state of celebrity.

Mr. W. has first of all presented his readers with the British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish, History of Bath —then its ecclesiastical history; all in distinct sections. Afterwards he proceeds to a general description of the city, including a survey of its parishes, hospitals, baths, and amusements. The whole closes with an analysis of its waters, together with a sketch of the mineralogy and botany to be found in its environs. Into an Appendix also, is thrown a vast variety of curious information.

Such is the plan into which our author has distributed his matter—a considerable time must have been requisite to collect together such a quantity of miscellaneous articles, and to form them into this animated mass of composition. To the frequenters of Bath, the volume will afford a high degree of amusement, and,

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indeed, all lovers of their country will in its perusal feel no small gratification.

The manner after which researches into antiquity is generally conducted, proves dry and uninteresting—but in the hands of Mr. W. no such complaints can be made. He has decorated the unpromising subject with peculiar felicity. Such was the only mode by which he could secure the gay votaries of fashion for his readers; and such indeed is the only sure way of drawing the attention of the great bulk of mankind.

Under the article of *Amusements* we find several entertaining particulars—particularly a sketch of *Beau Nash*, which will be found in the preceding part of this number. He was in every respect an extraordinary character—and, whatever were his weaknesses, he presided over Bath with the authority of a sovereign, carrying its affairs to a high pitch of prosperity.

It appears that Charles II. in the autumn of 1663, visited Bath, and from that period is dated the epoch of first *drinking* the waters—the practice of *bathing* in them had long before prevailed, even since the time of the Romans, who paid particular attention to this city. Indeed Mr. W. justly rejects the silly account of the British King *Bladud* and *his pigs*—for it has been said, that this *illustrious group* being afflicted with the leprosy, were indebted to these waters for their complete restoration.

The work is dedicated to the *Prince of Wales*, and its engravings are neatly executed. We congratulate the Rev. Mr. Warner on his having employed so well the leisure time which remains after his attention to the duties of his profession. We, however, hope his intelligent and active mind will, in the course of the ensuing summer, lead him again to resume the peregrinations of the *tourist*, for which he is so justly distinguished.

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The New Annual Register; or, General Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1799; to which is prefixed the History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain, during the Reign of King Charles II. Robinsons. 14s. *in boards.*

BRITISH and foreign history, public papers, biographical anecdotes and characters, manners of nations, classical and polite criticisms, philosophical papers, antiquities, miscellaneous papers, poetry, together with foreign and domestic literature, form the contents of this ponderous volume, and appear to have been put together with judgment and ability. It is indeed a kind of annual library. We have already given the character of Lord Sandwich from this work, and we may, at some future period, select other articles to adorn and enrich our Miscellany.

Adventures of Musul; or, The Three Gifts, with other Tales. Vernor and Hood. 1s. 6d.

THESE Adventures are written with good sense and sprightliness, and therefore are well calculated for young people, to whose entertainment they are devoted. The manner of the East is here successfully imitated—and no manner was ever better fitted to arrest and fix the attention.

Edward, a Tale for Young Persons; principally founded on that much admired performance of the same name by Dr. Moore, and adapted to the Capacities of Youth. By Mrs. Pilkington. Vernor and Hood. 1s. 6d.

EDWARD, by Dr. Moore, is a masterly performance, and Mrs. Pilkington has performed a meritorious work in adapting it to the minds of children

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To use the words of the authoress—" I hold *Edward* up as a polished mirror, in which his companions may behold worth and virtue adorned with manners most calculated to please."

A Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World, accompanied with a Persuasive to Religious Moderation; to which is prefixed an Account of Atheism, Deism, Theophilanthropism, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity, adapted to the present Times. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington. Fifth Edition, with considerable additions and improvements. Crosby and Letterman. 3s. 6d. *in boards.*

FOUR impressions of this little work having been already sold, its nature and tendency must be pretty well known to the public. We have, therefore, only to state the augmentations and improvements which the present edition has received.

Mr. E. remarks, in his Prefatory Dedication—" In this edition, called for by an indulgent public, articles of some length are *newly* inserted, such as the *Theophilanthropists*, *Lutherans*, *New Methodist-Connection*, *Jumpers*, &c. a few of the old ones have been re-written, such as the *Baptists*, *Methodists*, *Universalists*, &c. and to the other denominations, particularly the *Quakers* and *Millenarians*, there have been accessions of matter, either explanatory of their tenets, or illustrative of their history."

It appears, from the *list of sects* at the beginning of the work, that the opinions of near *fifty* are delineated —and the author has endeavoured to observe the strictest impartiality. A large fund of information, therefore, is here to be obtained concerning the present state of the christian world.

The work is decorated with a frontispiece, containing the portraits of Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Baxter, Whitfield, Wesley, Penn, and Winchester. They form

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an interesting groupe—in their day, each of these celebrated characters moved in an extensive sphere of usefulness and respectability.

The *Reflections*, with which *the Sketch* closes, are intended to promote *peace* and *charity* amongst the professors of christianity. The prevalence of such dispositions, cannot fail of advancing the best interests of mankind.

Pious Reflections for every Day in the Month, translated from the French of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. Sixth Edition. To which is now added, a Sketch of the Life of the Author, and Father's Advice to his Son. Symonds. 1s.

THIS pleasing and useful little Manual is here presented to the world in a size and type calculated to arrest the attention. Fenelon was a very pious and ingenious writer—and though a catholic, yet, as appears from this work, drank deep of the genuine spirit of devotion.

The Princess of Persia, addressed to Youth. By I. Porter. With a Frontispiece. Crosby and Letterman. 3s. *bound.*

THIS piece possesses considerable merit, both as to its design and execution. The incidents are natural, and afford lessons of moral instruction.

Visits to the Aviary, for the Instruction of Youth. Vernor and Hood.

A KNOWLEDGE of nature is particularly pleasing —and suggests proper views of the creation around us. *Birds*, which are the subject of this volume, are here described—and these sketches of the feathered tribes are well adapted to produce good impressions. We would recommend this author to proceed in the delineation of the rest of the animal world.

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Tales of the Arbor; or, Evening Rewards for Morning Studies; comprising a Collection of Tales, interesting, familiar and moral. Vernor and Hood. 1s. 6d.

IN these Tales, which are drawn up with ease and simplicity, we observe that kind of variety which is grateful to youthful minds. The title happily suggests the advantages with which diligence on the part of the pupil ought to be rewarded.

The Elements of English Composition, Containing Practical Instructions for Writing the English Language with Perspicuity and Elegance; and designed, in the Progress of Education, to succeed to the Study of English Grammar, and of the Latin and Greek Classics. By David Irving, A M. Hurst. 4s. 6d. *bound.*

OF late, both in England and Scotland, many eminent writers have employed their pens for the improvement of the English language. Mr. Irving has collected together their sentiments on the subject, adding also his own observations. The work, therefore, ought to be put into the hands of youth, who, intent on the improvement of their minds, are desirous of appearing with advantage in society.

An Excursion to the United States of North America, in the Summer of 1794. Embellished with the Profile of General Washington, and an Aqua-tinta View of the State House at Philadelphia. By Henry Wansey, F. A. S. Second Edition, with Additions. Wilkie. 4s. 6d.

THIS work, which has been before the public for some time, we noticed on its first appearance, and we are happy to find that it has been well received. We bring forward this second edition, because it affords us an opportunity of communicating a few particulars concerning America.

Of all the publications we have looked into concerning the United States, we are best pleased with the publication before us, for its brevity and simplicity. Mr. W. left England March 1794, and returned hither the latter end of July, in the same year. He visited Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Of each of these places a particular sketch is given—and also of the several towns through which he passed in his way thither. Remarks are also interspersed concerning the state of agriculture, and especially the manufactures amongst them. Incidents are also specified, which enliven the narrative, by gratifying the curiosity. His interview with their principal men, both statesmen and merchants, are very entertaining—and the observations in general seem to accord with the condition of a rising country. The emigration of our relatives, friends, and countrymen thither, render such account interesting—though it must be confessed, that most of the emigrants themselves have been disappointed. The comforts of life are not to be easily procured there—and the ravages of the yellow-fever have been peculiarly destructive to foreigners. Add to this, that house-rent, in the large towns, is extremely dear—that servants are often not to be had for money—and, finally, that high-wrought expectations are seldom realised. These circumstances will account for the disappointment which has been experienced respecting America. But labour is sure of being rewarded there—and most of the mechanic arts meet with encouragement. Let us not, however, hastily quit the spot which gave us birth, but exert ourselves at our different posts, for the welfare and prosperity of our country.

Upon the first appearance of the Visitor, we gave our readers Mr. W.'s interview with General Washington. We shall here add two anecdotes respecting the Indians, whose history is at all times calculated to excite attention. "May 23, 1794. I went this morning to breakfast with General Gates, the hero of Saratoga. He has a very pleasant country situation, about three miles from New York,

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on the borders of the Sound, from whence you have a good view of Long Island, and the shipping. He received me very hospitably. His wife is a pleasant chatty little woman, of sixty, and described to us a visit paid to them by an Indian warrior, whose dignity of manners, and serious behaviour, were both engaging and respectable. Seeing a servant holding a silver waiter, and carrying the cups thereon, he observed—"the servant was putting it to a wrong use, a hole should have been drilled through it, and it should have been hung round the neck, for then it would have made an excellent breast-plate!" He also remarked on the want of good judgment among the white people, in having their bed-rooms piled on the top of others—"walking upwards (said he) in so unnatural a way, especially when there was so much room on the ground—besides, you were in that situation so easily surprized by the enemy, who could put a fire under you, and burn you while you were asleep!" Many other observations, equally odd, he also made, all of which, I make no doubt, he was convinced were according to the true dictates of nature and common sense, and the fitness and reason of things."

At Philadelphia the other circumstance took place, respecting the Indians, equally curious and impressive.—"Four days before I came to Philadelphia (says Mr. W.) there arrived an embassy from the Cherokee and Creek Indians. I saw some of them (Flamingo and Double Head) walking the streets, followed by a crowd of boys. I intended to have got acquainted with them, and inform them that I was a subject of the great King George, on the other side of the great waters, and that I wished to smoke a calamut with them, and to have procured a belt of wampum. But when I heard that Flaming's (the tall stout fellow I saw), had bragged publicly that he had in his time shed human blood enough to swim in, I was so much shocked, that I never wished to see them any more. They all lodged (about twenty men and women) in a kind of barn, at the west end of High-street, not far

from the new mansion building for the president. Some of the Indians, when they get rum, will drink till they fall down senseless on the spot, where they will lie, with hardly any motion, for ten or twelve hours—then rise as if out of a profound sleep, still stupid, and, if they can get it, will repeat the dose again, till they fall into the same situation. It seems the immoderate and general use of spirits is the greatest cause of their depopulation."

With respect to the new city of WASHINGTON, whither the government has been lately removed from Philadelphia, Mr. W. did not visit it, but has, nevertheless, obtained information respecting it. "The whole area of the city consists of upwards of 4000 acres. There is to be a national university erected there, as well as the mint, pay-office, treasury, supreme courts of justice, residences for the ambassadors, in short, all the public offices. The city is to be built after a plan laid down for every street, of a fine white stone found in the neighbourhood, equal to Portland. Each house is to be forty feet from the ground to the roof, in all the principal streets, which are to be from 70 to 100 feet wide. The first street was formed upon an exact meridian line, drawn for the purpose by a Mr. Ellicot, which passes through the capital, the seat of the legislature, on an eminence, from whence the street diverges into radii in every direction. It has, therefore, the full command of every quarter of the city."

"The great projector of this city was the great WASHINGTON himself! Early in life he contemplated the opening of this river from the tide-water (within three miles of the city), up to nearly its source. His public employments in the part of the country through which the Potomack and its branches run, had given him a more complete knowledge of this river than almost any other man possessed at that time, and his mind was strongly impressed with its future importance; but the period for undertaking a work of such magnitude had not yet arrived. The country was yet but thinly inhabited, and canals and locks but little

understood in America. General Washington, however, kept this object always in view, waiting until time and circumstances should enable him to bring it forward with success."

Mr W. then traces the advantages attending the situation of Washington—and concludes with this sensible remark—"All these circumstances clearly mark its road to future greatness, but yet, for many years to come, it will, like many others of their large undertakings, be a body without a soul. Many of their schemes, I observe, are highly speculative, and not the result of that necessity which gives strength and energy to our plans in Europe. This was the sentiment that generally struck me most forcibly, as I travelled through the States—the appearance every where of vast outlines, with much to fill up!" We believe this to be a very just description of the United States of America.

A Praxis of Logic, for the Use of Schools. By John Collard. Johnson. 5s.

EVER since the time of the immortal Locke, the human mind has been analysed with great attention. That philosopher put to flight the jargon of the schools—which had for ages tyrannised over the understandings of mankind. Dr. Watts also, and Professor Duncan, of Aberdeen, produced two excellent systems of logic, which met with a very favourable reception. We, however, wish to avail ourselves of every improvement, and accordingly bring forward the work before us, to the notice of our readers.

This *Praxis*, or Epitome, was first published under the assumed name of *Drallor*, which is nothing but the name of the author reversed. The matter is arranged under the form of questions and answers, in conjunction with appropriate illustrations. We, therefore recommend the publication, particularly to young people, for whose use it is intended. We applaud every

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effort to promote clearness of conception—it is a most valuable acquirement, and worthy of the utmost attention. For the want of it, great confusion has been created in every species of controversy—nor can we, in such a case, expect that disputes will ever arrive to an amicable termination. The proper exercise of the human powers is essential to the discovery of truth, and thus lays a broad basis for the peace and happiness of mankind.

The Life of Rolla, a Peruvian Tale. With Moral Inculcations for Youth. By the Author of the Siamese Tales. To which are added Six Peruvian Fables.

THE play of Pizarro, so justly famed among us, has excited a curiosity respecting Rolla, who is here amply described. Indeed, the author has taken the liberty of indulging his imagination on the subject, and in a manner which commands our approbation. Fiction has often been usefully displayed for the conveyance of moral wisdom—and generally with effect. The *Peruvian Fables* also are instructive, and may be read with pleasure. It is commendable to take every opportunity of imbuing the minds of children with the love of virtue and piety. The temptations to evil are numerous—and vice has been compared to a declivity, down which the transgressor rushes to destruction. Parents and instructors are therefore striving to keep the young steady in the narrow, but safe and pleasant path of uprightness and integrity.

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Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR MAY, 1801.

AS in our last number we recorded the celebrated naval fight, near Copenhagen, so we have now to detail what our land forces have effected upon the plains of Egypt. Rumours respecting this business had been long afloat—the public mind was become considerably agitated—doubt, however, has at length given way to certainty.

On the 15th of May, dispatches were received and published by government—the contents of which shall be detailed—they contain a large portion of interesting information.

It appears that the French, on the 21st of March, attacked our army near Alexandria, with nearly their whole collected force, amounting probably to eleven or twelve thousand men. The action commenced just before day-light. They were received by our troops with equal ardour, and the utmost steadiness. The contest was unusually obstinate, for the enemy were twice repulsed, and their cavalry repeatedly mixed with our infantry. They at length retired, leaving a prodigious number of their dead and wounded on the field.

In this terrible engagement SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE was wounded, and died on the 28th of March. The expressions which General Hutchinson uses in his dispatch, relative to this article, are so expressive, that they shall be transcribed.—"I believe he was wounded early, but he concealed his situation from those about him, and continued in the field giving his orders, with that coolness and perspicuity which had ever marked his character, till long after the action was over, when he fainted through weakness and loss of blood. Were it permitted for a soldier to regret any one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person;

but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him, that as his life was honourable, so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country—will be sacred to every British soldier—and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity!"

Upon this high encomium, the editor of a print has these just observations—"The tribute of respect paid to the memory of SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, is not more universal, or sincere, than deserved. What we, however, deem distinguishing excellencies of his character, and which have not been sufficiently observed, are his independent mind and his humane disposition. Bravery is only a secondary quality, and we feel little esteem for the man who, without considering whether a cause be just or not, can display his courage in the destruction of his fellow-creatures. But when, in the character of a commander, humanity, and a noble independence of mind, are united with bravery, then the character of the man, as a general, is complete, and such a man was—SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE." *

In this bloody battle we are thought to have lost *fifteen hundred* men, and the French about *three thousand*. General Hutchinson closes his letter with remarking—"I cannot conclude this letter without solemnly assuring you, that in this arduous contest, his majesty's troops in Egypt have faithfully discharged their duty to their country, and nobly upheld the fame of the British name and nation."

Since the above intelligence, no account has reached us of further operations, though it is probable, that by this time, it is determined whether

* See vol. 8, p. 109, an interesting account of the life of this distinguished character, accompanied with a capital portrait.

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the French or the British are destined to hold possession of Egypt.

At home few occurrences have arisen to interest our attention. One circumstance, however, must impart substantial joy, and will alleviate the distress which arises from the tidings of carnage and destruction. This is the *reduction of the price of* CORN—we hope it will continue, and that Heaven will bless us with an abundant harvest. *Peace* and *plenty* are the wishes of every good citizen—and may these wishes be speedily and lastingly realised!

*MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST.**

FOR MAY, 1801.

May 7. THE anniversary meeting of the subscribers to the literary fund for the relief of distressed authors and their families, was held at the Free Mason's Tavern, Sir James Bland Burgess in the chair. The fund is now above 2000l. a year, and it is most faithfully administered. Relief is given to men of genius, depressed by age, indisposition, or penury, with the most delicate regard to their feelings. A number of donations were announced—several life subscribers of ten guineas—and a long list of annual subscribers. The Duke of Somerset was nominated to be chairman for next year, which his grace chearfully accepted. Songs, glees, &c.† enlivened the festivity of the day.

8. A waterman's boy cleaning his boat at Cherry Gardens Stairs, and playing with a Newfoundland

* This article, which appeared in our first number for this year, was discontinued merely through a press of matter—it is now resumed, and shall be attended to with exactness and regularity.

† Our next number will contain some pieces of very considerable merit recited at this meeting.

dog, both fell overboard—the boy fell in so deep water that he did not rise. Stones being thrown in where the lad sunk by the people from the bank, the dog dived, and, instead of the stone, brought up the lad by the arm, who was speedily recovered and restored to his friends.

13. The sentence of *Kydd Wake*, the journeyman printer, for insulting his majesty going to the house, having expired, he was discharged on giving 1000l. security for good behaviour during ten years.

14. Mrs. Payne, the baker, who died in Peter-street, Westminster, was a very singular character. Her clothing was in general truly eccentric; her outside habit chiefly consisting of a blanket made in the shape of a morning-gown. She was also extremely saving in her diet; subsisting on the raspings of her customers loaves. Yet, notwithstanding, she was very charitable to the poor. She persisted in sitting in her shop to the last moment of her existence, and expired under her counter, in the 88th year of her age.

13. An account was received from the Cape of Good Hope, that an incredible number of peacocks had made their appearance there, and committed great depredations — so much so, that the government of the colony have been induced to issue a proclamation, requiring all farmers and others to destroy the peacocks, wherever they meet with them.

16. A curious case came on at the quarter sessions at Wells, which engaged the attention of a very full bench and crowded court. It was for an assault committed by John Stempelle, Esq. on the Rev. T. Dyer, of Crewkerne, late of St. John's College, Cambridge. But it appearing by the prosecutor's evidence, that it happened at a very late hour, after he had drank part of twenty bowls

of punch and seventeen shillings worth of beer, and smoaked more than ten. pipes of tobacco, the court marked its sense of the prosecution, by fining the defendant *one farthing!*

17. After the grand ploughing-match in Clackmananshire, Scotland, where 105 started, and the prizes were adjudged, the society dined together, and spent the day in great harmony. Amongst many appropriate toasts, was drank the following one, replete with sense and humanity. It was one in which every lover of his kind would join—"To that thrice happy day, when the desolating sword shall be beat into ploughshares!"

20. A singular robbery occurred at Norwich. An Irish dragoon, with an iron bar forced open the door of a wine-cellar in the city. The watchmen examine every door and window as they pass their rounds, and finding this open (which was closely shut half an hour before), readily conjectured that some person was in the cellar, and, after calling for some time, the dragoon appeared. When the constable asked him what he did there, he answered—"Oh, by J——, let me come up—for I came in here by *mistake!*"

21. The king has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Viscount of the United Kingdom of Great Britan and Ireland, to the Right Hon. HORATIO Baron NELSON, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Viscount NELSON of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk.

22. A resolution has been made to grant 2000l. per annum, to Lady Abercrombie, now created Baroness of Aboukir, with remains to the two next heirs male, lawfully begotten. Such are the rewards which await deceased valour and bravery.

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MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

J. LINLKER, late of Liverpool, woollen-draper. W. Aschcroft, Knowsley, Lancashire, earthenware-manufac. T. Kemp, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, flax-dresser. W. Stonehewer and W. Davies, Manchester, fustian-manufac. David Lloyd, Oxford-street, silversmith. T. Julian, Old Brentford, Middlesex, money-scrivener. H. Cooper, Sandwich, Kent, linen-draper. Vincent D'Oliveira, Princes-street, London, merchant. J. Healy, Laystall-street, Middlesex, brewer. Samuel Trash, Oxford, grocer. James Griffiths, Fleetmarket, London, vintner. Rich. Parker, Little Argyle-street, Middlesex, fishmonger. Esther Bull, Grosvenor-Mews, Middlesex, hackneywoman. J. Berriman, Brewer-street, Pimlico, Middlesex, florist. T. Barnes, Fleet-street, London, stationer. Wm. Redward, Walworth, Surrey, carpenter. J. Collier, late of Chorley, Lancashiire, cotton-manufac. D. Phillips, Oxford-street, stable-keeper. J. B. Wienholt, Old Swan, London, merchant. S. Gazeley, Great Queen-street, merchant. T. Bristow, Haymarket, boot-maker. T. Dunsterville, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, shipwright. W. Porter, Kidderminster, baker. J. C. H. Garbers, Liverpool, merchant. B. Israel, Heneage-lane, Houndsditch, butcher. J. Scoffield, Basinghall-street, factor. W. Thompson, Alton, Southampton, weaver. W. Perrins, Pedworth, Warwickshire, maltster. W. Scoffield, Portsea, Southampton, taylor. T. Cooper, Sharples, Lancashire, shopkeeper. R. Aldridge, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, clothier. J. Baron, Blachley, Lancashire, manufac. G. Robinson, Hunslet, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant. W. Birkby, Brookhouses, Yorkshire, card-maker. W. Dowbiggin, Lancaster, merchant. R. Haxell, Eton, Buckinghamshire, corn-dealer. N. N. M. Jackson and G. Bartlett, Gerard-street,

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Soho, ironmongers. E. Coveney, St. Mary-at-Hill, Lower Thames-street, victualler. G. Riley, London-road, Southwwark, printer. Jos. Mason, Holborn, hosier. T. Patience, New Broad-street, stone-mason. H. Marks, High-street, St. Giles's, silversmith. Ja. Lloyd, Audlem, Cheshire, grocer. Ja. Comper, St. Pancras, Chichester, linen-draper. T. and J. Cortis, Grimsby, Lincolnshire, grocers. R. Beck, Gloucester, innkeeper. Benj. Clay, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, linen-draper. J. Clark, Shoe-lane, carpenter. J. Kayll, Great St. Helen's, money-scrivener. W. Buddle, jun. Chenies-street, St. Giles's, carpenter. T. Fenner, West Wycombe, Bucks, shopkeeper. F. Larard, Manchester, liquor-merchant. J. Jackson, Manchester, muslin-manufacturer, T. Hancock, Kingswood, Wiltshire, clothier. F. Robbins, Deretend, near Birmingham. W. Holmes, Pudsey, Yorkshire, drysalter. Thomas Kelly, Bristol, cordwainer. John Harrison, Sunderland, Durham, ship-owner. Wm. Thomson, Great Portland street, coal-merchant. Richard Holden, Birmingham, gun-maker. Samuel Went, jun. Liverpool, merchant. Wm. Bincham, Tottenhamcourt-road, glass-seller. Jos. Wilks, heretofore of Walbrook, London, afterwards of Crutched-friars, and now of Hamburgh, merchant. Adam Gregory, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, taylor. John Barton, Davies-street, Hanover-square, horse-dealer. Benjamin Blyth, Birmingham, woollen-draper. W. Barker, S. Field, and A. Field, Leeds, wool-staplers. John Hodson, Bristol, grocer. George Harris, Bristol, grocer. Wm. Hewlett and Wm. Bember, Bristol, dealers. George Anderson, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, innkeeper. Wm. Eades, Deretend, Warwickshire, silver-plater. Wm. Cook, Warley, Essex, corn-chandler. Jonathan Shaw, Bolton, Lancashire, cotton-manufac. Thomas Bedford, Sutton, Berkshire, paper-maker. W. Chown, Higham-Mills, Northamptonshire, miller. J. Allgood, Gloucester, mercer. D. Rencher, Carey-lane, Wood-street, velvet, ribbon, and fancy hat-manufac. H. Dale, Leeds, Stafford-

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shire, grocer. G. Morville, Lancaster. merchant. J. Moorhouse, the younger, Bolton-le-Moors, cotton-manufacturer.

BIRTHS.

Of sons: Lady Charleville, in Dublin; the Ladies of E. B. Portman, Esq. at Bryanston; of J. Denison, Esq. M. P. in Harley-street; of T. N. Parker, Esq. of Hatton-Grange; of S. Tempest, Esq. of Broughton-Hall; of the Right Hon. C. Canning, at the pay-office; of Sir H. Popham, in York-place. Mrs. Long, of Finsbury-square. Of daughters; the Countess of Talbot, at Ingestree; Lady Dallas, in Harley-street; Ladies of C. C. Stanley, at York; of E. Long, Esq. in Wimpole-street; of A. Trotter, Esq. at Blackheath; of J. Musgrave, Esq. in Wimpole-street; Mrs. Pope, of Covent-Garden; a baker's wife, at Milbank, of three girls and one boy.

MARRIAGES.

Mrs. Wilkinson, the rich Oxfordshire widow of 80, to Mr. Connor Field, an Hibernian, of 25. The Hon. Lieut. Col. Fitzroy, to Miss Clark, sister of the baronet. J. Dupree, Esq. of Wilton Park, to Miss Maxwell, daughter of the baronet, and niece to the Duchess of Gordon.

DEATHS.

At Sellaby, the Hon. F. Vane, uncle to Lord Darlington, and deputy-treasurer to Chelsea Hospital. General Cyrus Trapaud, aged 87, colonel of the 52d regiment of foot, and the oldest general in his majesty's service, in which he served 67 years. At Maisonette, near Totness, Rear Admiral Hicks. Dr. Heberden, in Bunhill-row. Dr. Bossy, in Gower-street.

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To Correspondents.

We have received the packet from J. C. and have examined the contents. *The Stranger* will find an *asylum* in the Monthly Visitor. We recommend our Correspondent to pursue this mode of writing. The introduction of such characters as the Fisherman, Village Schoolmaster, &c. &c. is very agreeable, and we shall always be happy in paying attention to similar communications; with the addition of two or three articles of this description, the proprietors will honour the writer by publishing them in a neat and handsome volume, accompanied with suitable engravings.

The Life of *Lycurgus*, &c. has probably been mislaid, in the transfer of the *Monthly Visitor* into the hands of the present proprietors.

We thank *Theodore* for his good wishes, and shall be happy to hear from him. This hint has already been adopted.

The Poetical Solutions by J. Coles are inadmissible.

Several favours have been received, which the respective Correspondents will find attended to.

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Chapman, sc.

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.R

Published June 1.1801. by Verner & Hood, Poultry.

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THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1801.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

THE CELEBRATED MISER.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours, taken from Life.

———The lank-sided miser—
Who meanly stole discreditable shift
From back and belly too, their proper cheer!

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

THE subject of the present memoir recommends itself to our notice by its extreme singularity. Such characters are illustrative of human nature—and uniformly gratifies our curiosity.

JOHN ELWES was born in the year 1712—his father was an eminent brewer in Southwark, which borough his grandfather, Sir George Meggot, represented in parliament. He was educated at Westminster school, and continued for ten or twelve years at that celebrated seminary. From thence he went to Geneva, where he distinguished himself at a *riding* academy. Here he formed an acquaintance with Voltaire, and to him, in point of person, he bore some degree of similarity.

Upon his return home, he was introduced to his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, who resided at Stoke, in the

county of Suffolk—and has been denominated "the most perfect picture of human penury that ever existed." To this uncle he was heir, and of course very studious of pleasing him. Of this uncle, it is left on record, that he lived chiefly on partridges—used to warm himself with a fire made of one single stick—that having been robbed, when called to prosecute, he used to say—"No, no; I have lost my money, and now you want me to lose my time also"—That he died worth *two hundred and fifty thousand pounds*—and, finally, that when he lay in state at his seat in Stoke, some of the tenants smartly observed—"'Twas well Sir Harvey could not see it!"

To this singular genius, who expired upwards of eighty years of age, Mr. Elwes succeeded in his fortieth year. It was, however, previous to this period that he had distinguished himself in the fashionable circles of London. He was addicted to gaming, but payed his debts of honour with the most scrupulous punctuality. He is also said to have been very good tempered and polite—and had a most gallant disregard of his own person. For one day being out shooting with other gentlemen, at the advanced age of *seventy-three*, the following circumstance occurred. A gentleman who was out with them, and who was a very indifferent shot, by firing at random, lodged two bullets in the cheek of Mr. Elwes. The blood appeared, and the shot certainly gave him pain, but when the gentleman came to make his apology, and express his sorrow—"My dear sir," said the old man, "I give you joy on your improvement—I knew you would hit *something* by and by!"

It is a most remarkable trait in Mr. Elwes, that whilst he was indulging in unbounded dissipation he accustomed himself to the meanest acts of parsimony. His biographer therefore observes—"that after sitting up a whole night at play for *thousands*, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sophas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but

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into Smithfield! to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon Hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold, or rain, bartering with a carcase butcher for a *shilling!* Sometimes when the cattle did not arrive at the hour expected, he walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole night!"

The account of his mode of travelling on ordinary occasions is equally curious. He travelled on horseback—his first care was to put two or three eggs boiled *hard*, into his great coat pocket, or any scraps of bread which he found—baggage he never took—then mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London into that road where the turnpikes were the fewest. Then stopping under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his horse together. At this time, the poor creature was worth no less a sum than *five hundred thousand pounds!*

He, however, kept a servant, who was a kind of huntsman. Of *his* engagements, an idea may be formed from the following particulars. It is impossible to cast an eye over them without a smile. Getting up in the morning at four, he milked the cows—then prepared breakfast for Mr. Elwes, or any friends he might have with him—then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field.—After the fatigues of hunting, he *refreshed* himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as he could—then running into the house to lay the cloth, and wait at dinner, then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses—diversified with an *interlude* of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived for some years, though his master used often to call him, "*an*

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idle dog!" and say—"he wanted to be paid for *doing nothing!*"

Mr. Elwes being at Newmarket with several gentlemen of his acquaintance, they longed for dinner, after having been riding about for several hours. Growing impatient, something was mentioned of the *keen air of Newmarket Heath*, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes, "very true—so here do as I do!" offering them at the same time, from the great coat pocket, a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but "that it was as good as new."

Of his natural affection we may judge from this singular incident:—one day he had put his eldest boy upon a ladder to get some grapes for the table, when, by the ladder slipping, he fell down and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy had the precaution to go up into the village to the barber, and get blooded—on his return he was asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm? He told his father that he had got bled.—"Bled, bled!" said the old gentleman, "but what did you give?"—"A shilling," answered the boy. "Psha!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead! never part with *your blood!*"

To detail all the anecdotes respecting this famous miser, would be impossible. But we must not withhold the following particulars, almost exceeding credibility. His biographer, Captain Topham, (to whose well-written narrative we are principally indebted) assures us, that "all earthly comforts he voluntarily denied himself." He would walk home in the rain in London, sooner than pay a shilling for a coach—he would sit in wet clothes, sooner than have a fire to dry them—he would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, sooner than have a fresh joint from the butcher's—and he wore a wig, for above a fortnight, which I saw him pick out of a rut in a lane, where we were riding. This was the last extremity of laudable economy, for, to all appearance, it was the cast off

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wig of some beggar! The day in which I first beheld him in this ornament, exceeded all powers of farce, for he had torn a brown coat, which he generally wore, and had been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, from whence he had selected a full dressed green velvet coat, with slash sleeves, and there he sat at dinner, in boots, the aforesaid green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and this black stray wig at the top of all!

In the year 1774 Mr. Elwes became member of parliament for Berkshire—the freeholders got him in for nothing—he did, indeed, *once* dine at an ordinary in Abingdon on this account, and therefore he may be said to have got into parliament for *eighteen-pence!* In three successive parliaments, and for the course of twelve years, did he hold this public station. "It is to his honour, (says Captain T.) an honour in these times, indeed, most rare! that in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be what he truly was—an *independent* country gentleman."

We are informed that he staid out every debate—and, in going home, would gladly accept a corner of a hackney coach, hired by his fellow-members, provided he could get it for *nothing!* One night, however, he was trudging homewards on foot, and struck against the pole of a sedan chair. He cut both his legs deeply. He submitted to the apothecary on the terms that he should have *one leg* and he himself *the other!* In the grand art of healing, he used to boast that he beat the apothecary by a *fortnight!*

It is but justice to transcribe the encomium passed on his parliamentary character—"Mr. Elwes came into parliament *free of expence*, and he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our constitution. What he had not bought, he never attempted to sell—and he went forward in that straight and direct path which can alone satisfy a reflecting mind. In one word, as a public man, he voted and acted in the house of commons as a man would do, who felt there were people *to live after him*—who wished to

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deliver *unmortgaged* to his children *the public estate of government*—and who felt, that if he suffered himself to become a *pensioner* on it, he thus far embarrassed his posterity, and injured the *inheritance*."

About the time he quitted parliament, he lost his *servant*—whose services we have already noticed. He verified the saying of his master—"If you keep *one* servant your work is done—if you keep *two* it is half done—but if you keep *three* you may do it yourself."

When Mr. E. returned to private life, having little or nothing to occupy his attention, he addicted himself to the most unaccountable penury. He seems, from this period, to have sunk into the lowest state of degradation and misery. Alas! that the stories told of him should have been *true!*

He retired to his seat at Stoke—and truly ridiculous was his conduct in this retirement. "If a window was broken, there was to be no repairs but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glass, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say what figure they described! To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn on the grounds of *his own tenants*, and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish. In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up any stray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a *crow's nest* for this purpose. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himself this trouble—"Oh, sir," replied old Elwes, "it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Do but see what waste they make! They don't care how extravagant they are!"

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His system of penury had now assumed an uniform consistency. He rode his horse on the soft turf to save *horse-shoes*—never suffered his own shoes to be cleaned that they might not so soon wear out—eat meat in the last state of putrefaction, *walking about his plate*, rather than have new things killed before the old provision was finished—and, finally, never saw a play, so completely had his love of money swallowed up his curiosity. He even one day dined upon the remaining part of a moor-hen which had been brought out of the river by a *rat!* and, at another time, eat an undigested part of a pike, which the larger one had swallowed, but had not finished, and which were taken in this state in a net! Of this latter circumstance he observed—"Aye, this was killing two birds with one stone," with uncommon satisfaction.

He now removed to his farm-house at Thaydon-Hall, where reigned a more perfect scene of desolation. Here he was seized with an illness, and soon after made his will; he, however, experienced a short recovery. In this last stage of his life he became an object of real compassion. His memory failed—and indeed his other faculties were debilitated. Having drawn on his banker for *twenty* pounds, he got it into his head, during the night, that he had overdrawn his account—left his bed—wandered about the room impatiently till morning came, when calling on his banker, he found his fears groundless—for he had then, in their hands, at that time, the small sum of *fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds!*

When in London in 1788, he employed himself in looking after the repairing of some of his houses in Marybone. He was generally there at four o'clock in the morning, ready to scold the workmen when they came—and the neighbours, observing his regularity, used to say, "there never was so punctual a man as the *old carpenter!*" Feeling the infirmities of age, he had recourse to his old remedy of walking as far and as fast as he could—but alas! this could not effect his recovery. In these medical perambulations he would lose himself—a stranger, or errand-boy, would bring

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him back, to whom, at the door, he would *bow* and *thank* them with great civility. At last his imagination was haunted by the spectre of *absolute poverty*. Upon his being applied to by the father of a young lady what he would *give* his son, to whom she was about to be married—Elwes seriously replied, "Surely I did not say any thing about *giving*, but if you wish so much, I will *give* my *consent!*" In this state of mental and corporeal debility, he *gave away* his affections to a *maid in the kitchen*, where he used to spend his hours from motives of economy. It might have terminated in the holy state of matrimony. His symptoms of a more decisive decay was his restlessness at night. At midnight he was often heard crying out in agony—"I will keep my money—I will—nobody shall rob me of my property!" He was extremely wretched for some time in missing the sum of *five guineas* and an *half*, and *half-a-crown*, which he carried down with him into Berkshire with rapture, but afterwards found in a corner behind the window-shutter, where he himself had put it, though it had slipped his memory. Six weeks before his death he rested in his clothes, and was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old hat on his head! On the 18th of November, 1789, he discovered symptoms of approaching dissolution, and expired on the 26th without a sigh—his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping "he had left him what he wished!" He had two natural sons, to whom he bequeathed his whole property. As we have selected the most interesting anecdotes concerning this truly singular man, justice requires that we refer the reader for a still greater degree of information, to the pleasing narrative, which we have already mentioned. At the same time we add a few of the reflections, with which the pamphlet closes

"Mr. Elwes, as one of the commons in England in three successive parliaments, maintained a conduct which purer times might have been glad to boast, and which later times may be proud to follow. The mi-

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nister that influenced him was—*his conscience.* He obeyed no mandate but his opinion. He gave that opinion as he held it to be right. In one word, his public conduct lives after him, pure and without a stain! In private life he was chiefly an enemy to himself. To others he lent much—to himself he denied every thing. But in the pursuit of his property, or the recovery of it, I have not in remembrance one unkind thing that was ever done by him! But that great object which rises highest to the view out of the prospect of his varied life—let me again enforce upon this page—that object is the *insufficiency* of *wealth alone* to confer happiness. For who, after the perusal of the life of Mr. Elwes, shall say I am *rich*—and therefore I shall be happy? Every circumstance of the memoirs here written, proves the fallacy of this hope. But still has such a life had its purpose. For if it should add one circumstance consolatory to poverty—while it enforces the extreme and perfect VANITY *of wealth*—then has such a life as that of Mr. Elwes not been in vain."

The writer of the present article has taken great pains to bring together these prominent features of a celebrated miser, because he is persuaded that a sketch of such a character is replete with lessons of moral instruction. Presiding over a seminary of pupils, he thinks it his duty indeed to inculcate the virtue of ECONOMY. In *these* times economy ought to be held in no small degree of estimation. On *every* occasion it enables the individual to enlarge the sphere of his own enjoyments, and to widen the bounds of his charity. But against the monster AVARICE, under every form, he enters a solemn protestation. It not only flings a deep shade over the character—but utterly deprives it of respectability. The meannesses which it prompts—the subterfuges which it practises—the virtues which it strangles, even in their birth—render it one of the greatest abominations on earth. Were all the inhabitants of the world become misers—*to hate, and to be hated*—would be the pitiable condition of humanity. Whereas now, bad as the world is, a gleam of

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brightness frequently breaks in upon us, amidst the surrounding darkness, inspiring cheerfulness and festivity. May *large* and *generous souls* be multiplied! May BENEVOLENCE exert her influence more and more, till the evils under which man groans be annihilated, and his present mourning be turned into pure and permanent joy!

Islington. S.

DR. OLIVER'S ACCOUNT OF *BEAU NASH.*

Related in Warner's History of Bath.

Bath, Feb. 13, 1761.

THIS morning died Richard Nash, Esq. aged eighty-eight. He was by birth a gentleman, an ancient Briton; a student of Jesus College in Oxford; by profession ——— His natural genius was too volatile for any. He tried the army and the law, but soon found his mind superior to both. He was *born to govern*; nor was his dominion, like that of other legislators, over the servility of the vulgar, but over the pride of the noble and the opulent. His public character was great, as it was self-built and self-maintained; his private, amiable—as it was grateful, beneficent, and generous. By the force of his genius he erected the City of Bath into a province of pleasure; and became, by universal consent, its legislator and ruler. He planned, improved, and regulated all the amusements of the place; his fundamental law was that of good-breeding; *hold sacred decency and decorum*, his constant maxim. Nobody, however, exalted by beauty, blood, titles, or riches, could be guilty of a breach of it unpunished—the penalty, *his disapprobation*, and *public shame*. To maintain the sovereignty he had established, he published rules of behaviour, which, from their propriety, acquired the force of laws; and which

the highest never infringed, without immediately undergoing the public censure. He *kept the men in order*; most wisely, by prohibiting the wearing swords in his dominions; by which means he prevented sudden passion from causing the bitterness of unavailing repentance. In all quarrels he was chosen the umpire—and so just were his decisions, that peace generally triumphed, crowned with the mutual thanks of both parties. He *kept the ladies in good-humour* most effectually, by a nice observance of the rules of place and precedence; by ordaining scandal to be the infallible mark of a foolish head, and a malicious heart; always rendering more suspicious the reputation of her who propagated it, than that of the person abused. Of the young, the gay, the heedless fair, just launching into the dangerous sea of pleasure, he was ever, unsolicited, (sometimes unregarded) the kind protector: humanely correcting even their mistakes in dress, as well as improprieties in conduct; nay, often warning them, though at the hazard of his life, against the artful snares of designing men, or an improper acquaintance with women of doubtful characters. Thus did he establish his government on pillars of honour and politeness, which could never be shaken; and maintained it for full half a century, with reputation, honour, and undisputed authority, beloved, respected, and revered. Of his private character, be it the first praise, that while, by his conduct, the highest ranks became his subjects, he himself became the servant of the poor and the distressed; whose cause he ever pleaded amongst the rich, and enforced with all the eloquence of a good example: they were ashamed not to relieve those wants, to which they saw him administer with so noble a heart, and so liberal a hand. Nor was his munificence confined to particulars, he being to all the public charities of this

city a liberal benefactor; not only by his own most generous subscriptions, but by always assuming, in their behalf, the character of a sturdy beggar; which he performed with such an authoritative address to all ranks, without distinction, that few of the worst hearts had courage to refuse, what their own inclinations would not have prompted them to bestow. Of a noble public spirit and a warm grateful heart, the obelisk in the Grove, and the beautiful needle in the Square, are magnificent testimonies. The one erected to preserve the memory of a most interesting event to his country—the restitution of health, by the healing waters of this place, to the illustrious Prince of Orange, who came hither in a most languishing condition; the other, a noble offering of thanks to the late Prince of Wales, and his royal consort, *for favours bestowed, and honours by them conferred, on this city.* His long and peaceful reign, of absolute power, was so tempered by his excessive good-nature, that no instance can be given either of his own cruelty, or of his suffering that of others to escape its proper reward. Example unprecedented amongst absolute monarchs—READER, this *monarch* was a *man*, and had his foibles and his faults; which we would wish covered with the veil of good-nature, made of the same piece with his own: but truth forceth us unwillingly to confess, his passions were strong: which, as they fired him to act strenuously in good, hurried him to some excesses of evil. His fire, not used to be kept under by an early restraint, burst out too often into flaming acts, without waiting for the cool approbation of his judgment. His generosity was so great, that prudence often whispered him, in vain, that she feared it would enter the neighbouring confines of profusion; his charity so unbounded, that the severe might suspect it sometimes to be the offspring of folly or ostenta-

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tion. With all these, be they foibles, follies, faults, or frailties, it will be difficult to point out, amongst his contemporary kings of the whole earth, more than ONE who hath fewer, or less pernicious to mankind. His existence (for life it scarcely might be called) was spun out to so great an age, that the man was sunk, like many former heroes, in the weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature; the unwilling tax all animals must pay for multiplicity of days. Over his closing scene charity long spread her all-covering mantle, and dropped the curtain, before the poor actor, though he had played his part, was permitted to quit the stage. Now may she protect his memory! Every friend of Bath, every lover of decency, decorum, and good-breeding, must sincerely deplore the loss of so excellent a governor; and join in the most fervent wishes (would I could say, hopes) that there may soon be found a man able and worthy to succeed him.

Dr. Harington was the author of the following elegant epitaph, which is inscribed on his monumental tablet in the Abbey church:

Adeste, ô cives, adeste lugentes! Hic silent leges RICHARDI NASH, Armig. Nihil amplius imperantis qui diu et utilissime assumptus Bathoniæ Elegantiæ Arbiter. Eheu morti (ultimo designatori) haud indecori succubuit Anno. Dom, 1761. Æt. suæ 87. Beatus ille, qui sibi imperiosus!

If social virtues make remembrance dear,
Or manners pure on decent rule depend:
To his remains consign one grateful tear,
Of youth the guardian, and of all the friend.
Now sleeps dominion; here no bounty flows;
Nor more avails the festive scene to grace;
Beneath that hand which no discernment shews,
Untaught to honour, or distinguish place.

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THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LII.]

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

——————Now at noon,
Upon the south side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck,
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.

COWPER.

THIS last book of the *Task* is not inferior to the others, which we have examined in succession —and whence we have derived so much pleasure and satisfaction. It describes the various parts of nature with a peculiar simplicity. It details sentiments remarkable for their fervour and sublimity. Retirement is here strongly recommended. Topics are suggested for our meditation, well adapted to advance our improvement. The author is well known to have loved solitude to an excess, but his secret hours were so happily employed, that we are by no means inclined to regret it. We only wish that he had partaken of a more complete felicity.

The *ringing of bells* heard at a distance is thus pourtrayed—

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells

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Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

Speaking of *retirement* also—these sensible lines occur—

————Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give an useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more!

The *millenium* is touched upon in the following masterly manner—

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world, and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.
For he, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy, shall descend
Propitious in his chariot, pav'd with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt—shall with a smile repair!

The *happy man* is well drawn—and must gratify every serious mind—

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who doom'd to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and were he free to chuse,
Would make his fate his choice—whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness, bespeak him one
Content indeed, to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home!
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view,
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not her's, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in *contemplation* is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd!

The poet closes this charming poem with a truly christian dignity—

My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod!

Then, speaking of his work, he exclaims in the truespirit of devotion—

'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime,
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his *ear*, whose eye is on the heart,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation prosper—even MINE!

Thus sang one of the sweetest of the British poets—we have endeavoured in these papers to do him justice. PEACE BE TO HIS MEMORY!

For the Monthly Visitor.

CORVINUS;
OR,
THE STRANGER.

[By a Correspondent.]

Blest were the days when wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain.
COLLINS.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

I WAS wont to rove from *morn* to *eve* on Liddall's flowery banks—pleasurable woodlands—delicious scenes—endearing prospects wild, ye are congenial to my soul. I will ever remember your venerated shades, your bold projecting rocks, overhung with variegated shrubbery.—Here the purling winding, gay, then gloomy, river, in which the trout and sportive fry love to glide in wanton frolic—there the hanging woods checquered romanticly—yonder the towering mountains, that seem to court the great ætherial blue expanse majestically.—Picture these, and other striking objects innumerable; such are the jetting rocks, the snug cottages, and fruitful vales—picture these, ye romantic, ye soaring minds, and taste of pleasure ineffable.—Such are the sylvian scenes on which have so often rambled, and such the endearing ti

of *memory*, that I sigh to hold sweet converse with the Nyads that sport on thy banks, O! Liddall. I languish for, and pant to again enjoy rural happiness. For, O! how often have I, at the peep of morn, nimbly darted athwart the lawn—how often, when the meridian sun-beams press powerfully, reclined me in the moss grown cell, besprinkled ever and anon with the drippling crystal—how often with the tapering rod elastic, cast the artful fly, well pleased the lusty trout to navigate—O! how often have I, when the glorious orb of day sinks in the west, home returned with meditatory step under the sombre shades of evening—happy, twice happy, in recounting over the adventures of the day.—These are incidents lovely to the sympathetic heart, and endearingly entwined by retrospect.

It was my pride, my duty, to enter the cottager's humble roof. From one of these meek sons of nature, I one day learnt that a bountiful stranger had visited his cot, had enquired as to his family, employment, &c.—the replies were satisfactory, for he accompanied his liberality with this advice—"Never cease to pursue, or rather, to do those actions which afford you heartfelt applause, when, after the cares and labours of the day you recline your head on the pillow. Teach your children obedience—shew them the bad effects of vice, and the advantages of virtue—above all things, teach them to be faithful to each other, and grateful to that all-perfect Being "who knows the secrets of the heart."

Surely, if riches are worth grasping at, it must be to dispense with them in beneficent actions. Such to me appeared those of the stranger. Every day added praise to the unknown gentleman, whose sole care was to encrease the happiness of others. I felt a powerful propensity to be intimately ac-

quainted with a character, whose behaviour claimed not only my admiration, but of every one who heard of it. A more than curiosity prompted me to the discovery of his residence. I was sure the stranger had taken up his abode not far distant, and I was all anxiety to discover the favourite spot.

How frequently do events revolve in contra expectation, and how often does it happen, that queries of the greatest import are discovered and solved by chance. It was in the latter part of June, whilst indolently reclined under the spreading oak, reading my favourite Thomson, that I was accosted by a gentleman, whose appearance at once indicated a something inexpressibly striking. His eye darted a mild, yet ardent penetration—his features regular, and his person well proportioned—his dress a flowing robe, somewhat like that of the clerical profession, and withal so plain and becoming, that I could not but admire the neatness and elegance of my unexpected visitor. Still more was I struck with his polite and engaging conversation. His remarks at this time were chiefly confined to the adjoining scenery, in course to the works of the immortal, the amiable bard. I listened to his conversation with avidity. He at length intimated, that an engagement called him hence. He bade me farewell. My eye followed him through the thicket; I wished to mark his destination, but timidity forbade me to intrude. I next morning rose by the dawn, nature seemed animated by repose. There was in all around a mild, a grand, a picturesque display. The silver dew courted each flowret, and the grey, then blushing east, proclaimed the mighty orb of day. With the rising lark my thoughts ascended to the most high, warmed with gratitude, they expanded, and I felt joy unutterable. In this happy reverie, who should I meet but the very stranger with whom I so ardently

courted an acquaintance. Pleasing was his hail of welcome. Corvinus (for this is the name I assign him), assumed the familiarity of a friend. We wandered amongst the glens, now listening to the warbling songsters, the purling brook, then in raptures extolling the works of nature; or rather, the works of nature's God. Corvinus expatiated with uncommon warmth on the advantages of solitude, the pleasures of a country life, and the joys so inseparable from innocence. Solitude is not without its advantages; it is in solitude we form those dignified resolves which add a strength, a stability to the human character. It is in solitude we calmly meditate on the actions and the impulses of our own natures—hence we discover the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice. It is in solitude we learn justly to appreciate the vanity of worldly gratifications, and hence we bend our minds to the adoration of, and fix a firm reliance on, the *Great Supreme*. But be it remembered, that man was not formed for solitude alone—no! we were made for society; and it is our duty to benefit and ornament society by active virtue. As to the advantages of a country life, they are indeed so very evident, that few dare deny them. For my own part, I have felt the joys so connected with a rural life, that I am disposed to think the golden age, as painted by the poets, existed in reality. The *Stranger* expressed his coincidence to these propositions; but methought I saw a tear besprinkle his manly cheek—he was soon composed. O! I wished to sympathise with him in his sorrow. I am certain that the worthy Corvinus anticipated my feelings. "My young friend," said the *Stranger*, "you speak of virtue as a thing in itself endearing to the world—you consider it as tantamount to every other possession.—You speak of men's duties without knowing the motives, the ruling prin-

ciples of man—at least those principles which shew themselves in the world. You have seen human nature in her best attire, and you are candid enough to believe that she always is dressed so.—Ah! that experience may never teach you, that virtue is not its own reward—ah! that you may never see humble merit trampled with the dust—nor consummate villainy on the eminence triumphant. Just God! thou, and thou only, knowest the secrets of the heart—its a consolation—by *Thee* goodness will not go unrewarded." Corvinus spoke this with such an emphasis, so pregnant with sincerity, that I felt from that moment interested in his fate. The *Stranger* honoured me with an invitation to visit his grot.

——Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
But come ye generous minds.
Like silent Heaven, surprising oft
The lowly heart with unexpected good!

THOMSON.

I entered the humble roof, and was by Corvinus received with much warmth. With a sort of pleasing astonishment I surveyed the few ornaments that decorated the building. Books were the principal, and on them our conversation chiefly turned. Corvinus evinced a thorough intimacy with the classics, and no less convinced me that our English authors of eminence had not escaped his minute perusal. To history he attributed much praise. He said it is the grand magazine, the gallery of the world, from which we may incessantly extract true and valuable information. Biography and moral pieces merited his mead of approbation; and poetry he contemplated as an enchanting goddess, presiding over the very finest feelings in our nature. As to novels and romances, "they were," he asserted, "a source of poison, and a dangerous ve-

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hicle, by which vicious principles were bountifully promulgated. Good productions of this kind there might be, but few there are; and those very few get musty in our libraries, while the more flimsy effusions of a corrupt mind are read with avidity."

We partook of some simple food, prepared by an aged attendant, and gratefully enjoyed the diet of innocence and health. Few are our wants if we could only be led to believe so.—The features of mine host sparkled with delight and affability. "My young friend," said the *Stranger*, "you must consider the tenor of our acquaintance no less romantic than singular; but when I unfold to you a portion of my own history, I am confident you will not accuse me for thus secluding myself from the bustling haunts of men."—I was impatient to hear him proceed. Corvinus, pressing my hand, observed, "that since the curtains of night closed apace, my passage home would, by a longer continuance, be rendered dangerous, and therefore begged to recite the occurrences of his life at some future period—and let that period be soon," said the Stranger. I acknowledged myself honoured by his confidence, and intimated a wish to meet him on the morrow, to which Corvinus readily assented.

I need not, my gentle friend, tell you how ardently I conformed to the appointment. The Stranger greeted me with a look full of cheerfulness. We reciprocally descanted on the beauties of the rosy morn. The great orb of day had just rose in splendour—the eastern mountains were enchantingly illumed by his glorious presence, and the dew besprinkled lawns, with the hanging woods, hailed his approach with a sort of joyous sympathy. Were but the indolent suseeptible of those finer emotions which warm the soul to love and ecstasy, surely they could not sacrifice, by far the most pleasurable part of the day, on the nervous bed of

sloth. I watched the eye of Corvinus—it was big with expression—he caught my hand, pressed it, and with a more than usual penetration, seemed to note my disposition.—" Well, my good sir," said the Stranger, " you must know, my father resided in the south of England, on the hereditary estate of the family. He inherited no small mixture of that blood which flowed in the veins of our ancient English barons. He gloried in his independence; was eminently distinguished in the English commons for integrity and manly perseverance. In the cause of justice, liberty, and truth, he ever shone a generous and warm advocate. My dear affectionate mother was a lady distinguished for conjugal fidelity, filial affection, and good sense, than as a votary of *fashion*. She delighted in the diffusion of private good, and felt more pleasure in attending to the education of her two daughters than can possibly arise from an intercourse with the voluptuous gay, who, to use the language of the poet—

" Spend their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth."

She, dear departed lady, courted the joys of domestic life, and her's is a sure bountiful reward. Under the immediate eye of my parents I received the first rudiments of my education. My preceptor was the venerable pastor of the parish, than whom there could not be a better man. May I be permitted to drop a tear to his irreproachable memory. Good Acasto, I remember thee well—well I remember thy many innocent anecdotes—thy many serious admonitions—and more the tenor of thy own life, which was truly a model of goodness, and a striking proof of the lovely effects of religion, when practised with genuine sincerity. With such parents, and assisted by such an able monitor, I might have remained happy, might

have been unacquainted with man's ingratitude, had not an old uncle been accessary to my attending the university. Having arrived at this seat of erudition, I was fervent in my studies, but, alas! the ardour of improvement was in a great measure deprived of that emulous acidity which buoys up the young mind, and that chiefly from the unceasing insinuation of students. They were apprised of my expectations in life, and many were the stratagems had recourse to, in order to gain my compliance, or rather, support to vicious accomplishments. It afforded, and must afford, serious disappointment to every well-wisher of his country, that our seats of learning, wisdom, and elocution, should be so shamefully converted into a very school of idleness. It is really affecting to witness wise regulations and moral admonitions totally subverted by a conduct in the students, derogatory to those very laws and admonitions. Degrees are too easily acquired—merit only ought to receive them. Modesty and temperance were rarely considered virtues, at least not esteemed so by my university compeers. To exemplify this, allow me to relate the following anecdote.

"A young gentleman, whom we shall call Fabius, possessed a good heart, a comprehensive mind, an acute judgment, an imagination vivid; in fine, he was, in my opinion, a very constellation of genius; but in that of our young bloods a mere plodding book-worm. His name was never mentioned but with disrespect. I was present one evening when this ingenious young gentleman was loaded with opprobrium. I determined to convince his accusers that their assertions were no less illiberal than false. I did so—was myself most unhandsomely treated. It was in vain to reason with those young bubbles of no reason. My name must either be branded with coward, or otherwise my

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antagonist challenged.—Did we at all times, more particularly in the moment of passion and danger, collect the real intrepidity of our souls, we should then face danger with confidence, and quiet our turbulent nature by the dictates of wisdom. I told the intemperate youth, that should I premeditatedly become the instrument of his death, I certainly committed murder—and even (said I), should you chance to dart the sword, or point the bullet, so as to deprive me of life, you not only commit murder, but I must hereafter account for that life, which it was my duty to have preserved.—Conformable as was my conduct in this affair to equity and humanity, it nevertheless drew upon me nought but derision. The vacation at length arrived, and I returned to my father's, with a firm resolution of not revisiting a seminary where false honour had so eminently the ascendency.

"My father was acquainted with human nature, and knew how to appreciate things. I frankly assigned to him my motives for not wishing to pursue my studies at the university. He even commended me for acting as I did—"Only, my boy," said he, "methinks you ought to have chastised your traducer—but I well know that your forbearance arose from other motives than those of fear."—As to my uncle, he frowned, he accused me of pusillanimity. I allowed the old gentleman to vent his feelings; indeed it is in vain we expostulate with men of his disposition. More than twelve months elapsed, which were chiefly devoted in literary pursuits. I had now acquired a tolerable knowledge of books, and, as a sort of relaxation from study, used either to range out with my gun, or angle patiently for the spotted trout or silver fry. Not far from my father's resided Esq. E——, I had frequently seen his only daughter Amelia—she was beautiful; and methought her disposition

accorded with the symmetry of her person. I listened to her conversation, to me it appeared the language of a good heart. For the first time, a kind of anxious palpitation assured me that love was a resident somewhere in my breast; every day entangled me more and more in its pleasing snares. I sensibly felt its effects, they pervaded the inmost recesses of my soul—O! but I almost adored Amelia, to me she appeared angelic. I gained my parents consent to pay my addresses. The esquire prided himself in the expected alliance. Amelia plighted an inviolable attachment—so far all proceeded smoothly, and I was happy. But the happiness of lovers is frequently of short duration.

"Whilst ruminating one evening on the beauty and accomplishments of my love—whilst picturing Amelia as incapable of change—at the very moment I considered her all that was perfect and amiable, what should be given me but the following letter, which in an instant electrified my whole frame, and possessed my soul with a tormenting query.

"HON. SIR.—With the most poignant sorrow I inform you that Amelia E—— has dishonoured her father, ruined her own reputation, and rewarded your affection by an elopement with Colonel R. son of Lord D——. As you value your honour and happiness, never more think on the vain, inconstant woman."

"Good God!" exclaimed I, "it cannot—it must not—nay, it cannot be."—In the paroxysm of my astonishment, I vented nought but imprecations against the writer of this dreadful note.—I darted home, ordered my horse, and even flew to the seat of my charmer, I dreamt only of meeting her smiles. Alas! sorrow pervaded the mansion of my intended father-in-law! I scarce dared to enquire for Amelia—her mother was bathed in tears,

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—" Oh, Charles," said she, " my daughter, my lovely Amelia is gone—she is lost—her father has, for these two days past, been in search of her." My blood chilled—I scarce could summon fortitude to bear up against the sudden shock.—Amelia! gone! and none knows where!—become the pale victim of a man, whom I well knew would " cast her on the world's wide stage"—robbed of her honour—robbed of every thing dear and valuable to the fair—revenge fired my breast—I wished to extirpate from the earth a vile seducer. A few days elapsed—my breast continued to beat in phrenzy—I still loved Amelia, although she had dared to violate every tie of honour, love, and virtue. When insult is blended with ingratitude, who can forgive?—I could not—yet still I pitied.

" SIR.—I never think on your passionate professions without smiling at your vanity.

" AMELIA E——."

" This letter abated the ardour of my love, by arousing in my mind a due regard to my own importance. But ah!—

" Let none with heedless tongue from truth disjoin
The ruin of virtue."——

" Colonel R. after rendering Amelia the plaything of his passions, discarded her for ever.—She became impressed with shame and contrition; the remembrance of a happy past, and the frowns of a gloomy future, burst in upon her mind. She summoned pride, fortitude, and a kind of conscious virtue—all—all could not banish impending misery.—She wrote her father—painted her distresses—and humbly implored his forgiveness. The tender feelings of the parent prevailed—the good old gentleman flew to her relief—he embraced her as his child, but could not consent to her immediate return to that home from which she had so impru-

dently eloped. Indeed he did better—he provided the unfortunate fair one with every necessary, and accompanied her to the roof of a happy family, who were unacquainted with her folly.—But, alas! poor Amelia soon fell the victim of grief—she reflected on her past conduct—she felt inward anguish—she died. Peace to her gentle ashes!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

MURPHY's LIFE OF GARRICK.

(Concluded from page 287.)

THE thought of parting was a heavy weight on Garrick's spirits. His mind was clouded and depressed by a number of reflections that occurred to a man of his sensibility; and yet he not only contrived to write a lively prologue, but, with an air of gaiety, delivered it in his usual manner. Having diverted the audience, and dispelled the gloom that hung over his mind, he went through the part of *Don Felix* with great humour and well-dissembled vivacity. The end of the play was the awful moment. He was then to take his final leave of the public, whose protection he had enjoyed for a number of years. With a countenance that plainly bespoke what was working at his heart, he stepped forward, and, after some pause, addressed the audience in the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it.

"The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings.

"This is to me a very awful moment: it is no less than parting for ever with those, from whom I have received the greatest kindness, and upon the spot, where that kindness and your favours were enjoyed.

(Here his voice failed him; he paused, till a gush of tears relieved him.)

"Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here—here, in my heart, fixed, and unalterable.

"I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have had; but I defy them all to take more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your grateful humble servant."

Having uttered these sentiments, he bowed respectfully to all parts of the house, and in a slow pace, and much hesitation, withdrew for ever from their presence.

The audience felt their loss; they saw, for the last time, the man, whose character had been given, in the truest colours, by Dr. Browne, in his well known Estimate of the Manners. "Let us," says that author, "search the theatre for the remains of a manly taste; and here, apparently at least, it must be acknowledged, we shall find it. A great genius hath arisen to dignify the stage, who, when it was sinking into the lowest insipidity, restored it to the fullness of its ancient splendour, and, with a variety of powers beyond example, established nature, Shakespeare, and himself."

A panegyric, of a similar tendency, was published afterwards by Dr. Smollet, in his History of Great Britain. That writer was sensible, that in two of his novels he had misrepresented Mr. Gar-

rick in a strain of malevolence, but he had the candour to declare, that he thought it incumbent on him to make atonement in a work of truth, for the injuries he had done him in a work of fiction. Accordingly, in his review of the liberal arts in the reign of George II. he gave the following passage: "The exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and, perhaps, every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of his attitudes, and the whole pathos of expression."

Those two characters were most evidently founded in truth. The public saw their great Roscius in the same light, and, therefore, parted with him with the deepest regret. Every face in the theatre was clouded with grief; tears gushed in various parts of the house, and all concurred in one general demonstration of sorrow. The word, farewell, resounded from every quarter, amidst the loudest bursts of applause. The people saw the theatrical sun, which had shone with transcendent lustre, go down beneath the horizon, to rise no more.

On the day after Garrick had made his exit, he ordered the whole receipt of the preceding night to be paid to the fund for distressed actors. He had made a present of two houses in Drury-lane to the managers of that charitable institution, that they might have a convenient place for the meeting of their committees. Those gentlemen, finding that a room in the theatre answered their purposes, expressed their desire to sell the premises, in order to encrease their stock. Garrick became the purchaser of what he had voluntarily granted, at the

price of 370l. and afterwards by his will, gave back those very houses to the fund.

Articles of agreement for the sale of his half share of the patent had been, some months before, executed between him and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. Thomas Linley, and Richard Ford, M. D. The deeds for the final conclusion of the business were signed without delay by the contracting parties, and Garrick withdrew to his villa at Hampton, to pass the evening of his days in peace and rural tranquillity.

It was not long that he enjoyed this agreeable retreat. He was invited to pass the following Christmas at Altrop Park, the seat of Earl Spencer, in Northamptonshire. With all his infirmities he had the courage to go on that party of pleasure; but his enjoyment was soon interrupted by a violent attack of his inveterate disorder. He arrived at his house in the Adelphi, on the 15th day of January, 1779. The Doctors Heberden and Warren were called in to his assistance, and such was the regard the faculty had for him, that numbers visited him of their own accord, in order, if possible, to prolong so valuable a life. All was in vain: he laboured under a complication of infirmities, which it would be painful to enumerate. During his last four or five days he suffered excruciating pains with great fortitude, and on the 20th of January, 1779, at eight in the morning he expired without a groan.

On Monday, the 1st of February, his remains were conveyed from the Adelphi to Westminster Abbey, and deposited in Poet's Corner, near the monument of Shakespeare. The last ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Rochester: a more magnificent funeral was never seen in London. The pall-bearers were

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Lord Camden,	Duke of Devonshire,
Earl of Ossory,	Earl Spencer,
The Rt. Hon. Mr. Rigby,	Viscount Palmerston,
The Hon M. Stanley,	Sir W. Wynne,
John Patterson, Esq.	Albany Wallis, Esq.

A number of gentlemen of rank and fashion, and almost all the admirers of polite literature, attended to pay their last tribute of regard to the memory of the deceased. The train of carriages reached from Charing-Cross to the abbey. The people in a prodigious concourse lined the way, and by their mournful silence gave the most evident demonstration of their sorrow.

THE

WILL OF DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

I DAVID GARRICK, of the Adelphi, and of Hampton, in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, do make, publish, and declare, this to be my last will and testament, as follows: I give and devise unto the Right Hon. Charles Lord Camden, the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, John Patterson, Esq. and Albany Wallis, Esq. of Norfolk-street, all that my dwelling-house at Hampton aforesaid, and the out-houses, stables, yards, gardens, orchards, lands, and gardens thereunto belonging, or therewith by me used, occupied, or enjoyed, together with the two islands or aytes on the river Thames, with their and every of their appurtenances, and the statue of Shakespeare; and also all and every the pictures, household goods, and furniture, of and in both the said houses at Hampton and Adelphi, at the time of my decease (of which an inventory shall be taken) to hold to the said Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Patterson, and Albany Wallis; their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust for and to the use of my wife Eva

Maria Garrick, for and during the term of her natural life, for her own residence, she keeping the houses and premises in good repair, and paying all quit-rents, taxes, and other rents and outgoings for the same. I give to my said wife all my household linen, silver-plate, and china ware, which I shall die possessed of, or entitled unto, both in town and country; together with my carriages and horses, and all the stock in my cellars at both houses, to and for her own use and benefit: and also give to my said wife one thousand pounds, to be paid immediately after my death, out of the first money that shall be received by my executors: I give to my said wife the further sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid to her twelve months after my decease, with interest for the same, at the rate of four pounds per centum: and I also give to my said wife, Eva Maria Garrick, one clear annuity or yearly sum of fifteen hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, to be paid to her quarterly, to and for her sole and separate use, without being subject to the debts, controul, or intermeddling of any husband she shall or may marry, and her receipt alone to be sufficient discharges from time to time for the same, to my executors and trustees hereinafter named. It is my request and desire, that my wife shall continue in England, and make Hampton and the Adelphi her chief place of residence; but if she shall leave England, and reside beyond sea, or in Scotland, or Ireland, in such case (which I hope will not happen), but in that case, I revoke, and make void all the devises and bequests to her, or for her use herein before-mentioned, which shall, on such event, become due, and payable to her, and instead thereof, I give her only a clear annuity of one thousand pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during

the term of her natural life, payable quarterly. Provided nevertheless, and I hereby declare, that the provision hereby made for my wife, and the legacies and bequests hereby given her, are meant and intended to be in lieu of and full satisfaction for the dividends, interest, and profits of the sum of ten thousand pounds, which by our marriage settlement is to be paid, and agreed to be invested in stocks, or securities, for the purposes thereinmentioned; and also in bar, and full satisfaction of her dower, or thirds at common law, which she may be entitled to out of my real estates. And I further declare it to be my express condition, annexed to the said legacies and bequests, so given to my wife, that if she shall not, within three calendar months next after my decease, testify her consent in writing, to my executors, to take under this my will, and to relinquish all claim to the interest and dividends of the said ten thousand pounds, mentioned in our marriage settlement; then, and in such case, all the annuities, legacies, devises, and bequests to her, or for her benefit hereinbeforementioned, shall become null and void, and the annuities herein given to her shall sink into, and become part of my estate. And from and after the decease of my wife, or from and after the determination, or forfeiture of her interest in the premises, as aforesaid, I direct my said trustees, and the survivors, and survivor, of the heirs, executors, or administrators of the survivor, to sell, dispose of, and convey my said houses, gardens, and lands, at Hampton and the Adelphi, with their respective appurtenances, and the pictures, household goods, and furniture, hereinbefore given (except the statue of Shakespeare) by public or private sale, as they shall think proper, for the best price that can reasonably be got for the same, and turn the same into money upon the trusts, and for the purposes here-

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inafter-mentioned. I give and devise all that messuage and garden, now occupied by, and in possession of my nephew David Garrick, of Hampton, and all the furniture therein, and all other my messuages, farms, and lands, in the parish of Hampton (except those given to and for the use of my wife), unto and to the use of my said nephew David Garrick, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. I give and devise all that my manor of Hendon, with the advowson of the church of Hendon, and all other my manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, with their and every of their rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, unto the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the heirs of such survivor, in trust to sell, dispose of, and convey the same, together or in parcels, by public or private, or in one or more sale or sales, and the clear money arising from such sale or sales, as the same shall be received, after defraying the expences attending such sales, to place out upon government or real security at interest in their names, in trust, and for the purposes hereinafter-mentioned. I give and bequeath the statue of Shakespeare (after my wife's death) and all my collection of old English plays, to the trustees of the British Museum, for the time being, for the use of the public. I give all the rest of my books, of what kind soever (except such as my wife shall chuse, to the value of one hundred pounds, which I give and bequeath to her) unto my nephew Carrington Garrick, for his own use. I give the houses in Drury-Lane, which I bought of the fund for decayed actors of the theatre there, back again to the fund. I give and bequeath all the rest of my personal estate whatsoever, not specifically given to the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby,

John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, their executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust to be by them with all convenient speed sold and disposed of to the best advantage, and out of the money to arise therefrom, and any other money or personal estate, in the first place to pay the said legacies of one thousand pounds, and five thousand pounds to my wife, and the residue to be placed in their names in government or real security at interest upon trust, that they, the said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the executors, administrators, and assigns, of such survivor shall, and do, out of the dividends, interest, profits, and proceeds thereof, or a competent part thereof, from time to time, pay or cause to be paid to my wife, Eva Maria Garrick, the said annuity of fifteen hundred pounds, hereinbefore given to her during her natural life aforesaid, and for that purpose I direct that part of my personal estate, and of the money to arise from the sale of my real estates, and the securities on which the same shall be vested, shall be set apart, sufficient for the interest thereof to pay the annuities of fifteen hundred pounds, or one thousand pounds, as the case may happen, to my wife, during her life as aforesaid; and in case any such securities so set apart for the purposes aforesaid, shall fail or prove deficient, I direct others to be appropriated to make good the same, so as that the said annuities and provision may be fully and punctually paid to my wife, in preference to every other payment, legacy, or bequest whatsoever. And, I give to my brother George Garrick, the sum of ten thousand pounds. To my brother Peter Garrick, the sum of three thousand pounds. To my nephew Carrington Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds. To my nephew David Garrick, the sum of five thousand pounds, be-

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sides what I agreed to give him on his marriage. I direct my executors and trustees to stand possessed of the sum of six thousand pounds, part of my personal estate, in trust for my niece Arabella Schaw, wife of Captain Schaw, and to pay and dispose thereof, in such manner as my niece Arabella Schaw shall, notwithstanding her present or future coverture, by writing, signed by her in the presence of two credible witnesses, direct or appoint: and in default of such direction or appointment, to pay one moiety thereof to her personal representatives, the other moiety to become a part of my personal estate. I give to my niece Catharine Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds, to be paid to her at the age of twenty one years, on day of marriage, with interest, at the rate of four pounds per centum, per annum. I give to my sister Merical Doxey, the sum of three thousand pounds. I give to my wife's niece, who is now with us at Hampton, the sum of one thousand pounds. All which legacies I direct shall be paid by my executors, out of the residue of my personal estate, which shall remain, after paying the legacies to my wife, and securing the annuities aforesaid: and if there shall not be sufficient to answer and pay all the said last-mentioned legacies, the legatees shall abate in proportion to their legacies, and wait until the death of my wife, when the money arising by the sale of Hampton and the fund, for payment of the annuities, will be at liberty, and become part of my personal estate, to answer and pay the said legacies in full, provided always, that, if any one or two of my trustees shall happen to die before the several trusts hereby in them reposed, shall be fully and completely executed and finished, then, and in such case, the survivors and survivor of them shall, in convenient time, assign, transfer, and

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convey such of the estates, stocks, funds, and other securities, as shall there remain undisposed of for the purposes aforesaid, so as the same may be vested in the survivors or survivor; and one or two other trustees, as the case may happen, to be named by the survivors or survivor, and as often as any of the said trustees shall die, a new one shall be named to be joined with the survivors, so as that the number may be kept filled up; and all such new trustees shall stand possessed of the estates, stocks, funds, and securities, jointly with the survivors, to the same uses, and upon the same trusts, intents, and purposes, hereinbefore declared and appointed, provided also, that it shall be lawful for my trustees, and every of them, and all future trustee and trustees, in the first place, to retain to themselves out of the trust estate, from time to time, all such costs, charges, and expences, as they or any of them shall respectively be put unto, or sustain in the trust hereby in them respectively reposed; and that none of them, or any future trustee or trustees, shall be answerable for the other or others of them, or for more than he himself shall actually receive, or wilfully lose or destroy; and in case, after the payment of all the said legacies, bequests and expences, there shall remain any surplus money, or personal estate, I direct the same to be divided amongst my next of kin, as if I had died intestate; and I nominate and appoint the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, to be executors of this my will, which I declare to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former and other wills by me at any time hereafter made. In witness whereof, I the said David Garrick, have to two parts of this my will, contained in seven sheets of paper, set my hand to each of the said sheets, and my seal to the first and last sheets, this twenty-

fourth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight.

DAVID GARRICK, (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said testator David Garrick, *as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, in his presence, and in presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto,*

PALMERSTON,
SOPHIA RICKETS,
GEORGE POYNTZ RICKETS.

A handsome monument has been lately erected to his memory, by Mr. Albany Wallis, at his own expence.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS AT ALEPPO.

IN perusing the History of Aleppo, (the principal inhabitants of which are Turks) we find the following curious account of the manner of their funeral ceremonies:—

When a Turk dies, the women begin to shriek, and continue their clamorous lamentations till the body is buried; as soon as dead, they immediately wash the corps, stop all its natural passages with cotton, and wrap it up in a cotton cloth; then lay it in a coffin: at the head is erected a short staff, on which is placed a head-dress, shewing the sex of the deceased; the bier is carried, in their turns, by almost all that happen to be there present: the male relations follow it first, then the females, who shriek all the way to the mosque, where the imaum says a service: the graves lie east and west: they lay the head to the west, turning the body on the right side, that the face may look toward Mecca: the grave is below the surface with flat stones, that the earth may not fall in upon the coffin, and the

last words that are used by the imaum to the deceased, with great solemnity, are as follows:—

"Oh man, from the earth thou wast first created, and to the earth thou dost now return, this grave being the first step of thy progress to the mansions of the other world: if in thy actions thou hast been virtuous, thou art absolved by God; but if, on the contrary, thou hast not been so, the mercy of God is greater than all things."

If Mahometans, who live under a dispensation so dark, as it respects the worship of God, possess such exalted ideas of his benevolence, surely, if Christians in general were to embrace and proclaim sentiments proportionably refined, he would soon appear to all around like the beauteous sun in the orient sky, yielding his genial beams through the chaotic mazes of expanding day, until, arrived at his meridian centre, when shades shall vanish, and all creation be acquainted with the effulgent efficacy of divine love.

EXHIBITION
OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET-HOUSE,
FOR THE YEAR 1801.

Ingenium placida mollimur ab arte,
Et studio mores convenienter eunt. OVID.

The disposition is soften'd by this pleasing art—and the love of it is agreeably accompanied by our improvment. FREE TRANSLATION.

THE cultivation of the fine arts is a sure test of the civilization to which a country has attained. Thus was it in Greece and Rome, and such is the case in Britain, which has been celebrated

for its refinement. The leisure enjoyed by the artist for the production of his pieces, and the liberality with which the public patronises these efforts of skill, are both favourable symptoms of the times in which we live. On other matters we touch not —but, in this respect, an avowed enemy will not refuse to acknowledge our superiority. A *Reynolds*, a *West*, and an *Opie*, have long ago borne away the palm of victory.

In giving our readers a sketch of the present Exhibition, we shall adopt the same arrangement of subjects which we have used on former occasions.

The HISTORICAL PAINTINGS are chiefly taken from the Sacred Writings. In this kind of productions Mr. WEST has, for some time past, distinguished himself. His majesty, we understand, is on this account particularly partial to him. Indeed a great many of our churches, chapels, and noblemen's seats, owe to him several of their most splendid decorations. His pencil in this line may be said to be both unwearied and unrivalled. At least we have seen many of his pieces which, though not faultless, are entitled to a very high degree of our admiration.

We shall give a list of his scriptural pieces in the present exhibition—Saul's miraculous conversion, for St. Paul's church, Birmingham—Abraham and Isaac going to sacrifice—Ascension of our Saviour, for his majesty's chapel, Windsor—Moses from the top of Pisgah shewn the promised land—Joshua passing the river Jordan with the ark of the covenant, for the Pensylvania hospital, Philadelphia—Christ healing the sick—and, Hannah presenting Samuel to Eli. These pictures indeed possess different degrees of merit, but they are, on the whole, ably executed. Abraham and Isaac—Joshua passing Jordan—and Christ healing the sick, are highly

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characteristic—the countenances glow with an appropriate sentiment—the scenery is adapted to the event represented, and the whole impression is favourable to virtue and piety. The Bible is a storehouse of sublime facts—the pencil therefore is well employed on such subjects.

With Christ's entry into Jerusalem, by H. Singleton, we were not particularly struck; but the Elevation of the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness, by Hamilton, and the Flight to Egypt, by Arnold, are pleasingly executed.

In profane history we remarked only one capital painting, which is done by Woodforde—the subject, Charles the First when in the hands of the army, after repeated solicitations, was allowed an interview with his children, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and Princess Elizabeth, then under the care of the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, at which Oliver Cromwell was present, July 1647. The unfortunate monarch discovers the eagerness of a parent to embrace his children, who press toward him with pleasing indications of filial affection, whilst Oliver Cromwell looks on with a countenance strongly expressive of the passions with which his bosom must at that moment have been agitated. The head dress of the countess is characterised by a peculiar neatness and simplicity.

PORTRAITS are to be met with in their usual abundance. Those of the Mayor of Norwich, John Herring, Esq. and of Dr. Valpy, master of Reading-school, by Opie, are beautiful and impressive. The Duke of York, by Beechy, and the Duke of Clarence, by Shee, are good likenesses—as are also William Pitt, Esq.—General Paoli—Peter Pindar, Esq.—the Author of the Farmer's Boy—Mr. H. D. Symonds, the bookseller—and Bacon, the statuary. —But the master-piece in this department is HAMLET, by Lawrence—the figure is truly grand, the

features are expressive, and the passions are portrayed with an inimitable fidelity.

Of the LANDSCAPES and VIEWS, many are taken from the principality of Wales. The wildness of its scenes makes them proper subjects for the pencil. A Storm, by Pocock—a Summer Evening, by Cranmer — Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, by Wheatley—View on the Coast of Kent —the Bird's Nest—East Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight, by Barrett—View of Cader Iris, by Varley—View of Christiana, in Norway, by Edy—a Scene through a Rock, by Burrill—View of Cærnarvon Castle, by Pocock—together with a View of Castle-Acre Monastery, near Swaffham, Norfolk, and a View near Dolgelly, by J. Baynes, possess considerable merit, and forcibly arrested our attention.

The MINIATURES are very numerous this year, and several of them seem happily executed. His Majesty, by Bone—Miss Linwood, by Shelly—and Mr. R. K. Porter, together with many others, made a pleasing appearance. But these miniatures lose much of their interest by our not knowing the originals—the likenesses, therefore, cannot, by indifferent spectators, be recognised. Mr. Hazlitt gave us his own picture, but we were sorry to find that none of his other productions graced the collection.

Of MORAL PICTURES there were a few that engaged our attention. The Severe Steward, or Unfortunate Tenant, by Bigg, was highly interesting, and replete with instruction. The distress of the females was deeply depicted, and well calculated to affect our sensibility. Folly interrupting Meditation, by Russel, was impressive. The Holyday Feast, by Miss Spilsbury, was marked by an appropriate merriment and festivity. Nor must we forget to notice a Newfoundland Dog saving a

Child, and the Child recovered and brought to his Parents, which were truly interesting. In viewing the former we were agitated by fear, in contemplating the latter we were elevated with joy. The most masterly piece of this kind is—The Love-sick Maid; or, The Doctor Puzzled, by Opie, B. A.

"She never told her love."

Every attitude, every look of the patient marks her deplorable condition. The very features of the physician indicate that he is of opinion that something more efficacious than medicine must bring about the recovery. We shall only just add, that we were pleased with the *Millenial Age*, by Corbould.

——The mother sees,
And smiles to see her infant's playful hand
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.

COWPER.

Among the LUDICROUS PIECES, Sancho Panca, in his government of Barataria—and Don Quixote recommending Rosinante to the care of the Governor of the Castle, as the finest creature in the world, are very diverting—because both the figures, and the attendant scenes, exhibited a joint power in awakening our risibility.

The SEA PIECES are pretty numerous—a Storm, by Girtin—and his Majesty's ship Anson, Captain P. C Durham, in action with five French frigates, being part of the squadron which had been engaged with, and were making their escape from the British under Commodore Sir J. B. Warren, 12th October, 1798, were worthy of applause. Others of merit might be specified, but we are studious of brevity.

In the MODEL ACADEMY below, we marked with pleasure plans of London-Bridge—Sydney-

Gardens, Bath—the Palace of Dido, described by Virgil—and Sir William Jones compiling the Hindoo Laws—together with several Monuments. The Palace of Dido, indeed, was characterised by an uncommon degree of magnificence and glory.

Upon the whole, we were tolerably well gratified with the present exhibition, though its chief trait is a pleasing mediocrity. At the same time, *The Love-sick Maid*, by OPIE—*Moonlight View from Nature*, by PETHER—together with *Fruits* and *Flowers*, by HEWLET, are incomparable productions. Those were highly impressive in their effect. We can, without hesitation, declare that *they* possess a decided superiority.

For the Monthly Visitor.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM CHINA.

THE great difficulty of procuring authentic information relative to the manners, laws, and customs of the Chinese, the internal economy and present state of the empire, render such communications, when they can be obtained, highly valuable; and we presume few articles more interesting than the following have been received from thence. They are extracted from two letters received by the last fleet, the first written from Canton, dated the 26th of May, and the latter from Macao, the 10th of August last, by a gentleman who possesses peculiar opportunities of information.

"Our literary and scientific enquiries are less likely to be thwarted under the mild influence of the present viceroy, who is remarkable for his humanity and benevolence. An instance of this disposition lately appeared in an observation which he made, upon a painting of a ship in distress being presented to him by one of the Chinese merchants,

He examined it with much interest and curiosity and said, that the conduct of those mandarines was truly unworthy, who could desire to harass the English with further vexations and impositions after they had come to this country from so great a distance, and encountered such perils and dangers by the way. The viceroy added, that as his curiosity was gratified by the picture, he thought it might prove interesting even to the emperor, to whom he should accordingly take an opportunity of sending it.

"Next to the viceroy, the mandarine, in whose character the Europeans are most interested, is the *hoppo*, or chief revenue officer, under whose direction the duties and imposts are assessed upon the English commerce. The person who at present fills that situation is not much esteemed for his probity or good manners, but as he is at the same time deficient in talents, his rapacity and extortion are less apprehended.

"From motives of curiosity, as well as to guard in some measure against the impositions of persons of this description, I have lately bespoke from Nankin an edition of the Chinese Code of Laws, which, in length at least, will vie, if not surpass, our publications of the same kind in Europe, as it consists of upwards of one hundred and fifty volumes in octavo.*—In a nation, whose ideas and manners are totally different from ours, such an immense compilation must inevitably contain a great deal of new and curious matter for an European.

"During our residence at Canton last winter, some differences which arose between the English supercargoes and the Chinese government, induced

* It is proper to observe, that the Chinese volumes are in general much less than those of Europe.

the former to request a copy of the Laws of the Empire, to which their submission had been desired; the viceroy accordingly sent them a few extracts from the printed laws, which, though not very remarkable for their equity or precision, are a curiosity of their kind; I have therefore enclosed you a copy of the original, with a literal translation, which I made at the time.

TRANSLATION OF EXTRACTS FROM THE CHINESE CRIMINAL CODE OF LAWS.

"1. A man who kills another on the suspicion of theft shall be strangled, according to the laws of homicide committed in an affray.

"2. A man who fires at another with a musket, and kills him thereby, shall be beheaded, as in cases of wilful murder; if the sufferer is wounded (but not mortally) the offender shall be sent into exile.

"3. A man who puts to death a criminal, who had been apprehended and made no resistance, shall be strangled, according to the law against homicide committed in an affray.

"4. A man who falsely accuses an innocent person of theft (in cases of greatest criminality) is guilty of a capital offence; in all other cases the offenders, whether principals or accessaries, shall be sent into exile.

"5. A man who wounds another unintentionally shall be tried according to the law respecting blows given in an affray, and the punishment rendered more or less severe according to the degree of injury sustained.

"6. A man who, intoxicated with liquor, commits outrages against the laws, shall be exiled to a desert country, there to remain in a state of servitude."

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Epitome of Natural History.

No. VI.

THE DOMESTIC COCK.

THE cock, like the dog, in its present state of domestication, differs so widely from his wild original, as to render it a difficult matter to trace him back to his primitive stock; however, it is generally agreed that he is to be found in a state of nature in the forests of India, and in most of the islands of the Indian seas. The varieties of this species are endless; every country, and almost every district of each country, producing a different kind. From Asia, where they are supposed to have originated, they have been diffused over every part of the inhabited world. America was the last to receive them. It has been said that they were first introduced into Brazil by the Spaniards; they are now as common in all the inhabited parts of that vast continent as with us. Of those which have been selected for domestic purposes in this country, the principal are,

1. THE CRESTED COCK,

Of which there are several varieties, such as the white-crested black ones; the black-crested white ones; the gold and silver ones, &c.

2. THE HAMBURGH COCK, NAMED ALSO VELVET BREECHES,

Because its thighs and belly are of a soft black.* This is a very large kind, and much used for the table.

3. THE BANTAM, OR DWARF COCK.

A diminutive but very spirited breed: its legs are furnished with long feathers, which reach to the ground behind; it is very courageous, and will fight with one much stronger than itself.

4. THE FRIZZLED COCK.

The feathers in this are so curled up that they seem reversed, and to stand in opposite directions: they are originally from the southern parts of Asia, and when young are extremely sensible of cold: they have a disordered and unpleasant appearance, but are in much esteem for the table.

We shall finish our list with the English game cock, which stands unrivalled by those of any other nation for its invincible courage, and on that account is made use of as the instrument of the cruel sport of cock-fighting. To trace this custom to its origin we must look back into barbarous times, and lament that it still continues the disgrace of an enlightened and philosophic age. The Athenians allotted one day in the year to cock-fighting; the Romans are said to have learned it from them; and by that warlike people it was first introduced into this island. Henry VIII. was so attached to the sport that he caused a commodious house to be erected for that purpose, which, though it is now

* Buffon.

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applied to a very different use, still retains the name of the Cock-pit. The Chinese, and many of the nations of India, are so extravagantly fond of this unmanly sport, that, during the paroxysms of their phrenzy, they will sometimes risk not only the whole of their property, but their wives and children, on the issue of a battle.

The appearance of the game-cock, when in his full plumage and not mutilated for the purpose of fighting, is strikingly beautiful and animated: his head, which is small, is adorned with a beautiful red comb and wattles; his eyes sparkle with fire, and his whole demeanour bespeaks boldness and freedom; the feathers on his neck are long, and fall gracefully down upon his body, which is thick, firm, and compact; his tail is long, and forms a beautiful arch behind, which give a grace to all his motions: his legs are strong, and are armed with sharp spurs, with which he defends himself and attacks his adversary. When surrounded by his females, his whole aspect is full of animation; he allows of no competitor, but, on the approach of a rival, he rushes forward to instant combat, and either drives him from the field, or perishes in the attempt. The cock is very attentive to his females, hardly ever losing sight of them; he leads, defends, and cherishes them, collects them together when they straggle, and seems to eat unwillingly till he sees them feeding around him; when he loses them he utters his griefs, and from the different inflexions of his voice, and the various significant gestures which he makes, one would be led to conclude that it is a species of language which serves to communicate his sentiments. The fecundity of the hen is great; she lays generally two eggs in three days, and continues to lay through the greatest part of the year, except the time of moulting, which last about two months. After

having laid about twenty-five or thirty eggs, she prepares for the painful task of incubation, and gives the most certain indications of her wants by her cries and the violence of her emotions. Should she be deprived of her own eggs, which is frequently the case, she will cover those of any other kind, or even fictitious ones of stone or chalk, by which means she wastes herself in fruitless efforts. A sitting hen is a lively emblem of the most affectionate solicitude and attention; she covers her eggs with her wings, fosters them with a genial warmth, changing them gently, that all parts may be properly heated; she seems to perceive the importance of her employment, and is so intent in her occupation, that she neglects, in some measure, the necessary supplies of food and drink; she omits no care, overlooks no precaution, to complete the existence of the little incipient beings, and to guard against the dangers that threaten them. Buffon, with his usual elegance, observes, "that the condition of a sitting hen, however insipid it may appear to us, is perhaps not a tedious situation, but a state of continual joy; so much has nature connected raptures with whatever relates to the multiplication of her creatures!"

For a curious account of the progress of incubation, in the developement of the chick, we refer our readers to the above-mentioned author, who has given a minute detail of the several appearances which take place, at different stated periods, till the young chick is ready to break the shell and come forth. In former times the Egyptians, and in later days philosophers, have succeeded in hatching eggs without the assistance of the hen, and that in great numbers at once, by means of artificial heat, corresponding with the warmth of the hen: the eggs are placed in ovens, to which an equal and moderate degree of heat is applied, and eve

kind of moisture or pernicious exhalation carefully avoided—by which means, and by turning the eggs, so that every part may enjoy alike the requisite heat, hundreds may be produced at the same time.

For the Monthly Visitor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE.

(Continued from page 25.)

Poor artless maid, to stain thy spotless fame,
Candour and art, and toil united strove
To lure a breast, that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, and betray'd by love.

SHENSTONE.

FREDERIC, though extremely loose in his principles, was not deficient in good-nature—he set instantly about the proposed inquiries, and learnt that the Lion was stationed in the West Indies—that her crew had suffered dreadfully from epidemic sickness, and that the brother of Maria was one of the unfortunate victims of its fury. This unwelcome intelligence he communicated as gently as possible to the inhabitants of the cottage. Maria's tears flowed copiously, and greatly relieved the agonies of her feeling heart—but her aged parent had no such resource—grief, for the death of her son, and the departure of her grandson, had before exhausted them—she could not shed a tear—she did not utter a complaint. "I had hoped that Henry would have returned," said she, "to bless my age, and guard Maria's youth—but Heaven's will be done."—"My dear grandmother," cried the affectionate girl, "do not grieve—I can work, both for myself and you."—"My aunt will assist you," cried the elder of the Fitzcarys, who had accompanied

Frederick on this unpleasant errand, "I am sure she will—do not weep Maria—we will call again to-morrow." In saying this, he took the arm of Frederick, and they quitted the cottage. On arriving at the Priory, Mrs. Fitzcary was applied to by her nephew for the relief of Maria—she commissioned him to make her a moderate present—promised to enquire more minutely into their character and circumstances—and then dismissed him. In the mean time, Frederick, under the pretence of writing letters, had withdrew to his chamber—he there pondered on the situation of Maria, and curst fortune most vehemently for not placing it in his power to serve so interesting an object—I can, however, advise her under difficulties, and comfort her under afflictions, thought he—and, in the midst of his zeal to serve her, he sought Fitzcary, who communicated to him the commission he had received from his aunt—they mutually agreed to visit the cottagers the following morning, and, if the old lady was sufficiently at ease to bear so painful a conversation, to inquire minutely into their circumstances, in hopes of procuring for them some permanent relief. Early the ensuing day they set forward on their errand, and, on their arrival, saw only Maria, from whom they learnt that her grandmother was confined to her bed with a most severe indisposition. "How long has she been ill?" asked Fitzcary.—"She was taken in the night," was the reply.—"Have you had any medical assistance?"—"No, (said Maria, mournfully) I have been to Doctor Bolus, who said he would call when he came this way; but as that may not be for three or four days, my poor grandmother may be dead by that time."—"Good heavens! (exclaimed Fitzcary,) what monstrous brutality—I will go to him, Maria, and bring him back with me;" in so saying, he set off for the village with all the speed he could make. During his absence Frederick drew from Maria a confession, "that all their hopes of subsistence was drawn from labour—her grandmother spun—she knit—and their united efforts barely procured them bread."—"But your cottage,"——"Was my mother's," said

Maria.—"Then of course it is now your's," said Frederick.—"Yes, (said Maria) worse luck it is—for it will not make me amends for the loss of my poor brother." Just as she had concluded her sentence, Fitzcary returned, bringing Doctor Bolus, who, though he could not come to the poor cottager, made no difficulty of attending the bishop's nephew. He examined the patient with much apparent attention—asked an hundred unnecessary questions—flourished through a routine of technical phrases—then gravely pronounced the patient suffering under a stroke of the palsy, which was incurable. "But can you not relieve her, doctor," asked Frederic.—"That, sir, is very doubtful in cases of this description—and medicine now is very expensive," laying a strong emphasis on the last sentence. "Oh, I will pay you," cried Fitzcary, with all the ardour of youth. "Then, sir, I am in duty bound (said the pliant doctor) to exert my best abilities for the service of the patient—and you may depend on it, no attention shall be wanted," in saying this, he departed with a strut of medical importance. Fitzcary then dropped his aunt's present into the hands of Maria—and they again quitted the cottage. In the course of a few days Mrs. Fitzcary had made the necessary inquiries into the character of our cottagers, which was so much in their favour, that she determined on affording them her protection through their present difficulties. For this purpose, she visited them, attended only by her own woman—and being much pleased with the person and manners of Maria, interested herself greatly in her concerns—advised her not to encourage the young men in their visits to the cottage, as it was highly improper that they should be in the habit of coming there during the illness of her grandmother. Maria, whose artless bosom glowed with the pure flame of gratitude, warmly applauded their benevolence—and, with all the simplicity of unsophisticated youth, assured her benefactress that they came there only out of compassion and good will to her grandmother. Mrs. Fitzcary smiled, and shook her head, saying, "My good girl, when

you know more of the world, you will not think an old woman the only object of benevolence to young men—I can believe that they are sorry for your grandmother's misfortune—but I do not think, had she been alone, that Mr. Lawson would ever have enquired into them—as to my nephew, his youth and inexperience may lead him into many improprieties, of which he will not suspect the consequence; I shall, therefore, take upon me to insist on his refraining from coming hither—over the conduct of Mr. Lawson I have no such power, and if I had, I have no wish to exert it—I expect that your reserve and prudence, together with his own sense of decorum, will prevent him from repeating his visits, without my appearing to interfere in it." Maria curtsyed in silence—and Mrs. Fitzcary departed—though not till she had informed Maria that she should send a person to assist in taking care of her grandmother, who was now so helpless as to be unable to move herself. For this purpose, an elderly woman was procured from the hamlet—necessaries were regularly sent from the Priory—and poor Maria again breathed with comparative tranquillity—she reassumed her old habits of industry—knit all day, and weeded her garden in the evening. Fitzcary never came to the cottage—and Frederick but seldom—his stay was always short, and his conversation so polite and interesting, that Maria, though she wished to execute the desires of her benefactress, could never assume sufficient reserve to indicate that she was offended at his attentions. As for Frederick, on his first setting out, we have seen that he thought himself solely actuated by benevolence—but alas! the sequel proves that vanity, and a love of intrigue, were the main springs of his actions. Maria, though not beautiful, was pretty and interesting—and more to his taste than any female he had seen in that part of the world—add to this, that her extreme agitation on his appearance—which all his condescension could not remove—flattered his pride, and led him to think that he had made an impression on her heart, that she in vain endeavoured to eradicate. The good woman

who was appointed to assist, one day urged her rather warmly not to see Mr. Lawson when he next called, or else to tell him that his appearance there subjected her to the censure of the hamlet—which in fact was the truth. Maria, who was indeed heart-stricken, replied only by her tears. At this critical moment Frederick made his appearance—her companion instantly withdrew—and the confusion of Maria encreased.—Frederick pressed her anxiously, tenderly pressed her, to unfold the cause of her uneasiness—"Is your grandmother worse?"—"No." "Do you want for any thing?"—"Oh *no*." "Why then do you weep?"—"Because I am wretched!" cried Maria, with an energy of expression he had not supposed her capable of exerting. "Wretched! and not confide the cause of your anxiety to one who would die to remove it."—Words cost nothing, and none knew better than Frederick when, and where, to apply them. A modern fair one, perhaps, might have taken them at their proper value, and rated them for nothing—but with Maria, unhacknied in the world's loose acceptation of terms, they passed for sterling gold.—"My neighbours, (said she, in extreme agitation) have noticed your visits—they say I shall lose my character—my grandmother will soon die—and what then will become of me."—"I will protect you, (cried Frederick) no one shall either injure or insult you."—Maria shook her head. "Am I not your friend, Maria?"—"I believe you are: but"——— "But what."—"People say no good will come of your friendship." "Indeed, (cried Frederick, in a tone of vexation) and do you doubt my friendship." Maria, who just then recollected Mrs. Fitzcary's words, remained silent. "Cruel girl, (he continued) you doubt my honour. Farewell, Maria, when next we meet, you may think me worthy of your confidence."—In saying this, he quitted her hand, which he had before taken, and walked hastily towards the door. "Oh, do not go in anger, (cried Maria) if we are to part, let it be without ill-will—I am sensible that I can never repay your kindness, and am therefore the more bound to esteem

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and honour you—I am sure I did not mean to offend you."—"I am not angry, (cried Frederick, returning) and I am inclined to hope that you have uttered the sentiments of others, rather than the wishes of your own heart." The tender confusion of Maria confirmed his opinion—and he seized that heedless moment to persuade her that private meeting, as opportunity might offer, would add to his happiness, without injuring her character. She submitted her conduct, with ill-fated confidence, to his direction, and their meetings were conducted so secretly, that no one suspected them. At length Maria's grandmother was released from her sufferings—and the consequences that followed will be the subject of a future number.

(To be continued.)

For the Monthly Visitor.

IF the following lines meet the approbation of the Editors of the Monthly Visitor, and be considered a sufficient reply to their question in the last number, "Whether solitude or society be best calculated to promote moral improvement;" by inserting them, they will much oblige, MATISSA.

ESSAY.

FREQUENT intercourse with the world is very prejudicial to the cultivation of the understanding; enervates the mental powers; indisposes the attention to better and more essential pursuits; and renders the mind unfit for cool deliberation.

On the other hand, the occasional society of the amiable and intelligent, conduces much to moral improvement. After having been but a short time busily engaged in the gay scenes of active life, the studious derive the greatest pleasure in devoting a few moments to retirement. When alone and undisturbed, we feel that tranquil quiet which in vain

is sought in crowds. *Solitude* is the parent of true wisdom, virtue, and sublimity of thought: it exhorts the mind to contemplation, and bids it aspire after that perfection, which cannot be pursued in the circles of fashion, or obtained by the dissipated votaries of pleasure. In the most afflicting and calamitous sufferings, solitude softens the poignancy of feeling; calmly composes the ruffled passions, by teaching the soul, when laden with affliction's iron yoke, to view the hand that gave the stroke as omnipotent, and unerringly wise.

Depraved indeed, and callous to the influence of piety, must those be, who receive no profit from meditation: but alas! to an heart where guilt is an inmate, how different the sensations it inspires! every thought is anguish, and each reflection gives another pang to misery.

Solitude is the most sure source of devotion, and therefore the christian's delight—but it is equally the dread and aversion of the guilty: because their consciences being sullied with dissimulation, permit them not to look within.

Occasional seclusion from the world is both commendable and pleasing.—But the monastic recluse defeats one of the purposes for which he was created; the greatest of which was, probably, to make us good and virtuous members of social life. How much also does he lose by his unnecessary banishment! He is a stranger to friendship, that tender and noble sentiment, capable of bestowing the most happy effects, when securely founded on the basis of real worth and mutual integrity. In calamity, what solace can be compared to the soothing voice of an affectionate friend? But that voice, it is to be regretted, he never hears—the invaluable blessing of a friend he possesses not.

In his unfrequented and melancholy asylum, he will learn (it is to be feared), to imbibe unmerited

resentment and misanthropic prejudice toward mankind. Here he views them with the jaundiced eye of rancorous hatred, rather than with the charitable love instilled by the more rational and kinder principles of christianity.

Were our time but equally divided between the pleasures of devotion, the discharge of domestic duties, and the society of friends, perhaps it would the better promote our moral improvement, than though we were wholly engaged in an unfriendly and entire seclusion from the world; or occupied in one continual and insipid routine of seeing and being seen.

The medium of these extremes appears the most congenial to the happiness and welfare of the prudent adherents to reason.

To be, therefore, neither unsocial on the one hand, or devotees to company and amusement on the other, would be the most probable means to protect us from the disapprobation and ridicule of every class: and, if so, it must be the safest path for all to tread.

June 12, 1801.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

1. Blush.

2.

When my thoughts on the second enigma I turn,
I think I perceive it alludes to an *Urn*.

3. Bar.

CHARADES.

1. Fire-lock.
2. Book-worm.
3. Block-head.
4. Con-tent.
5. War-rant.

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REBUSSES.

1.

Secure within its shell, the *Nut*
In England may be pick'd each year:
And when these words be back ward put,
Tun, a large measure will appear.

2.

Hog, ox, ugly, stinking, entertainment, house.

3.

Dan is a place from Beersheba remote:
Oxford a university of note;
Gallows the place which sheriffs must attend;
Of these three words the initials take,
Dog is the syllable they make;
And man has ever found *his dog his friend.*

4.

Reverse a *Yard*—and then you'll say,
You see what brewers use; a *Dray.*

Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

1.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF BIRDS.

What we all do at every meal.
A disorder incident to man and horse.
Nothing, twice yourself, and fifty.
An almanac-maker.
A look.
Equality, and decay.
An English architect.
A workman's implement.
A lever.
A mechanical instrument.
Three-eighths of a monthly publication, with a dish of victuals.
An English river.
A sea fish, and a young creature.
A rascal.
Two small animals.

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A cheat.
Part of a fence.
A distant country.
A seventy-gun ship.
Part of a lady's dress.
The top of your head.
Spoil half a score.
The defence of a bridge.

2.

BY J. F.

Reverse an opening in a mansion found,
You have a mean, by which they measure ground.

3.

Three quarters of a sect of old,
Clearly shews my first, I'm told:
My next of meat and fruit is made,
By children with delight survey'd.
Myself, when in a state of nature,
Am but a cunning, squalling creature;
But when learning I receive,
I speak; and then much pleasure give.

4.

My first is built with great design;
And clearly shows a hand divine,
To reason's prying sight:
My second is a fish by nature;
My whole's a beauteous little creature,
Which in my first, first came to light.

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The Cabinet of Mirth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

HIBERNIAN ELOQUENCE.

IN the house of commons, lately, Mr. Martin, of Galway, said, the lamentation of gentlemen over the constitution reminded him of one of those funerals in his own country, at which great, big *tears* and *sobs* might be *heard* and *seen* among the mourners, some of whom were probably the accessaries, or principals, in perpetrating the murder of the man who was going to his grave *(a laugh)*. He considered the minister in the situation of the captain of an East Indiaman. It was his duty to bring the ship home safe, and to guard against wear and tear;—but, if that could not be done, if to save the *whole* cargo, he should be obliged to throw *half* of it overboard *(this produced a loud laugh)*; —yes, he maintained, if he was to throw the *whole* of it overboard, he should be indemnified for his conduct! *(Here a loud laughing, and cry of Order, Order! succeeded.)*

MODERN ORTHOGRAPHY.

A parish clerk in Hertfordshire, named Jeremy, lately received the following curious instructions from a parishioner:—"Mister Gemery, mi wief is dede an wants to be burid, a Digg Graiv for hir an Shee shall com to be burid termorrer at Wouner Clocke—you noes ware to dige itt bi mi two uther wifes—let it lee dip.

ANECDOTE.

An emigrant nobleman lately asked Lady Wallace, "Why it was generally remarked abroad, by

foreigners, that the Scotch, who travelled, were men of parts and learning, while the English were generally wanting in both?" Her ladyship, with her usual vivacity, replied—"That only fools went out of England; but for Scotland, none but fools would stay in it." A Scotch nobleman, neither famous for parts or learning, observed—"That her ladyship was right with regard to the Scotch; for," says he, "there are offices established in Scotland where every Scotchman must apply for a passport before he can leave the country; and previous to the granting thereof, he is examined with regard to his intellects and education: and should they not arrive to the standard fixed, no passport is granted, but he is sent back for improvement: on a second application the same form is observed, but should he apply a third time, and then be found wanting, he is remanded back for life."—"Then," replied her ladyship, "I am sure your lordship was *smuggled!*"

EXTRAORDINARY RETORT.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Gen. Earl of Desmond led his army into the territory of his enemy, the Earl of Ormond, where, after a desperate conflict, he was defeated, wounded and taken prisoner. As the Ormondians conveyed him from the field on a bier, his supporters exclaimed—"Where is now the great Earl of Desmond?" The wounded chief replied—"Where, but in his proper place, *on the necks of the Butlers!*"

ANECDOTE.

The following curious circumstance is related as having taken place some time ago at the court of Copenhagen. On entering the drawing-room one

court-day, the foot of the French ambassador tripped, the Dutch envoy attempted to save him, but without success, and they both fell at the feet of Mrs Crawford, the Lady of the English chargé d'affaires—the Russian minister, then present, exclaimed, "*Voila les deux Republique aux piéds d'Angleterre!*

BON MOT OF THE LATE ROBERT BURNS.

This singular character, it is well known, was addicted to the bottle. A physician who attended him in his last illness remonstrating with him on this head, assured him, "the *coat* of his stomach was entirely gone." The merry bard declared, if that were the case, he would go on drinking to the end of the chapter; "for, if the *coat* was all gone, it was not worth while carrying about the *waistcoat*."

The following ludicrous notice was lately sent by a gentleman in the county of York, the tithe of whose garden is demanded by the rector of the parish he lives in.

"*Notice to the Rector of O——— Parish.*

"A large fine dish of Battersea asparagus will be cut at O——— Hall, on Thursday next, the 4th of June, in order to celebrate his majesty's birth-day, of which the rector is desired to take notice, that a proper person may be sent to take his tithe in kind."

O———, June 2, 1801.

It is said, that Menou's artillery is drawn by Abyssinian oxen, which, according to the practice described by the late Mr. Bruce, serve at once for *beasts of draught* and *food to the cannoneers*. On their march from Cairo to Alexandria, they regu-

larly breakfasted, dined, and supped on slices from the living ox, then stitched up the skin, and drove on the animals in the yoke as before, till the journey and the ox ended together!

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN;

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF VALOUR AND GENEROSITY.

IN the beginning of the summer, 1708, Queen Anne among many other ships which were put in commission, had one, a vessel of 70 guns, commanded by ——— Smith, a concealed papist, and one who bore an implacable hatred to his country. His ship was stationed to guard the coasts; and, as it did not compose part of any fleet, the captain was at liberty to cruize with her as he thought proper. He accordingly sailed to Gottenburgh, where he sold her majesty's ship of war, whether to the King of Sweden, or to private merchants, history does not say. Be that as it will, Mons. Mezeray affirms, he received the price; and immediately after retired into France, to offer his services to Louis XIV. against his native country. The king received him very graciously, and promised him the first captain's commission that should be vacant; but, in the meantime, advised him to serve as a volunteer aboard the galley of M. Langeron, at Dunkirk; and that orders should be given to receive him with that respect which was his due. The advice of kings is but a concealed manner of commanding, at least Smith took it in that light, and obeyed. The Chevalier Langeron received him very politely, and entertained him at his own expence. The French historian says, in all our fruitless expeditions to the coast of England, Smith's was one. He often advised a descent upon that coast, in order to burn the towns, that he might at once have an opportunity of shewing his

bravery, and gratifying his unnatural hatred; but it was thought too dangerous to comply. The coasts were guarded by patrolling parties, while large bodies of trained troops were placed at convenient distances from each other; a species of animals French sailors do not much care to meddle or interfere with. Smith, burning with rage against England, had his head filled with nothing but schemes to offend it; amongst the rest he sent proposals to the French court of burning Harwich, a little town situated near the mouth of the Thames, provided six galleys were submitted to his command. The king approved his project, gave orders to Commodore Langeron to follow Captain Smith's instructions in the whole of the expedition, and to the intendant to furnish whatever was necessary towards carrying it on. The Chevalier Langeron felt some repugnance at being subjected to the controul of a stranger, invested with no commission; however, he obeyed with seeming satisfaction, while Smith gave the necessary directions for collecting combustibles, and a reinforcement of soldiers, with whatever else was thought necessary. Every thing being in readiness, we put to sea on the 5th of September, in a fine clear morning, with a gentle favourable wind at north-east. We arrived at the mouth of the Thames without using our oars, at about five in the evening. But Smith, being of opinion that we were too early, and that we might be discovered if we came too near the shore, ordered us to stand off to sea till night fall, and to make our descent when it was dark. We had not laid to half an hour, when the sailor at the mast-head cried out, "A fleet to the north, steering west, thirty-six sail, merchant-built, and escorted by a small frigate of about thirty guns." It was, in fact, a fleet of merchant ships who had left the Texel, and were making for the mouth of the Thames.

Our commodore immediately called a council of war, in which it was concluded, that, without regarding Harwich, we should endeavour to make ourselves masters of this fleet; that this would be doing the king better service than burning Harwich; that an opportunity would every day offer for doing that; but so rich a booty as this would seldom occur. These reasons, nevertheless, did not in the least influence Captain Smith; he protested against their resolutions, alledging that his majesty's orders should be obeyed, without being drawn away by any different enterprize, and that we should steer to the south to prevent being seen by this fleet.

The council of war persevered in their resolution, secretly pleased at thwarting the designs of a man whom they regarded with envy, and whose success would but give them cause to repine.

The result of the deliberations of the council was, an order to the six captains to attack this fleet. We made all possible haste, with both sails and oars, and as it approached us while we made towards it, we soon came up.

Our commodore had given orders for four of the galleys to invest, if possible, and master the merchant ships, which was an easy matter, as such vessels are for the most part defenceless; while our galley, which was Commodore, and that of Chevalier Mauviliers, should attack and become masters of the frigate, which served for convoy.

In pursuance of these dispositions, four galleys took a compass to surround the merchantmen, and cut off their entrance into the Thames, while we went directly to attack the frigate. The frigate perceiving our design, and the danger which threatened the whole, or the greatest part of the fleet, took its measures accordingly. It was an English ship, the captain of which had the character of be-

ing one of the most resolute, yet prudent commanders in the British navy; and, indeed, his conduct in this conjuncture did not give fame the lie. He ordered the merchantmen to crowd all the sail possible to get into the Thames; doubting not, for his own part, but he should be able with his little frigate to cut out work enough for six French galleys; and let what would be the result of the engagement, he was determined not to give out till he saw the ships under his convoy in safety. Pursuant to this resolution, he spread his sails, and bore down upon us, as if he intended to be the first aggressor.

Of the two galleys ordered to attack the frigate, our's alone was in a capacity to begin the engagement, as our associate had fallen back at least a league behind us; either as she did not sail so fast as we, or else her captain chose to let us have the honour of striking the first blow. Our commodore, who seemed no way disturbed at the approach of the frigate, thought our galley alone would be more than a match for the Englishman; but the sequel will shew, that he was somewhat deceived in this conjecture.

As we both mutually approached each other, we were soon within cannon-shot, and accordingly the galley discharged her broadside. The frigate, silent as death, approached us without firing a gun, but seeming steadily resolved to reserve all her terrors for more close engagement. Our commodore, nevertheless, mistook English resolution for cowardice: "What," cried he, "is the frigate weary of carrying English colours? and does she come to surrender without a blow!" The boast was premature. Still we approached each other, and now were within musquet-shot.

The galley incessantly poured in her broadside and small arms, the frigate all this while preserving

the most dreadful tranquillity that imagination can conceive. At last the Englishman seemed all at once struck with a panic, and began to fly for it. Nothing gives more spirits than a flying enemy; nothing was heard but boasting among our officers; we could at one blast sink a man of war, aye, that we could, and with ease too. If Mr. English does not strike it in two minutes, down he goes, down to the bottom! All this time the frigate was, in silence, preparing for the tragedy which was to ensue. Her flight was but pretended, and done with a view to entice us to board her in her stern; which, as being the weakest quarter, galleys generally choose to attack. Against this quarter they endeavour to drive their beak, and then generally board the enemy, after having cleared the decks with their five pieces of cannon. The commodore, in such a favourable conjuncture as he imagined this to be, ordered the galley to board, and bid the men at the helm to bury her beak, if possible, in the frigate. All the sailors and soldiers stood ready with their sabres and battle-axes to execute his commands. The frigate, who perceived our intentions, dexterously avoided our beak, which was just ready to be dashed against her stern; so that, instead of seeing the frigate sink in the dreadful encounter, as was expected, we had the mortification to behold her fairly along side of us; an interview which struck us with terror. Now it was that the English captain's courage was conspicuous; as he had foreseen what would happen, he was ready with his grappling irons, and fixed us fast by his side. His artillery began to open, charged with grape-shot; all on board the galley were as much exposed as if upon a raft; not a gun was fired that did not make horrible execution, we were near enough even to be scorched with the flame. The English masts were filled with sailors, who

threw hand-granades among us all, that scattered wounds and death wherever they fell. Our crew now no longer thought of attacking, they were even unable to make the least defence. The terror was so great, as well among the officers as common men, that they seemed incapable of resistance. Those who were neither killed nor wounded lay flat, and counterfeited death to find safety. The enemy, perceiving our fright, to add to our misfortunes, threw in forty or fifty men, who, sword in hand, hewed down all that ventured to oppose, sparing, however, the slaves who made no resistance. After they had cut away thus for some time, being constrained back by our still surviving numbers, they continued to pour infernal fire among us.

Chevalier Langeron, seeing himself reduced to this sad extremity, and a great part of his crew either killed or wounded, was the only one on board who had courage enough to wave the flag of distress, by which he called the other galleys of the squadron to his aid.

The galley which had laid astern was soon up with us, and the other four, who had almost taken possession of the merchantmen, upon seeing our signal and perceiving our distress, quitted the intended prey to come to our assistance. Thus the whole fleet of merchant ships saved themselves in the Thames. The galleys rowed with such swiftness, that in less than half an hour the whole six had encompassed the frigate. Her men were now no longer able to keep the deck, and she presented a favourable opportunity for being boarded. Twenty-five grenadiers from each galley were ordered upon this service. They met with no opposition on coming on, but scarce were they crowded upon the deck, when they once again were saluted *a l'Anglois*. The officers of the frigate were intrenched in the forecastle, and fired upon the grenadiers in-

cessantly. The rest of the crew also did what execution they were able through the gratings, and at last cleared the ship of the enemy. Another detachment was ordered to board, but with the same success; however, it was at last thought adviseable with hatchets and other proper instruments to lay open her decks, and by that means make the crew prisoners of war. This was, though with extreme difficulty, executed, and in spite of their firing, which killed several of the assailants, the frigate's crew were at last constrained to surrender. The officers were still possessed of the forecastle, and still kept up as brisk a fire as before. They were now to be forced in like manner, which was not effected without loss. Thus were all the ship's company made prisoners except the captain. He took refuge in the cabin, where he fired upon us with the utmost obstinacy, swearing that he would spill the last drop of blood, before he would see the inside of a French prison. The rest of the English officers, who had by this time been conducted on board us, described their captain as a man perfectly fool-hardy, as one determined to blow the frigate into the air rather than strike; and painted his resolution in such striking colours, that even the conquerors trembled. Every person now expected to see the frigate blown up, while they themselves must share the danger of so terrible a neighbourhood. The way to the powder-room led through the cabin, and that the English captain was still possessed of; and were the frigate blown up, it must have been attended with the most fatal effects to the six galleys. In this extremity, it was concluded to summon the captain in the most gentle terms, and to promise him the kindest treatment upon surrendering. He only answered all this by firing as fast as he could.

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At length the last remedy was to be put in execution, to take him dead or alive. For this purpose, a serjeant and twelve grenadiers got orders, with bayonets fixed, to break open his door, and kill him if he refused to surrender. The serjeant at the head of his detachment would have soon burst the door, but the captain, who expected all this, with his loaded pistol shot him through the head. The grenadiers, apprehensive of the same fate, quickly betook themselves to flight; nor was it in the power of any of the officers to prevail on them once more to renew the engagement, though seemingly so unequal. They alledged in their vindication, that as they could advance into the room but one abreast, the captain would kill them all one after the other. Again recourse was had to gentle methods, and entreaty was used, which had at last the desired success.

All this seeming resolution, this conduct, which appeared rather the effect of insensibility than prudence, was artfully assumed, only to prolong the engagement till the merchant fleet were in safety, which, when the English captain perceived from his cabin window, he then began to listen to reason; yet still, to prolong the time as much as lay in his power, he pretended another obstacle to his surrendering; he alledged it as beneath him to deliver up his sword to any but the commodore, and desired that he would come down and receive it; adding, that brave men should only be the prisoners of each other. Accordingly a truce was agreed on till his demand should be reported to the commodore, who sent word back by his second lieutenant, that a commander should never quit his post or his ship. At last the captain gave up his sword without farther parley, like a real Englishman, despising ceremony when ceremony could be no longer useful. He

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was now brought before our commodore, who could not help testifying some surprise at the minute figure which had thus made such a mighty uproar.

He was hump-backed, pale-faced, and as much deformed in person as beautiful in mind. Our commodore complimented him on his bravery; adding, that his present captivity was but the fortune of war; the loss of his ship the safety of the fleet intrusted to his care, and that he should have no reason to regret his being a prisoner; since, by the treatment he should receive, his bondage would be merely nominal. "I feel no regret," replied the little captain, "my duty called me to defend my charge, though at the loss of my vessel. In what light my services may be represented to my country, I know nor care not. I might, perhaps, have had more honour among them by saving her majesty's ship by flight, and I should certainly have more profit, as I should still be continued in command; but this consolation remains, that I have served England faithfully, nor can I feel any private loss by an action which enriches the public, and serves to make my country more happy. Your kind treatment of me may not perhaps be without its reward; though I should never have the opportunity, you will find some of my countrymen who have gratitude; and that fortune which now puts me into your power, may one day put you into theirs."

The noble boldness with which he expressed himself charmed the commodore; he returned him his sword, adding, very politely, "Take, sir, a weapon no man deserves better to wear; forget that you are my prisoner; but remember I expect you for my friend." There was soon, however, some reason to repent of this indulgence, as the consequences of giving him back his sword had like to have been fatal. The captain being introduced

into the cabin of the galley, beheld there Smith the traitor, and instantly knew him. England had set a price upon this wretch's head of 1000 pounds, so that he regarded every thing that was English with the utmost detestation. These two could not long behold each other, without feeling those emotions which a contrast between the greatest virtue and vice occasions; and the little captain was all on fire to take vengeance for his country on its betrayer. "Perfidious man!" said he, drawing his sword, "since the hand of justice cannot give you the death you merit, take it from mine." And at the same time he run against him, resolved to plunge his sword into his breast; fortunately for both, the commodore was near enough to prevent the rashness of his conduct, by taking the assailant in his arms, and stopped the meditated blow, to the great regret of the captain, who vowed he had been better pleased with such an action than to have taken the six galleys. Captain Smith represented it to the commodore as highly unfit that the prisoner should be in the same galley with him, and begged to remove him to another, which the commodore refused; alledging, that as he was his prisoner, he must remain where he was, but that captain Smith had his choice of any of the other five galleys for his residence.

Beauties of the Drama.

THE DUNGEON SCENE.

[FROM ADELMORN, THE OUTLAW.]

Scene.—*A dungeon. Adelmorn is discovered in chains.*

Adelmorn. My fate then is decreed! the thunderbolt has fallen, so long brandished—it has fallen and crushed me!—I have no more to hope, no

more to fear!—and methinks again my soul feels resigned and tranquil. Oh! is this calm but the calm of despair? This seeming resignation of the mind, this indifference with which I look on life—is it no more than the body's stupor, foreboding, and forerunning dissolution? No—not so! Let me not wrong thee, best of all blessings, last of all comforts, my uncorrupted heart! My eye need not sink beneath my judge's; my breast need not shrink from the searcher's probe. One tear of mercy can cleanse my hand from blood, and the blessings of mourners, whose wounds I healed, shall drown the voice of my accuser. E'en thou, sad spirit! whose bleeding form I saw in every object, whose dying shriek I heard in every breeze, when thy murderer meets thee yonder, e'en thou shalt reach him the hand of pardon! Then shrink not, my soul, from the sun-beams of to-morrow: let me once more embrace my love, once more bid Heaven bless her days, who formed the only wealth of mine: then will I meet thee, death, without one fear—then bid thee, without one sigh, vain world, farewell! for ever!

Enter MAURICE, *with a lamp, conducting* INNOGEN.

Maurice. This way, lady. When thus I disobey my lord, trust me, I risque much.

Innogen. Friend, I feel it, and am most grateful.

Maurice. Your stay may not be long.

Innogen. It shall not: now farewell! my blessings follow you. [*Exit* Maurice.

Adelmorn. (*Starting.*) Hark! hark! that voice—Innogen here! My love!——

Innogen. (*Falling on his neck.*) My lost one! Oh, Adelmorn! to meet you thus!——

Adelmorn. To meet any how is transport.

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Innogen. Oh! so great, that it turns my brain to think, ere long that transport may be lost to me for ever!

Adelmorn. Not for ever! Though parted here, we shall meet above, I doubt it no longer. Since I entered this castle, Innogen, hope and confidence are again become mine; for every step as I advanced recalled to me some good deed of my youth; every chamber through which I passed reminded me, that in the days of my power I had there used it to aid and bless some wretch.

Innogen. Yet of all those chambers, none receives Adelmorn, except this dungeon.

Adelmorn. Innogen! this dungeon, which echoes with the clank of my chains, whence hope seems banished, and whose gloom appears fitted to suggest no thought but of my grave—even this dungeon whispers to my soul—— "Fear not, poor trembler! thou art secure of heavenly pardon."—In this dungeon was formerly confined Munster's Abbot, my uncle's mortal foe. I pitied his grey hairs, knelt for him to Count Roderic, and the prisoner's chains fell. Still do I see his reverend form—grateful tears rolling down his silver beard; still sound in my ears, sweet even to agony, his parting blessings. The old man has been long with the angels—the old man will be my advocate above.

Innogen. Oh! silence, silence! Every new word but makes me feel how much I lose in losing *you!*

Enter MAURICE.

Maurice. Lady, the time——

Innogen. So soon? Nay, chide not—I obey. Love, good night! With to-morrow's dawn will I to the duke—will throw me at his feet, and——

Adelmorn. (Sighing.) To-morrow!

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Innogen. Ha! why that mournful action? It cannot be—Oh, speak, speak!

Adelmorn. Innogen! to-morrow's sun must light me to the scaffold.

Innogen. Powers of mercy! what, without trial —without a hearing?

Adelmorn. An outlaw is allowed none—the warrant of my death has long been signed——

Innogen. And with it mine! But no, no, no! I'll to the duke—he shall hear the shriek of my despair—he shall know, that to pierce *your* heart, he must strike through my bosom! One embrace, Adelmorn, and I go!—Hold! Touch me not! I shall think that embrace your last, and, ere I receive that last, Oh! cease thou to throb my bosom! Now then, to the duke——My brain! my brain! 'tis burning! [*Exit.*

Adelmorn. Good Maurice, follow her. Her prayers must need prove fruitless; but gladly, ere I die, would I see the duke for one moment.—Could that suit be granted—

Maurice. Ere this he must be retired to rest; but your request shall be urged to-morrow, nor fear I a refusal.

Adelmorn. Thanks, good fellow!—You show mercy in the hour of need; Heaven, when you need it, will show it you.

Maurice. Good-night, my lord.

Adelmorn. Friend, good-night.

[*Exit* Maurice.

Adelmorn. (Alone) Perhaps this ring——Gratitude to his preserver—But no; he must not, cannot break his oath—Yet shall this ring be useful—it shall purchase for my beloved her father's pardon. Sweet, sweet Innogen! had it pleased heaven to grant me length of days, on thy bosom, Oh! they had passed happily! Vain regrets! the die is thrown! Fly upwards my thoughts; I'm of this

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world no more! [*A strain of music is heard, soft and melodious*]——How well seems all within me! how calm and sweet a languor glides through my frame! [*Music again*]——My lids grow heavy. When next I close them, they will close to open no more! Still I grow wearier!—I sue to thee for pardon, offended spirit! Forgive, and bless me! —[*He sleeps.*]

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

AS the public attention has been once more directed to this valuable monument of antiquity, in consequence of recent events in Egypt, and the French army under General Menou, being, according to the last dispatches, strongly entrenched near it, the following account of a ludicrous adventure of some English captains, in 1733, by Eyles Irwin, Esq. may not prove unacceptable.

These jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing the can on board one of the ships in the harbour, until a freak entered into one their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for putting it into execution. The boat was ordered, and, with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed ashore, to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar. At the spot they arrived, and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was in vain; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who had struck out the frolic happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprized of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address

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and boldness of the English. The Governor of Alexandria was told that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar: but whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire rose in opposition, it would not, perhaps, at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour, a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch, amid the shouts of the astonished multitude.—To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing no accident befel these madcaps in a situation so elevated, that would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss of one of the volutes, which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made, amply compensated for this mischief, as, without their evidence, the world would not have known, at this hour, that there was originally a statue on the pillar, one foot and an ancle of which are still remaining. The statue

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was probably of Pompey himself, and must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion, and at so great an height; being 92 feet from the ground.

TURKISH PUNISHMENTS.

IN Turkey, if a BUTCHER sells short weight, or stinking meat, for the first offence his meat is all given to the poor; he is tied to a post all day in the sun, a piece of stinking meat is hung close to his nose; besides, he is sentenced to pay a sum of money. For the second offence, he undergoes a severe corporal punishment, and pays a heavy fine; and for the third offence, he is put to death.

If a BAKER sells short weight, or bad bread, for the first offence his bread is given to the poor, and he is nailed to his door, sometimes by one ear, sometimes by two, for the space of twenty-four hours. For the second offence, his bread is given to the poor, and he receives two or three hundred bastinadoes on his feet, sometimes on his back; afterwards they put his head through a hole in a large board loaded with lead, and force him to walk through the principal streets, until he is almost exhausted—if he survives this, and commits a third offence, he is beheaded.

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THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JUNE, 1801.

THE FOLLOWING ADDRESSES

TO THE

SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS

TO THE

LITERARY FUND,

Written and recited, at their Anniversary Meeting, May 7, 1801, at the Free Mason's Tavern, by the undermentioned Gentlemen, possess sufficient Merit to entitle them to a foremost Place in our Parnassian Garland.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

WHILE spring, exulting, owns the genial ray,
And fostering zephyrs greet the new-born May,
While, rich in beauty, nature's gifts invite
Each sense to joy, each feeling to delight;
Say, shall not bounty's charms display their power,
Bright as the sun, refreshing as the shower,
Can her celestial influence impart
Less warmth, less rapture, to th' ingenuous heart?
Not all the views that strike our ravish'd eyes,
Wild woods, enamel'd vales, and azure skies;
Not all the vernal music of the grove,
Th' instinctive melody of artless love;
So charm the fancy, so exalt the mind,
As scenes that melt, that humanize mankind,

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As the pure joy benevolence inspires,
Her conscious energies, her sacred fires;
When o'er this favour'd spot her banners wave,
And mark the band, whose triumph is—to save.

Lo! when by fancy wak'd to new delight,
The child of genius wings his daring flight,
Now soars sublime, and spurns the earth below,
Now sinks deprest'd, o'erwhelmed by want and woe;
What generous sympathy can sooth his care?
What hand shall raise him, plung'd in deep despair?
What friend his wounds can heal, his sorrows cheer,
Revive his drooping hope?—That friend is here:
Hence flow the plenteous streams that comfort give,
Restore his long-lost peace, and bid him live.

But see (more wretched still), the bard, or sage,
Whose fortune fails, whose genius droops, in age!
His wit, his science, or his lofty lays,
Once gain'd the meed of universal praise.
Alas! when want pursues, when life declines,
Unheard he suffers, unlamented pines.
Too proud on private bounty to depend,
He shuns the patron; nay, he fears the friend.
How then shall worth like his assert its claim?
Who shall redress his wrongs, yet spare his shame?
'Tis yours to search in mis'ry's deep recess,
Unsought to cherish, and unask'd to bless;
Chase pining want, bid shame's keen anguish cease,
And life's eventful drama end in peace.

But why this needless lay?—With fond acclaim,
Britain now owns, and consecrates your fame;
Where'er true taste, true science, greet their friends,
Her heav'nly sway benevolence extends.
Here then the muse her anxious toils may close,
And her fond vot'ries seek their lov'd repose.
Propp'd by her zeal, and foster'd by her praise,
Your bounty struggled thro' its infant days—
Henceforth, each fear dispell'd, each danger past,
Firm, independent, it shall reign, and last.
So the fond parent bird, with watchful eyes,
Views her young brood on flutt'ring pinions rise,

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Directs their efforts with experienc'd skill,
While yet too weak to soar, or roam at will:
But when, mature in strength, aloft they spring,
With juster confidence, with firmer wing,
She bids them, on their native pow'rs rely,
And pleas'd beholds them range the boundless sky.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.

POETS were ever poor, the fact's allow'd,
Yet in their poverty they still are proud;
Proud in possession of an envy'd name,
And avaricious in the love of fame!
But, when a lib'ral patronage has giv'n
A life of ease—the poet's little heav'n!
Grateful returns his ardent muse has shewn,
And cast a lustre on the proudest throne.
Let France, in happier days, this truth record,
When letters made more conquests than her sword;
Colbert to Lewis gave a glorious name,
That still is murmur'd by the breath of fame!
He made his master seem, to Europe's view,
The Great Augustus, and Mæcenas too!
Made him the theme of every poet's lays,
Who paid his bounty with unbounded praise;
The Monarch's favour prone to over-rate,
They felt him gen'rous, and they made him great!
Though provinces were wasted, cities fir'd,
His splendid tyranny was yet admir'd;
France, though oppress'd, was flatter'd still to find
Her polish'd fetters dazzle half mankind:
And, while she view'd the splendour of his throne,
Forgot her chains, and smother'd ev'ry groan!
Thus poets, to his vices render'd blind,
Secur'd him from the curses of mankind,
Glorious they made the tyrants reign appear,
And wreath'd a laurel round his blood-stain'd spear.
Such powers to princely patronage belong!
And such the empire of immortal song!
Yet ostentation was the only spring,
That made a patron of a selfish king.

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Your bounty, though less brilliant to the eye,
Seeks out distress, and cheeks the muse's sigh.
Like Chatterton, a gifted youth arose,
Heir to his genius, and to all his woes!
Like him, by poverty and grief oppress'd,
Peace was a stranger to his tortur'd breast;
Old in adversity, though young in years,
His scanty meal was moisten'd with his tears!
Unknown to patronage, unknown to fame,
With fainting steps to you the wand'rer came;
You rais'd his head, and, with parental care,
Drove from his heart the dæmon of despair!
Long may his gratitude inspire his lays,
And make you worth the subject of his praise!
But should an author, with malignant sneer,
Traduce your purpose, yet your friend appear;
If he is poor, who thus belies your plan,
Despise his malice, yet relieve the man:
So shall your bounty in his bosom smart,
And wash in deep remorse his venom'd dart!
When howling discord, with her serpents fell,
Hopeless of mischief, seeks her native hell;
When fair returning peace shall bless these isles,
And rose-lipp'd plenty on our harvest smiles!
The great and rich, reliev'd from public care,
Will croud to rescue genius from despair;
And, while they praise your efforts, will bestow
Still ampler means to succour letter'd woe;
Proud to reflect, on each revolving year,
That what they give can dry the muse's tear;
To learning's sons a ray of joy impart,
And cheer with hope the desolated heart!

My muse, before she takes a long adieu
Of praise much lov'd!—because bestow'd by you!
Turns to the Baltic her admiring eyes,
Where Britain's flag in proudest triumph flies!—
When northern foes, with long-engender'd hate,
Thought war-worn England verging to her fate;
Prepar'd to wound her in misfortune's hour,
With triple force they league against her pow'r!

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Within their narrow strait they brooding lie,
And dare her naval vengeance to defy.
But England's heroes prove their hopes are vain,
And force the boasted passage of the Dane.
When glory calls, and Nelson leads the van,
To bar his way's beyond the pow'r of man!
For him to fight and conquer are the same—
His great historian, everlasting fame!
None can the Hero of the Nile withstand,
Though hostile fleets, protected by the land,
Present a barrier, that might well dismay
Nations who cannot boast Aboukir's day;
In vain do narrow seas our ships confine,
Nor leave a space for half the British line;
Whose straining eyes still keep in eager view,
The glorious dangers of the gallant few!
In vain on ev'ry side the ramparts pour
Tremendous thunder from the hostile shore;
Triumphant Nelson gives the dreadful word,
And Denmark sinks beneath the hero's sword!
Yet in the hour of fate the victors shew
Respect for courage in the vanquish'd foe;
And, while from ruin they preserve the town,
Extended mercy brightens their renown!

(To be continued.)

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1801.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

I.

STILL, still must war's discordant note
Usurp the muse's votive lay,
Must the shrill clarion's brazen throat
Proclaim our monarch's natal day:
While the stern foe, with haughty brow,
Frowns on the olive's sacred bough,
Throws from his land the proffer'd gift of peace,
Nor bids the raging storm of desolation cease.

II.

O Britain! not from abject fear,
Or pale mistrust, or weaken'd pow'r,
Springs in thy breast the vow sincere,
Which wooes fair concord's lenient hour;
Uncheck'd by threats of vengeful foes,
Thy breast with warlike ardour glows;
Thy sons, with unabated force,
Right onward keep their daring course.
The chief, who from Canopus' sultry shore
The burning meed of conquest bore,
Now thro' the Baltic's freezing surge,
Bids his bold prows their way resistless urge;
And while Britannia's ensign flies,
Aloft in Hyperborean skies,
Denmark, astonish'd, from her threaten'd tow'rs,
Yields up her naval boast to Albion's happier pow'rs!

III.

And, lo! where Philip's mightier son
Bade the proud city's rising walls proclaim
To distant times their founder's name,
Fresh trophies by Britannia's legions won;
When from the veteran bands of Gallia's shore,
Their dauntless arms the blood-stain'd banner tore,
Which, like a baleful meteor spread,
To fields of death the enfuriate warriors led;
Yet, 'mid the deeds of endless fame,
Shall not a tear the dying victor claim?
No! o'er his tomb, with guardian wings
Hovering, the eternal Pæan glory sings;
Chaunting, with note triumphant, to the skies,
His name thro' ages lives who for his country dies.

IV.

Enough of war; while Britain sees,
Before Hygeia's healing hand,
The pallid demon of disease
Lead far away her sickly band;
While to a nation's fervent pray'r,
The arm Omnipotent to spare,
Gives her ador'd, her patriot lord,
Again to life, to health, restor'd,

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To hail that day, to Britain dear,
Selected from the circling year,
Which fame shall ever mark the birth
Of regal duty and of private worth;
Strains that affection forms, that transport breathes,
The fragrant offerings join that June ambrosial wreathes!

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH,

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

Scene—The River Yare, near Norwich.

FAREWELL proud city! Thy late glittering vanes,
Thy steepling piles, thy sombre-tinted walls,
Now gradual melt in distance.—Still the shrubs,
That o'er the sides of yonder castled steep
A fringed robe of pensile verdure fling,
Smile in the cloudless blue: but ah! too soon
O'er the illusive landscape sullen mists
Dim shadowing roll. So fade the gleams of hope,
Youth's fair perspective! o'er the good man's soul
So pass the clouds of envy!
Waft, ye gales!
The breath of living freshness waft.—Thee too,
O breezy pinion'd cherub of the west!
Who on the mountain top, thine airy throne,
Hover'st unseen, thee would the muse invoke,
The whilst along Yare's sweet meandering tide
Our joyous course we steer. And lo! the sail
Its snowy bosom heaves, and high in air
The fluttering streamer to the sky expands
Its purple radiance.—Beauteous gilded bark!
O would to heaven thy poet's early days,
Noiseless like thee, like thee serene, might glide
Adown the stream of time—and pure, O Yare!
Pure as the limpid azure of thy wave!
Ne'er may misfortune (like that sable tower,
At whose deep base the noxious hemlock leaves

Play with the rippling current) lurid frown,
Casting life's sunbright prospects into shade!
What goodly scenes successive rise around!
I cannot chuse but gaze—they make the heart,
The raptur'd heart o'erflow with thrilling sense,
Beyond its custom'd throbs!
Carrow! the eye
On thy monastic ruin dwells awhile
Museful; around the crumbling, roofless walls,
(Sad remnant of its pride in *other* days!)
The sereless ivy creeps—so darkly hued,
So gloomy grand, as well methink befits
An house of prayer! Not now the vesper chaunt,
Not now the choral orison ascends
The cloister's vaulted roof—yet haply there,
In years of Papist zeal, not long foregone,
Some rigid, hoary-headed Eremite
Sought a lone cell of rest, and when the storm,
The rough, rude storm of winter roar'd without,
Hollowly mournful, his firm-centred soul,
Borrowing a tone congenial, on the blast
Arose, and in the whirlwind's gloom beheld
The presence of its God!
But quit, my Muse!
This pensive theme, nor give to solemn thought
An hour which pleasure fain would call her own.
Not few the lovely objects that demand
Thy votive strain. That sloping river bank
How mossy-green! its verge how tufted o'er
With sedge and wild-flowers! Here the mountain ash
Its waving crest uprears, profusely gem'd
With knots of coral beads; the willow there,
Amid the sparkling shallow its pale boughs
Low bending, whispers dalliance; but less bold
The aspen—she, as if aware how oft
Her silvery honours to the stream have fallen
Sad victims, trembles at the passing breath
Of every gale. From the deep firwood glade
Yon villa sudden towers in all the pride
Of elegance. Nor *that* alone the seat
Of sweet seclusion—long indeed the task

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Singly to sketch each lineament that fills
A picture so original!
But hark!
From yonder reeds what rustling noise intrudes
On silence so profound?—Why leave, ye swans!
Your oozy beds, as though he fear'd some ill?
I would not harm ye—I am one who love
To see ye in the watry mirror trace
Your finely moulded limbs, then wistful eye
The sculptur'd vessel, whilst your tender brood,
Laving their dark grey plumage, vainly wish
The milkwhite hue (sole privilege of age)
They too could boast.
But lo! the day recedes,
Twilight in indistinctive haze absorbs
Eve's ruby glow, and chill the night dew falls.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF LIFE.

Written by a Friend.

NATURE's a worn-out coat—her comic vein
Bards following bards have turn'd and turn'd again—
Can you expect it as bran new—as when
'Twas first cut out by Shakspeare and Old Ben?
They had, in aid of their superior art,
The nap of novelty on every part.
Would we a braggart paint, absurd and vain,
We can but dress up Pistol o'er again;
And change, like variations to old tunes,
His old flash'd breeches into pantaloons:
Or would we restless jealousy attack,
Kitely's turn'd coat must fit a modern back.
Will you not therefore spare us, who, tho' loth,
Must cut our coat according to the cloth.
Full fifteen years has your responsive smile
And cheering roar repaid our author's toil.
Think what laborious pangs, what loss of rest
To furnish out an annual crop of jest—

" If jest it can be call'd, which jest is none,"
Till your kind hands its dubious merits own.
But should, perchance, one year of dreary dearth
To dullness turn our author's wish'd-for mirth;
Tho' now condemn'd by your impartial laws,
His grateful homage owns your past applause.

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF LIFE,

Written by *James Cobb*, Esq. and spoken by Mr. *Munden* in the Character of *Primitive*.

ALL things are chang'd since I was last in town,
And all that's in it seems turn'd upside down,
Farewell the flowing wig, the snuff-box, cane,
Emblems of wisdom! ye no longer reign!
Where'er I go, I've some new cause for wonder,
And what's still worse, each hour begets a blunder.
'Twas but last week as travelling to town,
Meaning to give the post-boy half a crown,
The Inn being full, all riot, noise and pother,
And really one shock-head's so like another,
I, chancing near Lord Dashaway to stand,
Whipt my half-crown into his lordship's hand.
His gig he call'd for, dar'd me to deride him;
Then whirl'd away, his servant close beside him;
And there again, ye moderns, I reproach ye,
Once coachy drove, the master now drives coachy.
Courtiers and citizens, law, physic, trade,
Now are disguis'd in general masquerade,
The cropping system over all prevails,
And horses, like their masters, dock their tails.
Coats are unskirted—flaps—the waistcoats lose,
And boots cut down, are but high quarter'd shoes,
The very streets, this fashion too refines,
The shopkeepers have taken down their signs.
Nought else, indeed, comes down but these devices;
For tho' they lower their signs, they raise their prices.
O tempora! O mores! men and shops,
Horses, boots, coats, and waistcoats—all are crops.

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Fashion has times and seasons alter'd quite;
At dinner-time they breakfast, dine at night.
And—if they can contrive to rise so soon,
A morning's ride, take in the afternoon.
Our beaux and belles, November's fogs deride;
Enjoy cold weather by the water side;
And then, in spring, to town return together:
To pass, what they call winter, in warm weather.
To other scenes shall Primitive retire;
There, while I chat, around my social fire;
Tho' oft' o'er fashion's world shall fancy range,
One object claims regard, that knows no change;
Envy must own, true to a Britain's name,
That English Heart of Oak, remains the same.

ODE

ON OUR LATE NAVAL ATCHIEVEMENT AT COPENHAGEN.

GENIUS of Albion, still 'tis thine
To wield the sceptre of the main;
Ev'n tho' th' embattled world combine
To wrest it, the attempt proves vain.
Firm as an adamantine rock,
Thy naval prowess meets the shock,
And hurls, indignant, the recoiling blow,
Aim'd at thy envied head, on the confounded foe.

Thy valiant TARS no dangers dread:
Still prompt to fly where glory calls,
The canvass wing they proudly spread,
That wafts along thy wooden walls:
Nor castled streight, nor buoyless shoal,
Their dauntless ardour can controul;
Nor thund'ring batt'ries, whose tremendous roar
Ev'n shakes the solid frame of the resounding shore.

O'er the wide surface of the globe,
Under each pole, beneath each zone,
To realms of ev'ry hue and robe,
Thy maritime renown is known.

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The trembling east, the humbled west,
Have oft thy matchless might confess'd;
And soon the *truant* north again shall melt
To mildness, since her sons have NELSON'S vengeance felt.

Yet still the soul of pity shrinks
When the dread stroke ev'n justice deals;
Upon the widow's woes she thinks
On all the hapless orphan feels.
Amid the triumphs of the brave
Death's sable flag is seen to wave;
And dire misfortune mingles her alloy,
To damp, in many a heart, the cause of general joy!

SONNET,

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

DRY be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd, that struggling sigh,
Not season's day, nor fate shall prove
More fixed—more true than I!
Hush'd be that sigh—be dry that tear,
Cease boding doubt—cease anxious fear.

Ask'st thou how long my vows shall stay
When all that's new is past?
How long—ah, DELIA, can I say,
How long my life will last!
Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die!

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of SYLVIO'S death,
That he, who only breathes for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here!

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Literary Review.

The Works of Hannah More, in Eight Volumes. Including several Pieces never before published. Cadell and Davies. 2l. 2s.

OUR fair authoress has been long known to the public, by her numerous publications in prose and poetry. She formerly kept a boarding-school, in conjunction with her sisters, at Bristol, whence were sent out several pupils who have distinguished themselves in society. From that situation she has long withdrawn herself, and, in her retirement, has produced pieces which do honour to her talents and piety. In the eighth volume of our Miscellany will be found her portrait and biography. To that article we refer our readers, where they will find many particulars gratifying to their curiosity.

As Miss More's publications were brought forward in *different sizes*, her friends and the public naturally wished for an uniform edition of the whole, which is here accomplished. We shall apprise the reader of the contents of each volume—this, we presume, will form an acceptable article of information.

Volume 1st. contains—Poetical Pieces, Epitaphs, Ballads and Tales, Hymns and Ballads. — 2d. Sacred Dramas.—3d. Tragedies.—4th. Stories and Allegories. —5th. Stories for the Common People.—6th. Thoughts on the Manners of the Great, and an Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.—7th and 8th. Strictures on Female Education.

The first volume is enriched with several small pieces of poetry never before published. Among

these we find one, entitled *Bonnor's Ghost*, highly complimentary to the present Bishop of London. It is ingeniously imagined, and neatly executed. The Stories in the 4th and fifth volumes were published in the Cheap Repository, though they are here greatly amplified. The Tragedies, *Percy, Fatal Falshood*, and *Inflexible Captive*, are here introduced by a long prefatory apology, in which a reformation of the stage is inculcated with considerable ingenuity. These are the principal additions—and the entire publication forms an ample fund of entertainment and instruction. Whatever objections may be urged by some readers against Miss More's religious and political opinions, we must confess, that her talents are ingenious—her industry very great—and that her good intentions, in every subject on which she has employed her pen, deserve well of society. Few female authors have exerted themselves in a greater degree to advance the best interests of mankind.

We are sorry to observe, that *Essays for Young Ladies*, have no place in this selection, chiefly, because they were a juvenile production. We recollect reading them some years ago with great pleasure, and therefore not meeting them in this edition of the authoress' works, we felt a disappointment.

To the whole eight volumes is prefixed an introduction of considerable length, written with her usual ability and modesty. We transcribe the following paragraph, as a specimen both of the sentiment and language—

"That I have added to the mass of general knowledge by one original idea, or to the stock of virtue by one original sentiment, I do not presume to hope. But that I have laboured assiduously to make that kind of knowledge which is most indispensable to common life, familiar to the unlearned, and acceptable to the young—that I have laboured to inculcate into both the love and practice of that virtue, of which they had before derived the principles from higher sources, I will not deny to have attempted."

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A portrait of this ingenious lady would have been a suitable embellishment to the work—but with this addition the public have not been gratified. We remember seeing a likeness of her in Lord Orford's Works—and surely the placing of it at the head of the present collection could not have been deemed a violation of modesty.

Adonia, a Desultory Story; Inscribed by Permission to her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh. 4 vols. Parry and Black.

ADONIA is confessedly the effusions of a young mind, and, we add, with pleasure, of an amiable one too.—We are no less pleased with the chastness of thought, than gratified by the energy of style. The various conversations are replete with spirit, and fraught with instruction. There is in the language a peculiar neatness combined with strength, and we easily discover the source from which the stream flows to be prolific. If we mistake not, the fable is taken in a great measure from a celebrated Italian author, yet rendered more subservient to virtue. In fine, this is one among the few novels which may be read with safety, and from which may be gleaned considerable improvement. There are but few seductive sentiments, and many edifying ones. Here vice is pictured in its native deformity, and virtue arrayed in the most lovely attire. We are frequently struck with the depth of reasoning, and as frequently pleased with a justness of decision. In *De Bellefonde* and *De l'Avignon* are nicely depicted the two opposite characters — the former a generous man, an upright statesman—the latter, "wading from crime to crime in the mazes of a desolating revolution, with ambition for his pilot, and power the object of his pursuit." *Lord Arunville* and *St. Loudon* are excellent characters—and the heroine of the piece a young lady of noble accomplishments.

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We were much pleased with several pieces of poetry. The verses beginning thus, may be ranked amongst the finest in our language—

"Who is yon poor shivering maiden?
Her pallid cheeks hath sickness, or hath sorrow prey'd on?
She seems forlorn;
See how the storm
Bends her thin form,
And with what tumultuous hand she holds her scanty plaid on!
Ah! now 'tis torn!"

Lines on a Dying Lamb are equally endearing, and the Curate's Tale, with other effusions, entitle our young authoress to unlimited encomiums as a poetess. Indeed, her verses are elegant, and sweetly harmonious: they flow with ease, and are marked with a true poetic fire. We should recommend this young lady to cherish the *Muse* rather than *Queen Mab*, the inspirer of novels, of which we have already too many. Elegant poetry, such as flows from this lady's sympathetic pen, will ever claim our admiration, while it establishes her fame on a foundation that cannot but move down the vale of time.

The Family Budget; or, Game of Knowledge. Ridgway and Symonds. 1l. 11s. 6d.

ONE striking mark of the superiority of the present age over the last—is the attention bestowed on the improvement of the rising generation. The devices which have been laid before the public for the communication of knowledge, have been many, and are deservedly applauded. Among articles of this kind, *The Family Budget* is entitled to particular attention.

Grammar, arithmetic, mythology, vegetables, music, and history, are the subjects of the several cards by which *the game* is played. Each card contains a

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definition, which is just and appropriate. And the manner of playing is so well adapted for the conveyance of knowledge to the young of both sexes, that it may be applied to all the other sciences with equal facility. It was, it seems, "first invented for the use of some young ladies, whose education the author was called to superintend, and she had the pleasure of finding it answer her most sanguine expectations." Indeed, it happily blends knowledge and amusement together—and therefore must be pronounced a very acceptable present to the rising generation.

This ingenious invention is patronised by W. Wyndham, Esq. and among the subscribers are the names of some of the most respectable characters in the kingdom. It is the production of an officer's widow, and we trust her talents will be amply rewarded. She intends publishing a *small volume of Poems* by subscription—we wish her every success—and hope that the productions of her muse will meet with the public sanction and approbation. To this lady we are indebted for those pieces in our poetical department signed *Anna Maria*, which, we doubt not, have gratified at various times the readers of our Miscellany.

Tables in Arithmetic and Mensuration, selected by R. Goodacre. Hurst. 2d.

OF the utility of Tables of this kind, we have already spoken in a former article of our Review. We have, therefore, only to add, that these selections are here arranged on an open sheet, with neatness and accuracy. The type being small, yet clean—the purchaser (be he either tutor or pupil) has great reason to be satisfied, both with quality and quantity.

Out at Last; or, The Fallen Minister. By Peter Pindar, Esq. West and Hughes. 1s. 6d.

THE eccentric muse of Peter Pindar has here touched on the *ci-devant heaven-born minister* of Britain, in strains calculated to excite our risibility.

Playful in his satire, and original in his imagery, we were entertained with the present effusion. A verse, immediately connected with us *authors*, and our female co-operators *authoresses*, we shall transcribe—

Hark! AUTHORS braying, round the croud,
And AUTHORESSES cry aloud—
"Villain! to wage a war with all the muses!"
And lo! the printer's devils appear!
With ink thy visage they besmear,
While each in turn indignantly abuses;
And more their pris'ner to disgrace,
They empt the pelt-pot in thy face,
Roaring around thee as they caper,
"Take *that*, my boy—for *tax on paper!*"

The *pelt-pot* is an utensil amongst printers, containing a certain stale fluid for the benefit of the balls. From this specimen, it appears that *Peter* treats the *ex-minister* with no kind of ceremony.

Matilda; or, Welsh Cottage, a Poetical Tale. By the Author of Theodore; or, Gamester's Progress—The Margate New Guide—and Parodies on Gay. Dutton. 2s.

WE have spoken favourably of this author on former occasions, and we have reason to extend our approbation to the performance before us—it is a pleasing Tale, pleasingly told!

The Friends; or, The Contrast between Virtue and Vice, a Tale, designed for the Improvement of Youth. By Elizabeth Griffin. Crosby and Letterman. 1s. 6d.

WE were much pleased with this little volume—it is marked by the unison of good sense and simplicity. The wooden cuts are neat, and gratifying to juvenile curiosity.

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Evening Recreations, a Collection of Original Stories. Written by a Lady for the Amusement of her Young Friends. Third edition corrected. Crosby and Letterman. 2s.

THIS work is characterised by a pleasing variety—the lady, though she thought proper to conceal her name, yet the articles here detailed do credit both to her understanding and heart.

Pocock's Original and Universal List of Merchant Ships, corrected to May 1801. *No. 1st. Also No. IInd.*

Steel and Pocock's Original Monthly List of Merchant Ships belonging to all Nations, and trading to and from the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, with all the Parts of the Globe, alphabetically arranged, printed in the Form and conducted upon the Plan of Steel's List of the Royal Navy. Corrected to June 1801. *To be continued Monthly.* Steel, Tower-Hill; and Pocock, Gravesend.

THE title page of this work (in which Mr. Steel and Mr. Pocock are jointly concerned), sufficiently explains its nature and tendency. It will prove of the most extensive utility. Uncommon pains *must* have been employed to ascertain the *names*, *masters*, and *destination*, of so many *thousand* vessels—it is, therefore, deserving of the patronage of the mercantile world. In casting our eye over its contents, we were proud in contemplating our rank among the nations of the earth. May peace and commerce unite in handing down our blessings to the latest posterity!

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Bardomachiæ; or, The Battle of the Bards. Translated from the Original Latin. Johnson. 1s.

THE battle between Mr. Gifford and Peter Pindar, in Mr. Wright's shop, Piccadilly, has afforded much laughter among the learned. It is here humourously satirised, and is ascribed, by common report, to the pen of a grave divine, who sometimes diverts himself with the foibles and follies of mankind. To *him* we are indebted both for the original Latin, and the present ingenious translation.

Mr. Gifford is the author of a poem, called the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*—

Him Peter spying, quickly to him ran,
And thus address'd the zigzag gentleman:
"Thou art, if from thy mien I rightly guess,
The rascal whom they call—Mæviades!"
"Mæviades I am," the bard replies,
"But not a rascal."——
"Not a rascal?" cries
Th' indignant Pindar—"ne'er was a greater,
Thou base, calumnious, everlasting prater!
But why in idle words consume our time?
Take *this* reward of thine audacious crime!"
He said—and on the trembling varlet's head
Twice his stout stick with all his force he laid.
Not great Alcides his repeated thwack,
Laid harder on the horrid hydra's back!
And sure another stroke, so fierce and fell,
Would have dispatch'd the poet's soul to hell:
Or heav'n—the red blood down his temples ran!
His cheeks, so rubicand before, grew wan!
And death, untimely death, with scythe elate,
Was ready to decide his instant fate;
When Phœbus, loth to see a poet die
In bloom of youth, resolves to quit the sky,
And save a parent for his progeny.
I mean the product of his fertile brains,
His lawful offspring—his satyric strains.
Quick thro' the misty air Apollo steer'd,
And in gigantic Peltier's form appear'd!

Castor and Pollux wait on his command,
And in the shape of shopmen by him stand.
Thus three immortals (fate extremely hard!)
Attack at once a single mortal bard!
And first, Dan Phœbus, with a sudden stroke,
Dash'd from his uprais'd arm the murd'rous oak,
Then Læda's brotters with resistless pow'r,
Tie both his hands—and push him to the door!

Who can read these lines without suffering his gravity to be discomposed? The representations are so ludicrous, and the expressions so adapted to the subject, that we smile in spite of ourselves. The combatants must, one would imagine, laugh at the merriment they have occasioned, and, for the time to come, aim at a greater decency of manners. Fighting is ungracious work to a poet, whose ears ought to be attuned to the harmony of the spheres—shrinking back from the blow of a cudgel, or the thump of a fist, with an equal degree of horror and aversion.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR JUNE, 1801.

WE have, during this month, received no intelligence of importance from any part of the world. Expectations are, however, indulged respecting certain operations which, it is supposed, will affect considerably the affairs of Europe. Conjecture is afloat—but we wait for the details of certainty.

From Egypt no farther information has been received respecting their movements, either in the English or French army. Something decisive must have been struck e'er this period. Of course, the eyes of politicians are directed to that portentous quarter of the globe; and another month will contribute to the gratification of our curiosity. A report indeed prevails, concerning our defeat there—

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but its truth has been questioned. So many causes give rise to rumours, that we should be cautious in estimating the marks of their credibility.

Matters in Portugal are in a very perturbed state—the French and Spanish armies are making rapid strides towards their capital—conciliatory measures have been taken, which, we trust, will be successful. We have voted and sent out a large sum of specie to aid them in their distress—it is, indeed, intended to contribute towards their safety.

Nothing very material has occutred at home, excepting that provisions are lowering, and will, we hope, continue to fall till it be reduced to its former reasonable state.

The English and French governments have been corresponding about peace—particulars have not transpired. That such a natter has been in agitation, is generally believed—though they are not come to any final determination. It is an indisputable fact, that the blessings of peace would be acceptable to both countries. Wearied with contention and bloodshed, it would become each party to study the real interests of mankind. War is an enormous evil. Though it has raged far and wide, it will receive its extinction. It is one of those dreadful plagues by which the Almighty chastises and purifies a wicked world.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST.

FOR JUNE, 1801.

JUNE 3. GREAT rioting near Bolton, in Lancashire, on account of the dearness of provision. Several thousands were collected on a rocky moor—the Royal Artillery were called out, and reached the moor before daylight. They soon dispersed; but twenty-two of them were conducted to Lancaster goal.

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4. The anniversary of his majesty's birth-day, when he completed the 63rd year of his age, was celebrated with the usual festivity. The morning was ushered in by ringing of bells—and flags were displayed from tops of towers with peculiar gaiety. The different branches of the royal family waited on their majesties at the queen's house, to pay their congratulatory respects. The court was numerously attended by nobility and gentry of both sexes. The new carriages on the birth-day were but few; but hung not so low as formerly. Round roofs still prevail—the colours black and deep yellow, highly varnished.

6. Marquis of Donegal and Sir Harry Vane Tempest bound over to keep the peace, being both taken into custody at the moment they were about to fight a duel! It originated in a dispute respecting the election of a member for Antrim. Surely it is high time that the barbarous custom of duelling should be abolished.

8. The magistrates and council of Edinburgh resolved that a monument, in honour of the late General Abercromby, shall be placed on the wall of the High Church. This is the most respectable place of worship in the city.

9. Lord Robert Manners, a captain in the 10th regiment of light dragoons, during the review on Ashford Common, nearly killed by his horse falling under him. There is, however, a fair prospect of his recovery.

12. La Fayette appointed ambassador from France to the United States.

15. The annual sheep-shearing festival commenced at Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, who, by patronising such an institution, shews himself a real lover of his country. It lasted for *four* days; was attended by the nobility and gentry, and an immense concourse of people.

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His grace concluded by giving the healths of the successful candidates, and immediately after Lord Somerville rose and gave the duke's health, which was drank with enthusiasm by the whole company.

16. Spence, for writing a book recommending the *equal* distribution of property, was sentenced to pay 20l. to the king—to be confined in Salop goal for twelve months—and give security in 500l. for his good behaviour during five years.

18. A person leaped off the center arch of Blackfriars bridge into the Thames, for the trifling wager of *five shillings*, and had the good fortune to escape unhurt!

19. His Royal Highness Duke of York laid the first stone of the New Military College and Asylum for Orphans, of those soldiers who have lost their lives in the service of their country. The seminary is erected in White Lyon-street, Pimlico—the inscription on the pedestal was thus inscribed—

"This stone was laid by FREDERIC DUKE OF YORK, Field Marshal of England, in the 41st year of his Majesty's reign."

Two gold medals, and a number of coins of the current year, were deposited in the urn under the intended edifice. His Royal Highness the Duke of York came on horseback, after having attended at the field exercise in Hyde Park. The Rev. Dr. Gamble, the duke's chaplain, performed the ceremony. Mr. Copeland is the architect, and Mr. Mitchell the master mason. Mr. Alderman Watson, as commissary-general, deposited the coins in the earth.

22. A starling's nest, with young ones, was taken from the breast of Watson, hung in chains on Bradenham common, near Swaffham, for the murder of his wife!

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MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

EDWARD ROBINSON, Dudley, Worcestershire, carrier. G. Shaw, Whitcliff Factory, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. James Meek, Newport, county of Salop, linen-draper. John Fish, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, soap-maker. Wm. Hitchen, Hatherton, Cheshire, corn-dealer. Abraham Hitchen, Walgherton, Cheshire, miller. John Allan, Birmingham, corn-dealer. Geo. Fitch, late of Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, linen-draper. John Healey, Bishopsgate-street, London, tobacconist. John Bloore, Ludgate-street, London, tavern-keeper. Matthew Hillyard Gannett, late of Taunton, draper. G. Danson, Lancaster, merchant. W. Findley, Liverpool, merchant. J. H. Govett, Wivilscombe, Somersetshire, cloth-manufac. J. Risk, Drury-lane, leather-factor. R. Dawson, Edward-street, Portman-street, milliner. George Bartram, Clifton, Gloucestershire, grocer. Wm. Delanoy, Liverpool, linen-draper. John and J. Lilley, Staley-bridge, Lancashire, merchants. Thomas Walker, Hopton, Suffolk, baker. John Parker, jun. Great Bolton, Lancashire, iron-founder. James Collett, late of the Strand, oilman. Wm. Wallack, Oakley-street, Lambeth, Surrey, dealer. John Nightingale, Crown-street, Moorfields, perfumer. Wm. Long, Stonehouse, near Plymouth, hatter. Abraham Saunders, West Smithfield, dealer in horses. Peter Spittle, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, gun-lock-maker. W. Shone, Bristol, grocer. W. Brydon, Charing-cross, printseller. R. Armitage, New Bond-street, ironmonger. J. Lingard, Osborne-street, Whitechapel, money-scrivener. P. Richardson, Portsea, Hants, bookseller. W. Tharratt, Plymouth Dock, shopkeeper. Jos. Aris and W. Taylor, Oxford, corn-dealers. Rich. Miles, Birmingham, maltster. W. Whittingham, Bradford, Wilts, clothier. G. Carless, Birmingham, grocer. W. Ward, Birmingham, grocer. Benj. Brodhurst and J. Cookson, Walsall, Staffordshire,

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coal-dealers. S. Witton, Oldswinford, Worcestershire, glass-manufac. Sir W. H. Clerke, Bart. Walmersley, Lancashire, miller. E. Sanders, Hambledon, Surry, blanket-manufac. L. Littais, Crosby-row, Walworth, merchant. J. Warren, Manchester, innkeeper. T. Yates, Stockport, Cheshire, muslin manufac. H. Whittle, Reading, Berkshire, coach-master. R. Houlding and J. Houlding, Preston, Lancashire, dealers in liquors. J. Smith, St. Martin's-lane, baker. H. Williams, St. Mary, Newington, Surry, money-scrivener. Tho. O'Neill, Albion-street, Christchurch, Surry, merchant. W. Stone, Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. T. Wardle, Trump-street, warehouseman. Chris. Askew, Kendal, Westmoreland, merchant. S. Lumb, Rishworth, Yorkshire, cotton-manufac. H. Lewington, Andover, Southampton, innholder. P. Hodgson, Liverpool, linen-draper. W. Bland, Birmingham, grocer. Ja. Adams, King's-Arms, Kent-road, Surry, victualler. J. Jones, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-sq. coach-maker. Susan. Knight, Aldersgate-st. T. Holland, Bedfordbury, woollen-draper. W. Ewins and W. James, Birmingham, composition ornament-manufac. W. Bell, Bath, coach-master. T. Lloyd, Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer.

BIRTHS.

Lady Lucy Bridgman, of a son and daughter, at Wigan.—Of sons: the Marchioness of Winchester, at Amport House; the Ladies of W. Knatchbull, Esq. Russell-place; of Sir J. Lawson, Bart. at Brough Hall; of a still born, the Marchioness of Donegal; of three, Sarah Mason, the wife of a labourer, at Cowley, near Cheltenham; of Sir G. Temple, Bart. in Gloucester-place.—Of daughters, the Marchioness of Bute; Mrs. Oldfield, at Grotto House; the Ladies of G. Smith, Esq. George-street, Mansion House; of Lieut. Col. Morden; of B. Hobhouse, Esq. M. P. at Bath; and Mrs. Cooper, of Smith-street, Chelsea.

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MARRIAGES.

J. Pane, Esq. son of the Member, to Miss Loundestone, of Brightwell Place, Oxfordshire. Lieut. Col. D. L. Cameron, to Miss Kinlock. J. Hammett, Esq. M. P. to Miss Woodford, daughter of the baronet. At Stoke Newington, Captain Compton, late of the India service, aged 72, to Miss Jeffries, teacher at a boarding school, aged 66. At Dublin, the Hon. F. N. Burton, to the Hon. Valentia Dawless. R. Pigot, Esq. brother to the baronet, to Miss Williamson, of Stafford. By the Right Rev. the Bishop of St. David's, Captain Adam Drumond, of the Royal Navy, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Menzies. Sir R. Harland, to Miss Vernon, of Bury, daughter of the late H. Vernon, Esq. of Great Thurlow. Captain Lloyd, of the Guards, to Miss E. Bishopp, daughter of Colonel H. Bishopp. General J. White, to Miss Ann Bishopp, another daughter of Colonel H. Bishopp. Colonel Cunynghame, to Mis Mary Thurlow, youngest daughter of Lord Thurlow. The Hon. F. Cavendish, second son of Sir H. Cavendish, Bart. to Lady E. Gore, third daughter of the Earl of Arran, and sister to the Marchioness of Abercorn. Mr. J. Parkinson, of Newgate-street, to Miss Ann Rowe, daughter of William Rowe, Esq. of St. Thomas Apostle. Mr. M. Jones, of Paternoster-Row, to Miss Mecklenburgh, of Lowestoff, Suffolk.

DEATHS.

At Rome, Madame Felicite, aunt of the King of Sardinia. Suddenly at Chichester, Major-General T. Jones, aged 68. At Abergavenny, Mrs. Lewis, midwife, aged 77; she began practising at 15 years old, and attended at the birth of upwards of 6000 infants. At Warrington, Mr. S. Robinson, aged 87; he was father to nine children,

grandfather to 343 great grandfather to 122, and great great grandfather to two. R. Moss, Esq. of the Secretary of State's Office, and youngest son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. In Gloucester-place, Brigadier General Arnold. At Thunderton, the Dowager Lady Dunbar. On her passage from Jamaica, Mrs. Major Cameron, niece to the Hon. H. Dundas. Sir J. Lawson, Bart. at Borough Hall. Mr. Geo. Robinson, sen. bookseller, of Paternoster-row. At his house at Tottenham, H. Jackson, Esq. M. D. and F. R. S. At Boughton, Norfolk, within one month, Robert, James, and Benjamin Golding, brothers, and farmers, aged 77, 80, and 84. In her 21st year, Miss Sarah Trivett, second daughter of the Rev. William Trivett, of Lewisham, Kent. At Islington, of a consumption, in her 16th year, Miss E. Hughes, youngest daughter of R. Hughes, Esq. of Sadler's Wells.

To Correspondents.

The many complimentary Letters received from correspondents respecting our Coloured Engravings, is highly gratifying to the Proprietors of the *Monthly Visitor*, and can serve only to stimulate them to further exertions in the improvement of their performance.

Lines on Spring are inadmissible. The writer may probably improve, but his present production has not sufficient merit to recommend it.

We are sorry to inform *Draytoniensis* that we cannot admit his *Remarks*, &c. for the before-mentioned reason.

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Chapman. pt.

DANIEL DANCER ESQ.^R

Published aug.^t 1.^st 1801. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

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THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

JULY 1801.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE

DANIEL DANCER,

THE CELEBRATED MISER.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours, taken from Life.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store:

ANON.

HAVING presented our readers in the last number of our Miscellany with the portrait and memoirs of *Mr. Elwes*, we proceed to delineate his counterpart, *Mr. Dancer*, who is equally famous in the annals of parsimony. Such characters, however unamiable, are useful to society. They shew the vanity of excessive wealth—they expose a lust for riches—they place in a more enchanting point of view the divine virtue of generosity.

DANIEL DANCER was born about the year 1716, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the county of Middlesex. His father had three sons and one daughter—each of whom was distinguished for certain peculiarities, either of mind or body. A penurious disposition was a common trait amongst them. Indeed it seems to have borne along with it a kind of infection, for it ran through the family.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that Mr. Dancer did not in his early years betray that excessive

love of money for which he became afterwards celebrated. This disclosure of his soul was reserved for maturer years. When his father died he became *independent*, and THEN he began to act the part of the MISER. So true, in some cases, is the observation of Burns, the poet, in his letters—"Wealth imparts a *bird-lime* quality to the possessor, at which the man in his native poverty would have revolted."

Mr. Dancer began his race of penuriousness along with a sister, who emulated him in his study of economy. Anecdotes are told of them which almost exceed the bounds of credibility. The first instance on record is, that on Sunday an ordinary piece of beef was boiled, called *sticking*, with fourteen hard dumplings. This provision lasted through the week. The meat, indeed, was sometimes not very fragrant, but, in conjunction with the cold dumpling, was each day swallowed with avidity. We are also assured, that one day a dead sheep, who died of a disease, was found on an adjoining common, the carcase was dragged home, skinned, cut up, and made into pies! He, however, scolded his sister for eating too heartily of these dainties—while she protested to a neighbour that she had eaten with her accustomed frugality! This singular female seldom ventured abroad—but, roused by the hunters and the hounds, she sallied forth like a true Amazon, armed with a pitch-fork, to check the progress of these intruders on her brother's grounds. In her last illness, medical assistance was suggested, but her brother sternly refused it, sagaciously replying —"Why should I waste my money in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her; and she may as well die now as at any future period!"

But let us return to Mr. Dancer himself. His history alone will afford incidents enough for our purpose. We must give him credit for his ingenuity in *saving*, an art which *the times* recommend to our cultivation. How far *such* an example ought to be imitated, the reader must determine. Should it be said

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that our hero carried his *saving* to excess—let it be remembered, that *all* examples should be drawn high, in order to engage our attention. "O frugality!" exclaimed the humourous Burns, "thou mother of ten thousand blessings!"

Mr. Dancer allowed himself neither soap nor towels—the one was dear, and the other would grow dirty—he, therefore, went to a neighbouring pool, washed himself with sand, and lay on his back in the sun to dry himself! Ropes of hay round his body, to keep his cloaths together, were favourite decorations—at one time he afforded himself two shirts annually, but latterly one sufficed; bought at an old cloath's shop for half a crown; worn, without washing or mending, and fell in rags from his back!—his stockings were mended by him till the original article was concealed—and his shoes he repaired, laying one sole on the other, till they resembled a pair of hog's troughs!—his room, never cleaned, was crouded with sticks purloined from the neighbouring hedges.—A thief breaking into his house, took little away, for his notes were hid among the cobwebs in his cow-house, and his guineas in the fire-place, covered with soot. When urged to put on a clean shirt which had been sent him, his answer was—"No—no—tis unnecessary—the one I have on is quite clean, I have not worn it above *three* weeks!" To a favourite dog he gave a pint of milk daily, while he himself had recourse to the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, of which he would drink so enormously, as to be under the necessity of rolling himself upon the floor before he could get to sleep.—A complaint being made of the dog's worrying sheep, he took him to a blacksmith's shop, and had all his teeth broken off short, fearing that, provided further damages were committed, he should have to make compensation—even when compelled to obey the dictates of nature, he would rather walk two miles than not assist in *manuring* his own lands—with the dung of cattle he formed a new species of scrutoire, for, after his death, a 30l. bank-note was found in a parcel in the cow-house—though he never

took snuff, yet he begged a pinch till his box was full, which was exchanged for a farthing candle; and this candle lighted him to bed till his box was replenished—he never allowed his horse more than shoes for his fore feet—when near the Royal Exchange, going to put 2000l. in the funds, somebody supposing him a beggar, slipped a penny into his hand, he, recollecting that "every little helps," pocketed the money and walked on—the faculty he called *medical tinkers*, who, in endeavouring to patch up *one* blemish in the human frame, never fail to make *ten*—lawyers he abominated, saying he would rather deal with the devil himself; this antipathy, probably, originated in his losing a law-suit with a poor woman for *three-pence*, she having charged him *two and nine-pence* instead of *two and six-pence* for his annual shirt—having worn his hat thirteen years, he bought one of a Jew, but he soon prevailed on his servant Griffiths to buy it of him, and he gained sixpence by the bargain—finally, Lady Tempest having sent him trout stewed in claret, and this being congealed by the frost, he, not affording himself fire, had it put between two pewter plates and placed them under his body in bed, till their contents were sufficiently warm!!!

Reader, dost thou want more to excite thy commiseration for DANIEL DANCER? or rather, can any thing more be added to rouse thy indignation against such degeneracy? if so—mark his latter end!

This poor creature expired in October, 1794, aged 78.—Lady Tempest accidentally calling in upon him, found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his neck. The reason assigned for this his condition was —*that having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out in the same manner!* She requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, which he refused, but ordered his old servant, Griffiths, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Thus did Daniel Dancer quit this stage of mortality.

This *poor-rich-man* left behind him THREE THOUSAND POUNDS *per annum!!!* The house in which he lived had not been repaired for half a century. Within,

however, were found sums of money and notes in abundance. Large beams were met with, filled with guineas and half-guineas, and various parcels of bank notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. In the very stable were jugs of dollars and shillings. Thither would he go, in the dead of night, to rob one jug that he might add to a bowl buried in the kitchen!!!

Reader, after perusing such a narrative, join with the writer in reprobating the extremes of prodigality and parsimony. *Give me neither poverty nor riches*, was a wise and excellent prayer. Not to *enjoy* what heaven has expressly granted for *enjoyment*, can be nothing less than an outrageous species of insanity. Pity such persons. Pray for such contracted souls. The cancerous spirit of penuriousness eats out the core of our happiness—it is the consummation of human misery.*

Islington. J. E.

THE

FEMALE SWINDLERS.

OUR readers are in possession of the most material facts respecting the deceptions practised by these fair ladies of Blackheath on several tradesmen; and must have wondered at the surprising dexterity with which they, for a considerable time, continued to elude detection; to form an adequate idea of their consummate hypocrisy, we insert the following curious epistle, which was written by one of the swindling beauties to a very respectable gentleman in the metropolis, whose daughter unfortunately died at this truly improving seminary for young ladies.

* A more copious, and very interesting account of this extraordinary miser, will be found in the *ninth* volume of our Miscellany.

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———Well I know
Where divination dwells! On the next morn
I sail for BRITAIN! Dreary now the hour!
The night is dark, and chilling blows the wind
O'er the vex'd ocean! yet a heart I boast
That never stoop'd to fear, a mailed heart
Invincible! and forth I go, e'en now,
To learn my fortunes! Instant he arose,
And to the neighbouring beach undaunted sped.

On the sea-shore Ivar met a mariner, who refused to convey him across the water to the witch's abode—*him* he smote to the ground. Another mariner, however, complied with his request—but the most tempestuous weather threatened their safety. The Danish prince often questioned his guide, but received no satisfactory answer:—

" I cannot see thy face," exclaim'd the prince,
" And whither are we sailing? speak one word,
Tho' it may bear a dagger to my heart.
This horrid silence chills me." Not a word
Heard IVAR, but he look'd in earnestness,
When sudden there appear'd upon the face
Of him who row'd him, light ineffable,
And by it, in the helm's-man he beheld
The man he murder'd!
———Ghastly beam'd his eye,
His cheek was thin and sallow, and the wound
Deep in his neck, with which he smote him dead.
The prince discern'd, and as he speechless gaz'd,
The light withdrew, and all again was dark,
Darkness and tempest, and the rushing wind!

Immediately after this fearful incident, the bark was toss'd on a rock—led by a *grizly night-hag*, he seeks and enters the cave of the witch! They descend through a pit, holding by slimy snakes—and pass on through scenes easier to be imagined than described. Reaching at last the spot where she inhabited—

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Round him he gaz'd, expectant of all harm,
Then sudden look'd aghast! A coffin black
Slow rising from the yawning sepulchre,
His sight arrested. As he earnest view'd,
He saw the sorceress! In her narrow bed
Senseless she lay, oppress'd with death-like sleep!
A pall she had—the snow of ages! Her
The prince approach'd, and when he mark'd her face,
Her still and livid visage, and her eye,
That thro' the thin eye-lid half appear'd,
Back he recoil'd in terror, but again
Drew nigh her coffin, and in tremulous tones
Chanted the runic song!

The witch reminds Ivar of the murder committed on the sea-shore—a serpent with an human countenance shows him a hideous gash in his neck.

——When on a crag he spied
Two twinkling fires. They toward him came! his heart
Shrunk with dismay, for slow a reptile form
Gliding drew near. As Ivar earnest look'd,
Beneath his sight it grew large, and more large!
And now appear'd a hideous monster huge,
Of serpent kind, with human countenance!
And at the prince he fix'd his steady gaze.
Then Ivar on his neck beheld a gash—
A broad and well-known gash—he started back!
And wistless what he did, approach'd the hag
And her stone tenement, still holding out
His trembling hands. He touch'd the witch's arm!
'Twas ice, all ice, when side way leaping far,
His eyestrings snapp'd, and on the hideous sight
On either side his twisted eye balls glared.
Loud from the roof the raven flapp'd his wing!
His claws the scorpion shook! the serpent hiss'd!
While from the earth beneath came a deep groan!

He is then assured, that when he visits Britain, *Denmark should see him no more!* He is, however,

told, that if his sisters weave a standard of threads given him, on which a raven be displayed, the possession of it shall ensure his safety. He then returns after a most dreary manner, led by this serpent—the ghost of the murdered man!

——Slow the serpent mov'd,
And as he moy'd, a shining slimy track
Mark'd his curv'd path. Ivar upon it walk'd,
Through windings many, fearing at each step
The irremed'able fall. And now they came
Where three turnings stood. The shuddering prince
Beheld one fill'd with fire, changeful and dim,
And heard the dragon rave—he turn'd aghast,
And in the other path—the path he came,
Saw darkness; save where creeping reptiles eyes
Glared on him. Then he look'd, and to the right
Descri'd the third ascent—no fire was there,
No angry reptile, but half light it was;
The steps distinct and clear, the distance short,
And at the top shone the blue firmament.
The serpent cried—"Now follow me!"
What joy rush'd thro' the prince's bosom when he saw
His guide wind slowly up the blessed way,
That shone so light and lovely—and they came
Into heaven's daylight! Ivar quickly turn'd round
To thank his guide, when stared him in the face
His ghastly neck wound. In his heart he felt
Biting remorse, which made him clench his eyes
With inbred pangs, and when again he turn'd
To speak his gratitude—no guide appear'd!
No mouth of yawning cavern—both were gone!
Fragments of lofty rocks encircled him.
It was one waste of stone, all wild and bare,
That thro' succeeding ages crumbling fast,
By rains and winter frosts, from the tall peaks
Came roaring down the precipice, and spread
O'er all the valley crags and shatter'd spars,
High-heap'd and massy—such as man might deem
A world in ruins!

——Looking round, he saw
The ocean near him, casting on the shore

Its sweeping lines of foam, advancing slow,
With murmurs faint, and of such equal sounds,
That silence scarce perceiv'd them. To the beach
He hasten'd, and, p'erjoy'd, beheld a ship
Fast sailing near at hand. He cried—"Approach!"
The prince was known—he bounded to the bark,
And safe it bore him to his distant home.

He loses the threads which had been given him, in the way, but the sisters wove him a standard—he then proceeds to his troops—

'Mid frantic looks of hate and boiling rage,
Untameable they join their barks, and soon,
With songs and shouts before the favouring gale,
Across the seas to BRITAIN steer their course.

Such is the introductory book—which is well adapted to awaken the curiosity respecting the issue of the expedition. It exhibits a transcript of the northern superstitions—and displays the awful darkness in which their minds were involved. In the remaining papers on this subject, we shall lay open the most interesting parts of a poem with which we have been delighted. ALFRED is the boast of Britain! We are, therefore, proud of holding forth his merits to an admiring posterity!

AMUSEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE.

MRS. WALKER's Masquerade was attended on Monday, June 8, by upwards of 700 persons.

The entrance of her house, the inner hall, was brilliantly lighted by circles, stars, and festoons of variegated lamps. The stair-case was made into an alcove by oak and laurel leaves, among which small globular lamps were placed, producing at once a light and cool effect. Under the stair-case was placed a band of music in fancy-dresses.

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The windows of the room were ornamented with boughs, in which were entwined roses and honeysuckles. Five six-light lustres were placed on the mantle-piece of the principal anti-chamber, into which the company retired from the heat of the other apartments. In a room adjacent a band of soft music played the whole night. The ball room was chalked to resemble flowers, and was lighted up with superb chandeliers and lustres. In this enchanted place, apparently on fairy ground, the company began to assemble at eleven o'clock.

Among those that excited the greatest interest and were best supported, are to be reckoned the following:—the Hon. Mrs. Walpole in the character of *Goody Notable*, displayed a great deal of wit and humour; she gave a deal of good advice to the London fine Ladies, recommending notable employments, works of all kinds, instead of cards and idleness. Her daughter *Patty* supported her character very well, and was her mother's own child: both contributed much to the amusement of the company.

Captain Hern, *a sailor*; Mr. Janes, *a farmer's wife*; Lord Villiers, a *Highland chief*; Mrs. Harcourt, a *Welch Lady*; Mr. Boehm, a *Dutch Burgomaster's wife*; the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. T. Sheridan, as *Highlanders*; and Mr. Paul Methuen, a *dragon*, with wings, tail, and all complete. The dragon was *horribly fine*, and terrific enough to pass for him that watched the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides; as such he was addressed by Lord Ashtoun, in the character of *Sylvester Horticol*, gardener, who presented him with the following bill:—

SYLVESTER HORTICOL, Gardener, informs the Nobility and Gentry, that he is provided with a large assortment of native and exotic seeds and plants, which he will sell at the most reduced prices.

He begs leave particularly to recommend the following as well worth the attention of his friends and the public.

A new Species of Laurel from Egypt, very rare, but it is hoped, will flourish in our climate; the original plant grows on the tomb of the brave Abercromby.—The Lauris Alexandria, a beautiful variation of the above, is shortly expected.

N. B. The common British Laurel has been found of late to require the *sea air* to bring it to perfection.

No Portugal Laurels are expected this year.

The True British Oak, a hardy plant that braves all climates.

The Poetic Bay, a plant very difficult to rear in these times.

A great variety of curious Medlars.

Also a large collection of Flowers and Flowering Shrubs, among which are the following: the Maiden Blush Rose, the Rose without a Thorn, both very scarce; the Sensitive Plant; the Ice Plant; Heart's Ease; Love lies a bleeding, Touch me not, Venus's Looking-glass, Ladies Smock, London Pride, None so Pretty, Two faces under a Hood, Batchelors Buttons, the Bella Donna Lilly, the Cuckoo Flower, Flos Adonis, Narcissus, the Horned Poppy, and a great variety of Cockscombs, and Painted Ladies, which will be sold cheap, as the market is overstocked with them.

N. B. Mr. Horticol is an adept in the sexual system of Linnæus, and gives lessons to young Ladies on the Loves of the Plants, and all the occult Mysteries of Botany, without wounding the most scrupulous delicacy.

Mr. Champneys, as *Alderman*, and *Mrs. Gobble*, formed a couple of one bone and one flesh, that defied all the omnipotence of parliament to divorce till death. Indeed, the Alderman, by carrying his

wife on his back, appeared to guard pretty well against *Crim. Con.* and as a further security, the Lady had no corporal existence, unless Mr. Joddrel, who personated *Nobody*, lent her one. The following song very truly describes their *attachment*:—

Duet.—ALDERMAN *and* MRS. GOBBLE.

THE ALDERMAN.

ALL ye who pass wedlock in distance and strife,
Learn how close are the bonds which *shou'd* join man and wife:
If you wish *perfect conjugal union* to see,
Behold it in dear Mrs. Gobble and me!

MRS. GOBBLE.

My love for my Gobble, none here can attack,
For I ne'er quit his side—I mean quit his back!
And many wives here sure may envy my case,
Tho' in close *tête à tête*, yet I ne'er see his face.

THE ALDERMAN.

Let the ill-married world at our happiness wonder,
And curs'd be the hand that wou'd *tear us asunder*;
Tho' still *turning our backs on each other* you've seen us,
Believe me, good folks, *there's no coolness between us.*

MRS. GOBBLE.

Ye ladies and lords, who on Hymen's laws trample,
Attend all to mine and my Deary's example;
A *connexion* like our's wou'd your quarrels all smother,
If each *were like us*, the true *half of each other.*

The dances commenced at one, and the Marquis of Lorn and Mr. T. Sheridan gave the *Highland fling* in perfection. At two the supper rooms were thrown open, the chapel constituting the chief apartment. The windows were taken out and beautiful transparent sea-pieces substituted. Five chandeliers of extraordinary beauty, and double the number of lustres affixed to the wall, threw over the chapel a refulgence not to be exceeded by the meridian sun.

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The hostess of the night wore an elegant fancy dress. Lady Dashwood King also appeared in one of uncommon splendour. The Prince of Wales wore a slate-coloured domino, with a netting of black lace to the middle.

The supper was cold, and consisted of every delicacy in profusion, with the most delicate and rare wines. The Prince of Wales and Prince of Orange stopped supper, and for them and their friends a superb set of plate was set out in a private room.

For the Monthly Visitor.

CORVINUS;
OR,
THE STRANGER.

(Concluded from Page 136.)

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through th' prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper care's resign'd,
Here, let me set in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

G——H.

LOVE, when established, as was mine for Amelia, is not easily obliterated. Even to this moment there is about my heart a throbbing something that calls the unfortunate fair one to my recollection with a kind of tearful remembrance. Such is the effect of love; and such the finest emotions, or sentiments, which embellish life. They are sometimes agonizing, but then this very agony is endearing. My mind resumed its wonted serenity, and I bent my thoughts to the study of astronomy and natural philosophy. Hence was my very soul

expanded. I contemplated with reverence and delight the wonderful works of creation, and in them I beheld the perfections of deity.

About this period, the duties of a legislature called my father to the metropolis, and thither I accompanied him. We find in London an immense collection of curiosities, well worth the attention of the man of letters. It is here the arts and sciences are liberally supported—it is here they flourish—it is here they meet with kindly nourishment—it is here they grasp at perfection—and hence commerce wafts her wings to the distant shore. Renowned, and justly renowned as is London, for being a repository of the arts and sciences, it is, alas! no less the bed of idleness and vice. The places of public entertainment are, in truth, a focus of vanity and perverted taste. The theatres are chiefly the vehicle of political or selfish motives; and the very religious institutions are poisoned with this mania—this fashionable buffoonery. To witness such praiseworthy institutions as are the Asylum, Foundling, and Magdalen hospitals, assume the garb of dissolute chicanery, adds no pleasing reflection to the thinking mind. Neither can we behold the streets overflowed with the frail, the deluded fair, without feeling those poignant sensations which are the attendant qualities of a good heart. We pity while we condemn, and we condemn in order to reform. By knowing the consequences of evil, we are, at least ought to be, steeled against the commission of it; hence the vast importance of education—hence every beauty and deformity in a commonwealth. The evils we now lament, may be justly attributed to the false philosophy of the day—a philosophy subversive of every thing that is really valuable, and calculated only to crown the brow of vice with confidence, while it robs virtue of those lovely laurels with which she ought ever to be

In the autumn preceding the nuptials, Mr. S— was visited by a party of gentlemen, amongst whom was Captain R—, a hero of principles unstable as the wind. No sooner had Captain R— departed from the mansion, than Euphemia, with a sensibility characteristic of a pure mind, represented his conduct in its native colours. Such villainy caused Mr. S— to exclaim, with warmth—"that he would chastise the miscreant, and teach him that Euphemia's wrongs were his own." He did so—but in so doing he received from the fashionable culprit a wound, which, in defiance of surgical skill, hastened his dissolution. Poor Euphemia was disconsolate, alas! Euphemia, thou hadst to lament a good husband—a benevolent, a worthy soul. A few moons had only witnessed these tragical events, when, O! heavens! I was bereft likewise of my affectionate mother—this irreparable loss afforded poignant sensations to all who knew the amiable woman.—I hope I felt more than such.

Such were, my young friend, the successive misfortunes I had to witness. To me, my natal spot assumed a solemn gloom; scenes that were wont to ravish, now wore a direful aspect—spots, once pregnant with delight, recalled to my mind a painful remembrance of the past.—My friends commiserated in a manner honourable to friendship; but all, all could not dispel the marked dislike to a spot on which my infant years were so happily spent. I determined to bid adieu to yon someway endearing groves—I arranged my domestic affairs, left the management of my estate to a faithful steward, and chose me one only servant to accompany me. I travelled incog. through different counties; at length chance brought me to this romantic place—it accorded with my feelings—my faithful servant procured this humble, yet com-

fortable grot, and here have I resided for a few weeks. My mind is now tolerably composed—I derive inexpressible satisfaction in administering to the comforts of the industrious, I feel myself happy in rendering them so; I am pleased with their artless conversation, and am desirous of pleasing. Indeed, I have as yet no cause to regret leaving for awhile the sumptuous table and the downy bed; on the contrary, rather ought I to rejoice.

I listened with attention to the preceding narrative, and esteemed Corvinus for his candour. I seldom let a day escape without seeing my new friend. I beg you will accept of the following desultory journal; while I feel pleasure in the relation, it may serve to give you a faint idea how we appropriated the long summer day, and the winter's contracted one. Refulgent summer disclosed a brightening prospect all around, and with joy we viewed the laughing world. In the morn we imbibed the blissful fragrance; in the mid-day hours reclined under the shady grove, and in the evening tasted the sublimity of darkening nature. Oft we visited the surrounding cots—oft we held converse pleasing with the humble sons of contentment—and were not unfrequently struck with admiration at the depth of their reasoning. We, one morn, entered the cot of Arlonda; a variety of old mathematical instruments lay in every corner. Arlonda divested himself of a kind of power which dwelt on his forehead when first we entered his dwelling, and soon displayed wonderful powers of mind; on ascending to history and astronomy, his knowledge burst like a torrent,* he even expatiated with such warmth, that his imagination outstepped the bounds of human ken; the poor man descanted on history and the planetary system till his mind be-

* A true portrait of the author of "Modern Europe."

adorned. Futile as are the doctrines of the new school, subversive as they are to the harmony of society; and deformed as they are in their own nature, still they seem espoused by the self-sufficient insects of the day, with a more than common zeal. But to nourish them is to nourish an unnatural adder; they are painted dogmas, that glitter for the moment: take from them their outward garb, and you shrink with horror from the monster.

Once more I returned to view the vernal beauties of the country. Two summers passed away in this happy situation. I say happy, for I felt so. I marked the progress of agriculture, and cherished the effort of industry; I delighted in administering to the wants of my fellow-creatures—their thanks, their praises, were a sufficient reward. How short-sighted are our joys.—Death deprived me of an affectionate, a dutiful father.—Peace to his memory! — My honoured parent had scarce breathed his last, ere two parliament hunters were ravaging the whole county. I was solicited by my friends to fill a station in which my honoured parent had gained universal applause. The time of election arrived. I addressed my constituents—adverted to my father's services in their behalf—and assured them mine should be equally unremitting in the discharge of those duties incumbent on a legislator. They seemed to swallow my words with adulation. My opponents respectively harangued the populace, they promised much, and much they flattered the propensities of the croud—they corrupted the constituents with gold—it reflects an indelible shame on the English nation—much of the gold flowed from a source that ought only to dispense justice, integrity, and virtue—the consequence, a triumph on their part. My cause was, however, espoused and supported by the most respectable and independant individuals in the county. From this

political struggle I discovered the imperfections of every government; in short, as long as man is the creature of habit, and the vehicle of passions, so long must there remain room for improvement.

I have already told you, that I had two sisters. The eldest of whom married Sir Robert H—, he was a generous man. They lived happy, and in affluence; and, had it not been for fashionable villainy, to this day might have continued so.—Sir Robert was generous—was importuned by friends—he readily lent his aid—but, alas! the thousands procured from the generous heart were appropriated to the discharge of gambling debts, and not a farthing did he recover. In fine, Sir Robert found himself on the brink of adversity ere he had given it a thought. There is in man a stubborn something, which we may, in a physical light, denominate velocity, in a moral pride. From this compound in our natures, we are as it were, either supported by fortitude, or depressed with fear. Sir Robert's mind was of that texture which neither can solicit nor accept pecuniary aid. He could not think of reducing his retinue—his spirits became every day more and more depressed, and this gloomy malady, in spite of every effort on the part of my sister and his friends, gained so far an ascendency, as to hasten him to the silent tomb.—My sister's sympathising heart dissolved in tenderness—soon she followed to the grave the best of men. I here could perceive the heart of Corvinus much affected.—He cast a wild look athwart the woodlands, and then proceeded thus:—"My youngest sister was beautiful as is the new blown rose, gentle as the breezes of the spring, her mind was without stain, and her manners without art. Many were the suitors who solicited her hand; it was at length resigned to Mr. S——, son of a worthy friend of my father's, and well he merited such beauty and goodness—he was a firm, generous, and noble youth.

came totally immersed in speculative error; with difficulty we calmed his distemper. We afterwards learnt that astronomy, history, and poetry, often called forth the energy of his mind in such a manner, that in his flights of fancy every thing fell prostrate before him, amongst the rest the instruments appertaining to the sciences.

THE FISHERMAN

Dwelt in a little hovel by the river side, patience was pictured in his features, indolence in his gait, industry in his front, and in his eye anticipation—unacquainted with letters, unskilled in artifice, save in the line of his profession; mild in his nature, though a natural advocate for liberty. He had a wife and three little ones—Mary was thrifty as well as faithful; by spinning she procured some few luxuries, but then her "humble wishes never learnt to stray." It was her sole pride to nourish with tenderness her infants; to have a clean hearth, a sparkling fire, and at church to appear decent. Oh! cursed ambition, was it not for thee we should all of us travel placidly through the valley of life; war would cease to devastate, and angelic peace wanton on the plain.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER,

By experience stern, to learning prone, a foe to disobedience, a friend to emulation, assiduous in his avocations, regular as the coming morn; by many disapproved, by many loved. Such the man whose daily cares were to learning given, and it is a pity his cares are not more gratefully owned.

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The name of Amelia E—— roused every dormant faculty in the Stranger's soul—but he forgot resentment—he felt other emotions than those of hatred for the man he had cause to deprecate.—A few hours hurled the miserable Colonel R—— into eternity.

Spring again gladdened the fields with a tinge endearing to the soul; the husbandman again resumed his toil, and all was harmony around. To his grot the Stranger once more retired. We are not to expect striking occurrences where quietness reigns—we are not to look for the daring front of commotion in scenes of solitude—no!—their all is peace and quietness. Chance one day directed us to the retired abode of Ednor, age had furrowed his cheek, but then it was the furrow of age only. There was in Ednor's manners a something peculiarly engaging—his precepts flowed from an energetic mind, they evinced the substance of reason, not the shadow. Speaking of happiness, he said, "it was the goal at which we all wished to arrive—it was an eminence to which we all aspired. In the pursuit a favoured few succeeded, but, alas! the great body deviated widely from the path that leads to it, and in doing so, were precipitated into horrid caverns, there to howl in misery." —Treating of our duties, the sage Ednor said, "that we ought to begin nothing of which we had not well considered the end—in attending to this maxim we discover, as through a glass, the light-house, and hence escape the hidden rocks." Thus, in his graver hours, the old good man discoursed; but when he pleased, a sprightlier mood he could put on, "and laughing, instruct." Monitor of my youth, well I remember thy sage precepts, and thy jocular tales—for many a sage precept and jocular tale hadst thou.

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THE GENEROUS SWAIN.

Born to a comfortable fortune, Alcander lived in his youth in rustic affluence.—Arrived at that period when the heart expands herself to love, he fixed his affections on a nymph, to whom he was soon married—he now became settled in life—his children flourished like the tree planted by the river side around his table—he was happy—he knew that he was happy, and he wished others so—he thought he saw those that were not—he endeavoured, by his generosity, to banish their sorrow—but while in the goodness of his heart he alleviated their distresses, he forgot that he added to his own. "True," said Alcander, "I have repented me of my liberality when, with tears, my prattling infants have in vain asked for the comforts they had been accustomed to—I have now and then felt displeased, especially when I was obligated to leave the home of my ancestors, and seek shelter in a humbler shed—but still I feel a consolation in knowing that my name is spoken of with reverence, and, although poor, esteemed, honoured, and respected. Thank Providence, the gloomy cloud is fast dispelling—the prospect brightens—my children will protect me in my old age—will, I trust, render their memory respected—their names endearing to posterity—if they do, then am I amply rewarded for all my cares, and all my troubles.

On the winding banks of the Esk lived Almanda, and her lovely Lucinda. Fame extolled the beauty of Lucinda. Corvinus visited their peaceful mansion; Almanda and her blooming daughter received him with respect; their kindness and their elegant conversation escaped not his attention. He felt himself interested in their fate. Lucinda was fair, and, to use the language of the amiable Thomson:

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Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the sea wets its leaves; unstained and pure
As is the lilly, or the mountain snow,
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes
————————————a native grace
Sat fair proportioned on her finished limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire.

Who then could contemplate such perfection unconcerned—Corvinus could not. From the first moment he saw Lucinda, a something more than friendship warmed his breast—love. I cannot better describe his emotions, than by inserting a few lines by a youth of my acquaintance—

A something awak'd in his breast,
He could not behold her unmov'd;
He found that his heart was opprest,
That he honour'd, esteem'd, and lov'd.

With her he at eve would stray,
On her he delighted to gaze;
All objects to him then look'd gay,
Nor thought on unhappier day.

He panted, he throbb'd for the hour,
To call the sweet charmer his own;
And fortune (his love was so pure)
Ere long his fond wishes did crown.

When the Stranger apprised Almanda of his intentions, she, good lady, heard them with delight; and soon was Lucinda acquainted with Corvinus's propositions. With downcast eyes, "darting all their humid beams into the blooming flowers, won by the charm of goodness irresistable, and all in sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent." The artless villagers will ever remember the happy day in which Corvinus led his love to Hymen's altar; for the very children strewed the path with flowrets, and every one blessed the Stranger and his lovely Lucinda.

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Soon after this happy event, Corvinus received a letter from his steward, which announced the death of Sir H—— L—— who had (as we have already observed) by corruption creeped into the legislation of his country. This letter further intimated, that all were unanimous in wishing Sir Charles H——, (meaning our Stranger) in a situation from which they had hitherto so unjustly rejected him. Corvinus gave this intelligence due consideration, he discovered urgent reasons for his departure, and, in a few days, this valuable gentleman, accompanied by his lovely spouse, her mother, myself, and two servants, bid adieu for a while to yon peaceful plains. After a pleasant journey of six days, we arrived at E—— castle, and were greeted with joy. I remained at the castle till Christmas, and should indeed have stayed longer, had not Sir Charles hied him to town, in order to discharge those duties so incumbent on a member of parliament. I may observe, that the once kind Stranger is now no less distinguished in public for manly integrity, than in private for every virtue that adds a lustre to the dignity of man. His loved Lucinda is honoured, esteemed, and admired, by the virtuous part of society; as to the unthinking gay, their applause is as the fawning of a spaniel.

Having laid before you the preceding incidents, I am sure you will form no unfavourable estimate of the Stranger's character. But to elucidate it somewhat further, I shall adduce his own sentiments, as applied to two gentlemen whose estates lay adjacent to the banks of the Liddal, and so conclude a subject, productive of pleasure to my own feelings. "When we have it in our power to benefit society," said the Stranger, "to soften the labours of industry, and to ameliorate the condition of human nature—when we have it in our power to dispense happiness all around—when we

have it in our power to relieve the burthen of misery, and add to the comfort of our fellow-creatures, and neglect to do so, surely we partake more of uncivilized than civilized man. I have, since I arrived in this neighbourhood, made it my duty to visit several of the surrounding cots. I have observed the state of agriculture, and conversed with many farmers on the subject; painful to say, farmers and cottagers utter nought but execrations against Flamenius and his satellites—they curse him in their hearts, and condemn him for cruelty and pusillanimity. In truth, Flamenius scarcely reasons as a man; he allows his own understanding to be trampled on by the tyranny of others, and so becomes a tyrant himself. In his nature there is but a small portion of dignity—there is much of insignificance, and few of those noble principles, which, in fact, constitute true nobility. Flamenius doubtless possesses some few qualities of an endearing kind, and for those few he is indebted to a lovely woman, who is an ornament to her sex, a gem in society. Flamenius's steward is a diabolical monster—a frightful instrument of vengeance. The very children lisp his dispraise, and the aged, the venerable chronicles of the hamlets, gravely commit him to inevitable destruction in a state of retribution. In fine, though Flamenius's estate is extensive, and capable of improvement, it is, alas! little else than a scene of poverty.

"I have likewise explored the opposite banks of the river, and, with heart-felt joy, witnessed the exhilarating effects of industry, when animated by a benign sun. The swains are happy, they hail Antonia as their friend, their protector—they enjoy the comforts of independence, and with gratitude attribute their comforts to the noble, the distinguished Antonia. His amiable duchess is no less beloved. She is a mother to industry—a pro-

tecting angel to virtuous indigence. Under her auspices the country flourishes. A garden, fairy bowers welcome Olivo in her retreats—the infants, the youth, the husbandman, and the venerable sires of the hills and plains, recount their graces and virtues, not with the voice of flattery, but in the sincerity of their hearts. Antonia possesses a mind susceptible of manly resolves—he is sensible of the advantages of liberty, and desirous of seeing his fellow-creatures enjoy this advantage. I have heard a thousand anecdotes that redound to his immortal fame. It is honourable to be well spoken of, for who but the grovelling mind can withhold praise, where praise is due?—or who, but the coward, dares not to lash vice with a firm, a just condemnation.—Let us for a moment reflect on these two characters.—They have both nearly equal opportunities of doing good—they are both exalted by fortune—take a minute survey, my friend—you have done so—you say the one is an object grand and impressive—the other an object too, but then so deformed, so ugly, as to arouse only our detestation. It is evident that impure matter always points to one center—so do the sentiments of vicious characters. But we know that this focus of deformity will ever be considered as detestable, by the serious and virtuous part of mankind; and, impressed with the importance of this truth, we pursue with ardour the path of glory.

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WRITINGS.

A METHOD of reviving writings which have been effaced, by the Oxygenated Muriatic Acid, has been discovered by Guietand, apothecary to the Grand Hospital of Humanity, formerly the Hotel Dieu, at Paris.—The sulphur of ammoniac, and the prussiate of pot-ash, are the two substances which Guietand prefers employing in the process for restoring writings which have been thus effaced. The disagreeable smell of the sulphur ammoniac will, no doubt, prevent persons from using it.—But it has the advantage of not staining the paper, while it makes the writing re-appear by the mere exposure to its vapour in a close jug, or under a glass bell. To produce this effect, however, more expeditiously, it may be proper to wet the paper in water, into which a few drops of the sulphur have been previously poured. The writing will soon re-appear of a deep brown colour, and quite legible. The prussiate of pot-ash gives a blue tinge both to the writing which has been erased, and to that which has been substituted for it, and thus furnishes an easy mode of ascertaining this species of fraud. It, at the same time, however, gives a slightly bluish colour to the paper. In using it, a quantity of water sufficient for completely wetting the paper to be submitted to this test, is first put into a common plate, or other shallow vessel; to this is added nearly a thimble full of the solution of prussiate; after well mixing it with water the paper may be put into the vessel leaf by leaf. When it is completely soaked, a few drops of sulphur, or any acid, poured into the mixture, will be sufficient to make the writing start into view. The same substance, employed according to this process, will equally revive the contents of antient manuscripts.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE *EGYPTIANS, &c.*

By the late Mr. Ledyard, the celebrated Pedestrian.

MR. LEDYARD, the first employed by the African Association, was of American extraction. Stimulated from his early youth by a violent propensity to explore unknown countries; he had lived several years with the American Indians, and studied their manners and habits; he had sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and had made this voyage in the humble station of corporal of marines, rather than relinquish the adventure. At his return from this expedition, he determined to traverse the vast continent of America from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, commencing from the north western coast which Cook had partly explored, and proceeding to the eastern, with which he himself was familiar. Prevented from sailing in a commercial adventure to Nootka Sound, he determined to travel over land to Kamschatka; and for this purpose, after crossing the British channel to Ostend, he proceeded by Denmark and the Sound to Stockholm, from which he attempted to traverse the Gulf of Bothnia on the ice, but as the middle was not frozen, was obliged to return. Proceeding from Stockholm into the Arctic Circle, he walked round the head of the Gulf, and descended on the eastern side to Petersburg. There his extraordinary appearance, wanting both shoes and stockings, and the means of supplying himself with either, procured him an invitation to dine with the Portugueze ambassador, from whom he obtained a supply of twenty guineas on the credit of Sir Joseph Banks, and by whose interest he was permitted to accompany a detachment of

stores to Yakutz, 6000 miles eastward, in Siberia. From Yakutz he proceeded to Oczakow on the coast of the Kamschatkan sea, which he was prevented from crossing by the ice, and obliged to return to his former residence for the winter. At Yakutz, he was seized by two Russian soldiers in the name of the empress, and in the depth of winter, conveyed in a sledge through the deserts of Northern Tartary to the frontiers of the Polish dominions, where he was liberated, with the assurance, that if he returned to Russia he would be hanged. In the most destitute condition he arrived at Koningsberg, where the credit of Sir Joseph Banks again availed him, and he obtained the sum of five guineas, by means of which he arrived in England. He waited immediately on Sir Joseph Banks, who communicated to him the views of the African Association, and pointed out the route in which he wished Africa to be explored. Engaging at once in the adventure, Sir Joseph asked him when he would set out: "To-morrow morning," replied Ledyard, without hesitation. At this interview, Sir Joseph declares that he was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. Though scarcely exceeding the middle size, his figure expressed great strength and activity. Despising the accidental distinctions of society, he seemed to regard all men as his equals, and his manners were not disagreeable though unpolished. His uncultivated genius was original and comprehensive, not modelled by rule, but moulded by circumstance. From the native energy of his mind, he was adventurous and curious, and unappalled by dangers; but the strength of his judgment united caution with energy. To a man of his description, formed for dangers, and daring the arduous task of traversing the widest

part of the continent of Africa, from east to west, in the supposed latitude of the Niger, was assigned. After obtaining his instructions and letters of recommendation, Ledyard sailed from London on the 30th of June, 1788, and arrived in thirty-six days at Alexandria. Proceeding to Cairo, where he arrived August the 19th, he visited the slave-markets, and conversed with the travelling merchants of the caravans. These sources of information, generally neglected by travellers, enabled him to obtain, at a very small expence, a better idea of the African nations, and of their trade, of the position of places, of the nature of the country, the manner of travelling, &c. than would have been possible by any other method. When he had announced to the Association that his next dispatch would be dated from Sennaar, in consequence of repeated vexation from the caravan delaying its departure, he was seized with a bilious complaint, which, being incautiously treated at first, frustrated the skill of the best physicians of Cairo, and the attention of M. Rosetti, the Venetian consul.

Though the lower Egypt, having been often explored, presented no new field of observation, yet many of Ledyard's remarks cannot fail to impress us strongly with the original power of his genius. Of these remarks the most original and striking are subjoined.

OF THE EGYPTIANS.

The villages are wretched assemblages of mud huts huddled together, full of dust, lice, fleas, bed-bugs, flies, and all the curses of Moses. The Copts seem the original negro-stock, corresponding to that race in the nose and lip; their hair is curled, not close, like the negroes, but like the mulattos. In Egypt, the colour and features vary more than in any country in the same state of civi-

lization. The mummies are covered with the same wampum work that is common among the Tartars. Tatowing is as common among the Arabs as among the islanders of the South sea. The women are generally tatowed on the chin with perpendicular lines, descending from the under lip, as is practised by the women on the north-west coast of America. The nails are stained red, as among the Cochin-Chinese and northern Tartars. The Russian and Greek dress resemble each other, and both the Greek and Russian women wear a fillet round the temples. The same machines are used for diversion as in Russia, consisting of a large wheel, in the extremities of which seats are suspended, in which people are whirled over and under each other. Their music consists of a drum and pipe, both of which resemble those instruments in the south seas. Their drum is the Otaheite drum; their pipe is of cane, consisting of a long and short tube joined. Whenever the women are present, they make a noise with their mouths like frogs, particularly at weddings. The Egyptian dogs are of the same species found at Otaheite. Among the Arabs he saw a white woman, like the white Indians in the South Sea islands, and Isthmus of Darien. The Arabs engage with a long spear, like the New Zealanders. Those that inhabit the desart have an invincible attachment to liberty, like the Tartars, a propensity which can neither be conquered by the arts, nor by any modification of government.

OF THE CARAVANS.

The Mahometans in Africa are what the Russians are in Siberia, a trading, enterprising, superstitious set of vagabonds; wherever they are determined to go, they go. As they cannot afford to traverse Africa without trading by the road, they make no voyages merely commercial or merely re-

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ligious; and where they are not engaged in commerce, they are not to be found. They pass to Sennaar, Darfur, Wangara, and Abyssinia, while they know little or nothing of geography, as they are able to sing, dance, and traffic without it. They trade to Darfur for slaves, gum, and elephant's teeth. The slaves of this nation are of a good form and size, quite black, with the true Guinea face, and curled short hair. The importation of negro slaves into Egypt, in a year, was estimated by M. Rosetti at 20,000. To Sennaar they carry trinkets, soap, antimony, red linen, razors, scissars, mirrors, beads; and bring back elephants teeth, gum, sennaar, camels, ostrich-feathers, and slaves. In this traffic the king of Sennaar interferes, and not only is concerned in the Sennaar caravans, but keeps an agent at Cairo to procure and contract for him. Among the Sennaar slaves Mr. Ledyard saw three personable men, of a bright olive complexion, and intelligent features, whose heads were of a singular structure and uncommon form, exceeding narrow, long, and protuberant. The Sennaar caravan is the most rich; that of Darfur is not equally so, though it trades with almost the same commodities. This, however, can surprise no one, who considers that there are numerous circumstances which influence the internal African trade, besides the extent of the journey and the nature of the commodities. The desarts of burning and moveable sand which are to be traversed; the pestilential qualities of the suffocating winds that sweep these arid wastes, which look as if the God of nature had forgot to accomplish the work he had begun, the moral habits and social state of the savage tribes that prowl with the wild beasts over the desart, are not only sufficient to deter the adventurous merchant, but even to damp the ardour of religious bigotry.

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Wangara, to which the caravans also traded, was represented to Mr. Ledyard as a kingdom producing much gold; but the king seems to have intermeddled in commerce as well as the potentate of Sennaar; for, in order to deceive strangers, and prevent them from guessing at the extent of his riches, he was reported to vary continually the gold used in barter, which it was his province to regulate, and of which he issued at one time a great quantity, and others little or none. A caravan goes from Cairo to Fezzan, which is termed a journey of fifty days; and from Fezzan to Tambuctoo, which is called a journey of ninety days. The caravans travel about twenty miles a day, which makes the distance to Fezzan about 1000 miles; and from Fezzan to Tombuctoo 1800 miles. From Cairo to Sennaar is reckoned 600 miles.

These are the principal observations made by Mr. Ledyard in Egypt: they display the depth and penetration of an understanding formed by action instead of speculative habits, unwarped by fanciful theories and prejudices of birth, accustomed to the living intercourse of men. They must impress every one with deep regret, that he did not live to attempt the arduous enterprise in which he had engaged. The person, who with such scanty funds, could penetrate the frozen regions of Tartary, and subsist among their churlish inhabitants, who could ingratiate himself with the ferocious Moors of Egypt, could hardly have failed of obtaining a kind reception from the gentle and hospitable negro, had no untoward accident intervened. The observations of this accurate observer of man upon the female character, are highly deserving of notice, and do equal credit to the strength of his understanding and the goodness of his heart. "I have always remarked, that women, in all countries, are civil and obliging, tender and humane; that they

are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous, and modest; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious; they are full of courtesy, and fond of society: more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so: and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and, if hungry, I eat the coarse morsel with a double relish." But though the native benevolence of the female savage might sometimes soften his distress, yet he seems often to have endured the extremities of wretchedness. "I am accustomed to hardships," said he," on the morning of his departure to Africa;" "I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering: I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity: my distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear, but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its

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utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honour will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."

ITALIAN METHOD OF RECKONING THE HOURS.

(Extracted from a Traveller's Journal.)

A PRACTICE generally beheld by foreigners in a false point of view, is the method observed by the Italians in counting the hours. It perplexes every new-comer; and, as the greatest part of travellers every where chuse to follow their own ways, and to adhere to their own rules and customs; so it is natural for them to find it a hardship, if all at once a considerable portion of their actions are entirely dislocated.

The german princes have already introduced into their Italian territories the method of counting the hours that prevails with us. The french clock, as it is called, which to the comfort of foreigners has long been placed on the Trinita di Monte, will soon point out to travellers, both within and without side St. Peter's, their customary hours. Our way of reckoning will therefore gradually become more common; though it will continue to make with great opposition on the part of the populace; and certainly they lose by it a proper national custom, an hereditary mode of representation, and an extremely suitable habit.

How often do we hear travellers praising the beautiful country, the happy climate, the clear blue sky, the breathing gales, and the balmy air of Italy; and all this is for the most part true, and not exaggerated. But thence it follows, that all who can pass their time in the open air, chuse to do so, and enjoy in pleasure or in business the genial breath of heaven. How many workmen of various kinds are employed in the streets and high-

days? how many have shops quite open on all sides? how many stand out with articles of trade in the markets, the squares, and in the courts? That with such a way of life, the moment when the sun sets and the night comes on, should be more discriminate than with us, where it often happens that there is but little daylight the whole day long, is easily seen. The day is actually at an end; all business of a certain kind should likewise be ended, and this point of time, as is fitting it should with a sensible people, has the same mark from one end of the year to the other. It is now night [notte], for the twenty-fourth hour is never used in speech, as in France they say noon [midi], and not twelve o'clock. The bells ring, every one says a short prayer, the servants light up the lamps, bring them into the room, and wish felicissima notte.

From this epocha, which always returns at sun-setting, till the next sun-setting, the time is divided into twenty-four hours; and as every one now by long habit, knows as well when it is day, as in what hour noon and midnight fall: so all kinds of reckonings are presently made, in which the Italians seem to find a pleasure and a sort of amusement. There is a natural conveniency in this way of counting the hours, in all affairs that have the smallest reference to day and night; and one easily perceives how time came to be thus divided by a large and sensible body of people.

Thus, we find all workshops, schools, public offices, banks, open at all seasons of the year, till night; and every person may transact his affairs till then. Has he leisure time upon his hands, he may continue his promenades till sun-set, then repair to certain circles, and concert with them the amusements of the succeeding day. From half past one till two in the night, all flock to the theatres. And thus a man seems to live, from the first day

of the year to the last, in the same time, because he performs all that relates to day and night in the same succession; without giving himself the smallest concern, whether, according to our mode of computation, it be early or late.

By this means, the great concourse of passengers, both on foot and in carriages, which are seen in all the great towns in Italy, especially on sundays and holidays, in the principal streets and squares; and thus at the Corso of Rome, and at the Carnival, an enormous multitude of intractable people, by this mode of reckoning the hours, are guided and managed, as it were by a string. Nay, by dividing day and night so distinctly from each other, certain bounds are set to luxury, which so readily confounds day and night together, and uses the one for the purposes of the other.

I grant that the Italian might lead the same course of life, and yet compute the hours after our method; but the instance that separates day and night, is to him, under his propitious sky, the most important epoch of the day. It is even sacred to him, as the church always enjoins the vespers according to this point of time. I took notice, both at Florence and Milan, that several persons, though the public clocks are all marked with figures in the manner of our's, yet continued their watches and regulated their domestic œconomy in the old mode of computation. From all this, to which I might add a great deal more, it will be readily acknowledged; that this method of computing time, which, to astronomers, with whom noon is the most important point of the day, may appear contemptible, and to the northern stranger convenient, is yet very well calculated for a nation who live conformably to nature, under a happy temperature of climate, and would fix the main epochs of its time in the most determinate and striking manner.

Epitome of Natural History.

No. VII.

THE GOLDFINCH.

THE bill of this beautiful bird is white, tipped with black; the forehead and chin are of a rich scarlet colour, which is divided by a line passing from each corner of the bill to the eyes, which are black; the cheeks are white; top of the head black, which extends downwards on each side, dividing the white on the cheeks from the white spot on the hind part of the head; the back, rump, and breast are of a pale brown colour; belly white; greater wing coverts black; quills black, marked in the middle of each feather with yellow, forming, when the wing is closed, a large patch of that colour on the wing; the tips white; the tail feathers are black, with a white spot on each near the end; the legs are of a pale flesh colour.

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Beauty of plumage, says the lively Count de Buffon, melody of song, sagacity, and docility of disposition, seem all united in this charming little bird, which, were it rare, and imported from a foreign country, would be more highly valued. Goldfinches begin to sing early in the spring, and continue till the time of breeding is over; when kept in a cage, they will sing the greatest part of the year. In a state of confinement they are much attached to their keepers, and will learn a variety of little tricks, such as to draw up small buckets containing their water and food, to fire a cracker, and such like. They construct a very neat and compact nest, which is composed of moss, dried grass, and roots, lined with wool, hair, the down of thistles, and other soft and delicate substances: —the female lays five white eggs, marked with spots of a deep purple colour at the larger end: they feed their young with caterpillars and insects; the old birds feed on various kinds of seeds, particularly the thistle, of which they are extremely fond.—Goldfinches breed with the Canary; this intermixture succeeds best between the cock Goldfinch and the hen Canary, whose offspring are productive, and are said to resemble the male in the shape of the bill, in the colours of the head and wings, and the hen in the rest of the body.

THE MOUNTAIN FINCH.

Length somewhat above six inches: bill yellow-blackish at the tip; eyes hazel; the feathers on the head, neck, and back are black, edged with rusty brown; sides of the neck, just above the wings, blue ash; rump white; the throat, fore part of the neck, and breast, are of a pale orange; belly white; lesser wing coverts pale reddish brown, edged with white; greater coverts black, tipped with pale yellow; quills dusky, with pale yellowish

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edges; the tail is forked, the outermost feathers edged with white, the rest black, with whitish edges; legs pale brown.

The Mountain Finch is a native of northern climates, from whence it spreads into various parts of Europe: it arrives in this country the latter end of summer, and is more frequent in the mountainous parts of our island. They have been seen on the Cumberland hills in the middle of August. Great flocks of them sometimes come together, they fly very close, and on that account great numbers of them are frequently killed at one shot. In France, says Buffon, they appear sometimes in such immense numbers, that the ground where they roosted has been covered with their dung for a considerable space; and in one year they were so numerous, that more than six hundred dozen were killed each night during the greatest part of the winter. They are said to build their nests in fir trees, at a considerable height; it is composed of long moss, and lined with hair, wool, and feathers; the female lays four or five eggs, white, spotted with yellow. The flesh of the Mountain Finch, though bitter, is said to be good to eat, and better than that of the Chaffinch; but its song is much inferior, and is only a disagreeable kind of chirping. It feeds on seeds of various kinds, and is said to be particularly fond of beech mast.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following anecdote is a very curious illustration both of the character of this great princess, and of the bad taste of the pulpit eloquence of her age. It is related by a contemporary; and that the *naivete* of the style may not be lost in the narrative, it is transcribed as it appeared in the original writing:

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"There is almost none that waited in Queen Elizabeth's court, and observed any thing, but can tell it pleased her very much to seeme to be thought, and to be tolde, that she looked younge. The majesty and gravity of a scepter born 44 yeeres could not alter that nature of a woman in her. When Bishop Rudd was appointed to preach before her, he wishing, in a godly zeale, as well became him, that she should think sometime of mortality, being then 63 yeeres of age, he tooke his text, fit for that purpose, out of the Psalms. Psalm 90, v. 12.—*O teach us to* NUMBER *our dayes, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom*; which text he handled most learnedly. But when he spoke of some sacred and mystical numbers, as *three* for the Trinity, *three times three* for the Heavenly Hierarchy, *seven* for the Sabbath, and *seven times seven* for a Jubilee; and lastly, *seven times nine* for the grand Climacterical Yeere (her age), she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The bishop, discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stood opposite to her Majestie, he fell to treat of some more plausible *numbers*, as of the number 666, making *Latinus*, with which he said he could prove the Pope to be Antichrist, &c. He interlarded his sermon with scripture passages, touching the infirmities of age, as that in Ecclesiastes 12.—*When the grynders shall be few in number, and they wax darke that look out of the windows, &c. and the daughters of singing shall be abased*, and more to like purpose.—The Queen, as the manner was, opened the window; but she was so farre from giving him thanks, or good countenance, that she said plainly—"he should have kept his *arithmetic* for himself, but I see the greatest clerks are not the wisest men," and so went away discontented.

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"The Lord Keeper Puckering, to assuage the queen, commanded the bishop to keep his house for a time. At last, to shew how the good Bishop was deceived, in supposing that she was so decayed in her limbs and senses, as himself, perhaps, and others of that age were wont to be, she said she thanked God, that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering instruments, nor, lastly, her sight, was any whit decayed; and to prove the last, before us all, she produced a little jewell, that had an inscription of very small letters, and offered it first to my Lord of Worcester, and then to Sir James Croft, to read, and both protested *bona fide*, that they could not, yet the queen herself did find out the poesie, and made herselfe merrie with the standers by upon it."

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

1.

List of Birds.

Swallow.	Crow.	Rail.
Thrush.	Crane.	Turkey.
Owl.	Magpye.	Man of War.
Partridge.	Dove.	Ruff.
Stare.	Dabchick.	Crown.
Parrot.	Loon.	Marten.
Wren.	Titmouse.	Starling.
Goose.	Gull.	

2. Door—Rood. | 3. Mag-pie. | 4. Nest-ling.

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Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

1.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

I often murmur, though I never weep;
I always lie in bed, yet never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head;
And much disgorges, though it ne'er is fed.
I have no legs, or feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more falls I have, move swifter on.

2.

BY DR. DARWIN.

Where pensive meditation loves to dwell;
Where beauty's queen the golden prize obtain'd;
The May-day wreath that decks the rural cell;
What all have sought, but few, alas! have gain'd.

These four initials do compose my name,
A name to no corporeal form assigned;
Scorn'd by the gay, I court not empty fame,
The gentle tell-tale of the anxious mind.

When the soul-piercing pangs of hopeless love,
Or anxious care, the tortur'd bosom seize,
A sadly pleasing friend I often prove,
And give to sorrow momentary ease.

3.

May two fifths of my whole be for ever united,
In defiance of Thelwall and Paine!
With the three that remains we're so often delighted,
There's no fear of an end to their reign.

Three ideas the whole little word will admit;
'Tis description; 'tis person; 'tis air;
'Tis a noble's address; and, to rise higher yet,
'Tis a blessing we ask for in prayer.

QUESTION.

Which are most preferable, the pleasures of the town or country.

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ESSAY

ON THE QUESTION

"Is solitude or society best calculated to promote moral improvement?"

*Given in No. 54.**

WHEN two objects are set before us, the respective merits of which we want to appreciate, no better method can, I think, be taken, than a just delineation of their parts, with the defects or excellencies that attach to either, and a line of contrast drawn judiciously between them. As opposites are more discernable than similarities through the distinct perception of our senses, the advantages or disadvantages to "moral improvement," in an entire seclusion from society, or participation of the events daily occurring in it, will shew the consequences incident to either modes of conduct in a more clear and conspicuous point of view. That much may be said on either side of the "question," is an undoubted fact, but that one hypothesis has better reasons to support it than the other, will appear to all who have made any observations on the subject, though we cannot think that all will form the same opinions from it, and think universally alike. The conduct of mankind at large, shews the predilection of the human mind for social intercourse, and evidently proves there is a tie which binds us to our fellow men. And if we take a slight survey of all those faculties

* The merit of this article entitles it to a place in the Monthly Visitor, and would have been inserted in the last number had it arrived in time. All communications intended for immediate insertion must be sent on or before the 20th of the month, at which time the arrangement closes for the current number.

with which the Deity has blessed us; we shall find some, that if we were not designated for society, were altogether useless and unnecessary. The solitary absentee may fondly feast his mind with the idea that a hasty retrocession from society, and its deceitful blandishments, is admirably calculated to establish him in virtue, rectify his judgment, and subdue his passions, to that state of rational submission recommended by the dictates of dispassionate examination.—Does he not contract his sphere of action, and diminish the benevolent sensations of his heart by such a mode of conduct? Will the deep commiserative tear roll down his cheek when the reality is distant from his view? A separation from society may check the ill effects of bad example, but it certainly precludes the possibility of profiting by good ones. To a contemplative mind good may be educed from evil, and solitude or society be made subservient to "moral improvement," yet I am inclined to believe the shades of one are not to be compared with the changeful prospects of the other. While the solitary wanderer is void of all intelligence, but what the labours and remarks of others give, the friendly intimate of man not only has these means, but opportunities of seeing that which strikes with horror, or delight—calls forth our sympathy—excites our indignation, or dilates the human mind with every just and generous sentiment. The odiousness of vice is equally, or more apparent, and the lovely form of virtue shines amidst the scorching fire of tribulation supereminent above that weak and sickly emanation that retires from off the field of action, fearful of a contest, and devoid of that self-government which constitutes true dignity and fortitude. Solitude affords a tedious iteration of employ—one constant, oft returning, and unchanging round—a vacuum, where not one sprightly pleasure rises to

dispel the melancholic sadness, or diversify the scene. A sleepy listlessness and yawning satiety, the natural consequents upon this state, retards a quick advancement in the paths of "moral" knowledge; blunts the edge of feeling, and obliterates those traces of benevolence which minds well organised have for all around. Can he who shuns the post (for post it is), in which the Deity has placed him, be fully sensible of all the duties that he owes to God and to society? What lovely passions do we call in exercise when we desert that circle of our fellow creatures which supported us in tender infancy—instilled virtuous sentiments into our minds, and guided our unwary feet in safety through the mazy paths of youthful volatility? What reverence is paid to that divine religion, founded on those two important principles—a genuine LOVE to GOD, united with a genuine LOVE to MAN, the creature of his hands? Does he pursue the path that leads to an improvement in morality, who chooses that sequestered state, where all the passions of the heart sleep in the cold embraces of torpidity? For nothing else than sleep can it be termed, when no object rises to rouse them into action, and call forth their latent energies. Man acts from motives, be those motives weak or strong as it respects inherent cogency; and as our minds are ornamented with a large variety of moral feelings and propensities, when objects croud upon it and lie open to our sight, as lovely or abhorrent, an impression is engraven on our hearts, that leads us to approve or to condemn. Now all will chearfully admit that solitude is sought because it seems to offer an asylum from the gnawings of chagrin and disappointment—and the yet more wretched case of those who feel the keenest lash which human malice can inflict, or wicked ingenuity devise.—Though all these evils do not hunt and cling about

the lonely devotee—yet is it not apparent that he lessens his enjoyments, and contracts the narrow inlets by which man attains all present knowledge. All the baser passions that afflict the world are means for ends, and are not pregnant with that mischief our imagination may pourtray. Iniquity is requisite, that virtue may appear, and every individual vice, that its opponent grace may shine.—By contrast, and by that alone, we know the worth of any thing—nor could the utmost stretch of reason give the estimate of health, had sickness never sown its poisonous seeds within our frame.—There are, I think, but two grand motives which induce a man to quit society and rush into its opposite—the first arises from a train of disappointments, ending in disgust—the latter from a constitutional affection, which intirely incapacitates them from performing their respective duties.—Over the last humanity can only drop the friendly tear, and pity take possession of the heart.—But of the former, how self-evident the fact that it originates too often in ourselves; and while we reprobate mankind for stabbing our repose, we give the dagger point, and aim the falling blow. Too sanguine hopes and ardent expectations, are another source from which this ill proceeds; but every man is sensible that ere we pass a judgment on society, we separate appendages from just reality, and build our arguments for solitude upon the fair and temperate ground of impartiality. — That numerous dreadful "moral" evils sweep along the avenues of life, and toss ten thousand by their eddying whirl into the jaws of mental depravation, every day's experience lamentably proves; but then, how few of all these evils flow from actual design, and wilful baseness of the heart. Who is there that has not been lifted up as destitute of every good and moral principle, yet felt his heart attuned to the

finest chords of an exalted virtue—and how often, on the other hand, have circumstances proved our mistakes, and laid us under obligations to retract opinions published among our friends respecting a traduced character. The errors of mankind rise more from JUDGMENT than from WILL, and in this state of dark obscurity, instead of giving way to that oft groundless passion and intolerant disgust, that kind, goodnatured virtue charity, should regulate our steps. The want of moral principles, which some display in the discharge of civil and commercial duties, should excite discretionary prudence, and a caution that affords security against their fraudful and unjust designs. But though the graces that adorn humanity be all extinct, the lesson is not less instructive, but confirms the mind, that strict uprightness only can afford a permanent felicity. A highly criminal depravity may seem to overspread the globe; but if we search the hamlet, village, town and city, they have patterns worthy of imitation and esteem.—And though the bulk are vicious, yet their actions are conspicuously prominent, and stand as marks beside our path to shew where others fell and we should walk. As moral truth is built upon immutable foundations; and not governed by the vicissitudes of circumstances, times and situations, no high barriers can impede his course who seeks the path of duty, and endeavours to refine his passions, purify his mind, and regulate his conduct, by the rules of natural morality, improved by the heavenly precepts of inspired writ. 'Tis here we see our duty drawn in lines discernable by the illiterate eye, and all the mystery that clouded the relations of the heathen world dispelled by the sun of revelation. Oh ye advocates of solitude, can ye fulfil the services ye owe to man, when your desertion places you beyond the reach of social intercourse? Can ye experience

the reciprocation of endearments, or enjoy those sympathetic feelings that do honour to our natures? Does sorrow heave your breast when others weep, and an expansive bliss possess your souls when joy relumes their face? Can your compassion be as active and as warm as his who holds the cup to pale affliction's parched body, and soothes his agonizing mind?

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear which breaks
For OTHERS woe, down vitrue's manly cheeks."

DARWIN.

'Tis only in the school of active life that lessons can be found subservient to moral purposes; for all the thoughts and means which occupy the mind of the recluse, owe here their first original; so that society, in every point of view, has been his benefactor, and supplied him with every mean that has accelerated his improvement.—The wide distinctions that subsist between the virtuous and vicious character, would ever have been wrapped in the misty thickness of obscurity had not man trod upon the theatre of intercourse—observed every scene—remarked every part—its actor—his respective merit—and the worthlessness or value of the whole performance.—While disgust, produced by the stings of disappointment lasts, a blooming vigour may pervade his mind (as party spirit lives while acrimony hurls its darts), but as the hand of time is constantly erasing the impression, animosity will cease, and dereliction die away—if they should continue, what morality is his, who shuns an object which his reason tells him is afflicted with a thousand stabs and bleeding wounds.—Unlike the good Samaritan, he tenders no relief; but, like the Lette and his friend, just casts a look, and seems to

wish that heaven may work a miracle and send him salve and bandages to heal his mangled frame.—Ah! tell me not of moral feelings and of virtue in a man who, though INFECTIOUS evils may prevail; forgetting what humanity dictates, should shun, and by example teach the saviour of the earth the same, an hapless and afflicted victim, struggling without aid, beneath the deep malignancy of a disease.

June 22, 1801. OSMATH SEMIAH.

EGYPT.

DESCRIPTION OF DAMIETTA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

DAMIETTA is larger, and not less agreeable than Rosetta: it forms a semi-circle on the eastern shore of the Nile, two leagues and a half from its mouth it contains about 80,000 inhabitants. The houses, especially near the river, are very high; most of them have pleasant saloons, built on the terraces, in which charming places open to every wind, the Turk, indolently seated on his sofa, passes his life in smoaking, viewing the sea on one side, and the Nile on the other: various grand mosques, with high minarets, ornament the city.

Multitudes of boats and small vessels incessantly fill the port of Damietta. There is a great trade between this city and Syria, Cyprus, and Marseilles. The Christians of Aleppo and Damascus, for many ages established here, carry on the principal trade; they are suffered to grow rich by Turkish indolence, which contents itself with occasional extortions.

What is most disadvantageous to the trade of Damietta is its defective harbour; the road where vessels lie being totally exposed, every gale that rises, the captains are obliged to slip their cables, and take refuge at Cyprus, or keep the open sea. By cutting a canal of half a league only, it would be easy to give ships a free

entrance into the Nile, which is deep; and this small expence would render Damietta a fine harbour.

The slip of land where Damietta is built, shut in on one side by the river, and on the other by the lake Menzalch, is only from two to six miles wide, east and west. Rivulets intersect it in every direction, and render it the most fruitful part of Egypt. The rice in common yields 80 bushels for one, and other products are in the same proportion. Here nature, eminently and profusely displaying her riches and her pomp, presents the year round, fruits, flowers, and harvests! She withers not in winter; and fades not in summer! She is neither scorched nor frozen! Verdure is no where so fresh as here; trees no where so loaded with fruit!

There are many villages round Damietta; most of them have manufactures, where the finest Egyptian cloth is made, particularly napkins, much in request, at the end of which is silk fringe; they are brought to table, especially on visits of ceremony: the slave presents one to wipe the mouth after drinking sherbert. Round these villages usually are small woods, where the trees, planted promiscuously, have an uncommon and picturesque effect. Besides the sycamore and gloomy tamarind, the elegant capia grows, with clustering yellow flowers, resembling those of the cytisus; the top of the date, loaded with clusters, loads it above the bower: and near its shade the citron and orange rise, or over the peasant's cottage extend their golden fruit. The long-leaved banana, the scarlet-flowered pomegranate, and the sweet-fruited fig, scatter charming variety. Often straying among their meandering paths, shaded on one side by trees, and on the other by clustering reed, impervious to sight, I have unexpectedly found myself on the banks of the great lake Menzalch. Here a different prospect arose; thousands of boats were employed in fishing or spreading nets for the innumerable birds which hither come in search of abundant food, and a temperate climate. I wish to paint nature such as I have seen her a thousand times round Damietta; but I feel myself unequal to the task. Imagine all the delights that running brooks and fresh verdure, all the odour that orange flowers, all that mild

suavity, a balsamic air, and a most enchanting horizon, can impart, and you will then have but a feeble idea of the small slip of earth included between this expansive lake and the overflowing Nile.

A mile south-west of the town is an orange grove, to which the inhabitants resort. This is the only place where art has any way aided nature; no where else are the trees planted in rows. Here I almost daily went, especially during February, March, and April, when the orange is in flower. No words can express the pleasure of breathing the cool and perfumed air of these delightful shades. The unmutilated trees are above 30 feet high, and their intermingled branches and thick foliage, all in bloom from top to bottom, wholly exclude the sun's rays. Each orange tree is a vast nosegay, the flowers of which almost conceal the leaves, forming together the most beautiful canopy ever beheld. There is a small rivulet beside each row, and twice a day a reservoir is opened, by which the trees are watered. It is intoxication of pleasure to walk here at noon; never did I so forcibly feel all the delicious enjoyments that odours and aromatics can inspire. Here, in these hot climates, was I convinced that such sweets, far from injuring, are even necessary to health.

THE NILE FROM CAIRO TO DAMIETTA.

On the 15th of February, says the journalist, I went from Damietta in a canjoi, or boat, built for pleasure. A faithful Janissary, and an Arabian servant accompanied me, all well armed; a very necessary caution on the banks of the Damietta, where attacks are continual.

We left Boulan about one o'clock, with a serene sky, and a heat as temperate as one of the finest days of our spring. The inundation had been over about six weeks, and the waters of the Nile incessantly decreased. The current being rather slow, and the north wind blowing, the men were obliged to take to their oars. Wheat and barley began to ripen. The Indian millet was a foot high; and the third crop of lucern was springing. Cucumbers and water melons spread

their inflexible branches over the river banks, and beans were almost ripe. The foilage of the trees was verdant, but differently tinctured, and the orange and the citron were in flower. Such was the aspect of the country on the 15th of February.

WATERS OF THE NILE.

The waters of the Nile, lighter, softer, and more agreeable to the taste than any I know, greatly promote the health of the inhabitants. All antiquity acknowledge their excellence, and the people drink them with a kind of avidity, without ever being injured by the quantity. Being lightly impregnated with nitre, they are only a gentle aperient to those who take them to excess.

CLIMATE.

An ancient historian says, that the Egyptians are the most healthy people on earth, which advantage they owe to the salubrity of the air, and temperature of the climate, which seldom varies. But M. Savary observes, that there is an unhealthy season in Egypt. From February till the end of May, the south winds blow at intervals, and load the atmosphere with a subtle dust, (which makes breathing difficult) and drive before them pernicious exhalations. Sometimes the heat becomes insupportable, and the thermometer suddenly rises 12 degrees. The inhabitants call this season Rhamsin, fifty, because these winds are mostly felt for fifty days, between Easter and Whitsuntide. It must not, however, be supposed that this wind, which in a few hours corrupts meat and animal substances, blows fifty days. Egypt would become a desert. It seldom blows three days together, and sometimes is only an impetuous whirlwind, which rapidly passes, and injures only the traveller overtaken in the deserts. These whirlwinds of sand have buried caravans and armies.

M. Savary maintains, in opposition to M. Paw and other modern authors, that the plague is not a native disorder of Egypt, but is commonly brought from Smyrna and the Turkish ports. It always stops in the month

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of June, or those who catch it then are always cured. Excess of heat and cold seems to be equally destructive of this dreadful contagion; winter kills it at Constantinople, and summer in Egypt; it seldom reaches the polar circle, and never passes the tropic.

The European stands aghast with fear at the calamities it produces in Grand Cairo. This city is computed to contain from 8 to 900,000 inhabitants.—They are so crowded that 200 citizens here occupy less space than 30 at Paris. The streets are very narrow, and always full of people, who crowd and jostle each other; and the passenger is sometimes obliged to wait several minutes before he can make his way. One person with the plague will communicate it to an hundred.

The Mahometans die in their houses, public squares, and streets, without one of them endeavouring to save himself. The Europeans, who shut themselves up, and avoid communication, alone escape the general disaster.

All do not die that are attacked, but I have been assured, that the plague sometimes carries off 300,000 people from Grand Cairo.

The Turks use no precautions to prevent the plague; they say it is fate; nor is quarantine performed at one single port.

The Cabinet of Mirth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

SAILING ON LAND; OR, AN HUMOROUS EQUESTRIAN DISASTER.

A BRITISH sailor, some time ago, having occasion to take a journey of ten or twelve miles into the country, hired a horse for that purpose, and having never been on horseback before, he asked one of his messmates how he should conduct himself. The latter told him, all that he had to do, was to take care the horse did not *run away*

with him. The other began to consider how he should avoid such a mischance, and at last hit on a scheme for that purpose. He took a small anchor belonging to one of the boats, and having fixed ten or twelve fathom of rope to it, he tied one end of the rope about the horse's neck, and took the anchor up before him, to be ready for casting in case of any disaster. The horse went very well for the first four or five miles, till feeling himself galled by the rubbing of the anchor on his neck, he set off in full speed, and our equestrian finding himself in danger, determined to *bring up.* He therefore let go the anchor, and the horse having run out his cable, brought up with such a jerk, that he threw his rider five or six yards before him, dislocated his shoulder, and cured him effectually of any wish to make further improvements in the art of *sailing on land!*

A POPULAR STANZA WELL APPLIED.

Horace Walpole wrote a catalogue of *royal and noble authors*; *the witty speeches* which have been made by *royal and noble personages*, from the earliest times to the present, perhaps would fill a sufficient number of pages to make *a thin pamphlet.* One of the best that has been recorded, was by the late Duke of York,—who soon after his brother's accession, went one morning to St. James's in a very dejected state: the king, with great good nature, asked him what ailed him,—why he was so low spirited, &c. "Why I am so low spirited," said the duke, "who can be otherwise that is in my situaion?—eternally teized by my creditors, and not a penny to pay them!" The king directly opened his escrutoire, and presented him with a bank note, in which the Duke very deliberately read aloud as follows—"*The Governor and Com-*

pany of the Bank of England,—promise to pay to Daniel Race or Bearer, One Thousand Pounds!" at which word,—without waiting to return his thanks, or making the customary *congée*, he stalked out of the room, singing in a very loud voice, and a chearful key,—

"God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,—God save the King;
Send him victorious,—happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,—God save the King!"

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

During the reign of George I. Sir Richard Steele had the direction of his Majesty's company of comedians. Plays were then frequently performed in the great hall of the palace at Hampton-court, for the entertainment of the royal family. His Majesty once commanded Henry VIII, (which by the way is a sort of dramatic chronicle of an old English court), to be presented before him. When the performance was concluded, the Earl of Sunderland meeting Sir Richard in the colonnade, asked him with his accustomed gravity, "how the king liked the play?" "*Why faith my lord,*" replied Steele, "*so terribly well, that I was afraid I should have lost all my actors! for I really thought his Majesty would have kept them to fill those posts at court, which he saw them so very fit for in the play.*"

A PARSON AND A CORKSCREW.

Lord S——h, not very eminent for his reverence of the clerical habit, being once in company where there were a number of clergymen, offered, in a whisper, to lay a considerable wager with the gentleman that sat next to him, that among the ten

parsons there was not one prayer-book. The wager was accepted, and a mock of dispute gave him occasion to ask for a prayer-book to decide it. They had not one. He soon after privately offered to lay another wager with the same gentleman, that among the ten parsons there was half a score corkscrews. This also was accepted and the butler, being previously instructed, coming into the room with a bottle of claret, and a broken corkscrew, requested any gentleman to lend him one. Every priest who was present had a corkscrew in his pocket.

A CAUTION TO CELIA.

A young girl, who had a croud of prosaic and poetical suitors, once telling an intelligent man who had long paid his addresses to her, that *her other admirers praised her much more than he did*, he sent her the following Stanzas:

You've been told that your bosom's like *snow*,
But that's for the sake of the jest;
'Tis as *cold*, says the languishing beau,
With a sigh as his accents exprest.
Though your eyes are as dim as a whiting's
To rubies they're surely compar'd,
But to Waller, and other men's writings,
You'll find the bard has repair'd.

Then take this Advice.

When Stephon writes encomiums on your eyes,
Look in your glass!—you'll be convinc'd *he lies*;
If chance he makes *extempore's* on your hair,
Bid him read Cowley, *and he'll find them there*;
And if he writes—"*in flames I do expire*,"—
Be sure you put his verses in the fire.

At Workington, lately, a speculator in socks and buskins, agreed with some of the performers,

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whose engagements had finished at Whitehaven, to play George Barnwell and Barnaby Brittle, for which they were to receive a specific sum. The Manager placed himself at the door, and received the money; the house filled, and after several hours delay, one of those who should have been a performer, came forward to announce that there could be no play, as the Manager had *run away with the money*.

Beauties of the Drama.

PICTURE OF HAPPINESS IN THE MARRIED STATE.

(From Noble Lie, a Comedy.)

PASTOR TO AMELIA.

AH, Madam! when two fond hearts unite, there can be no disagreeableness in the marriage state—the bless'd couple take their journey through life happily together!—where the path is occasionally strewed with thorns, their diligence and cheer soon render it clear! Should a river impede their way, the man assists the woman over it—or if there be a rock to ascend, he takes her by the hand!—Patience and Love are their companions—and what would be deemed impossible by *one*, their *united* application renders facile!—having climb'd the rock—*she* then takes *him* by the hand and comforts him after his fatigue! Pleasure and pain are never separately felt, for the heart of the one can never throb with pain, if the heart of the other glows with pleasure! Both smile or both weep—their joy is more extatic than divided joy—their grief less poignant than solitary grief; participation increases the one and diminishes the other! Thus are their days like summer days, though showers now and then may fall; but show-

ers refresh the face of nature, and the sun bears additional lustre when he re-appears from a cloud.

MEINAU TO HORST.

Every morning I awake, the hope of enjoying a happy day awakens with me! My wife is generally up first, and arranges her household affairs during my morning slumber. She comes, neatly dressed, to meet me when I open my chamber-door, and in each hand brings my two children, equally clean, and by herself equipped! I remember when I was accustomed on first rising to look out of the window, and see if the sky was serene and the sun bright—but there is always sunshine where there is a good wife!—I see no clouded sky, I hear no beating rain, when I behold a countenance adorned with smiles!—There, on yon sopha, I sit down to breakfast, with my dear Julia by my side—young William here, and little Fanny there—and thus we eat, drink, chat—and, indeed, so far forget ourselves, that we almost believe we are the sole masters of the world!—Oh! brother, you little think how much I value yonder seat! there we divert the long winter's evenings with a book, with chess, or with the children—while, like children, we play ourselves—what sweet sensations are here exchanged—my soul I find always in her's, but of a more refined, engaging nature.—After breakfast I go to the meadows, for I am now become a great farmer; Francis and I are complete adepts in agriculture, I assure you. We receive from Zurich every new publication on husbandry, and frequently make experiments, which sometimes succeed, and sometimes fail.—My dear Julia, with her work in her hand, and smiles on her face, stands often admiring us—commending and jeering us alternately.—At noon we retire to a comfortable repast, prepared by our own hands.—Every one

sits down to table with a cheerful countenance and good appetite. Little or nothing escapes our mouths the first quarter of an hour, for they are stopped with the cabbages and potatoes; but when the cheese is brought, and Fanny reaches the wine, then we begin to wag the tongue—then we send round the merry jest, which gives no offence, yet seasons the fruit after dinner! Sometimes I hear the children repeat the lessons that have been taught—yes—taught by their mother—for she is their only Governess. In natural history, her knowledge I find equal to mine, and in worldly matters she far exceeds me. The little rogues surprise me often with their judicious remarks on the beauties of the German and French authors.—They seem in their infancy to have imbibed their mother's sentiments. Fanny already plays (and very prettily, I assure you) on the piano-forte; in this, likewise, she was instructed by her mother—for they have all through *her*—and I have all through *them*. Once I was tied to life by a mere—weak thread—but now I am fettered to it by Julia, with a magic chain! Life for her sake, is now my only wish!—

THE REVERSE.

(From the Natural Son.)

WHEN interested views, too often termed by the world *prudence*—when parental authority—when rashness and caprice guide the connubial bands, the matrimonial state has nothing then agreeable in it!—the unwilling captives tread with volatile steps, but drag along their galling chains through unavailing repentance! Both countenances betray disgust!—Every retrospect brings to mind their forfeited happiness, which the delusive hand of Fancy depicts in strong colours, and the more

tempting as they are more distant—idle notions—which never might have been, had not their marriage been, but which the hearts now entertain, the hands being joined!—Notions which continually oppress the mind, and render grief more poignant than if patient resignation had been called in to their relief.—Each gradually begins to look upon the other as the hateful cause of their misery! Their very language is full of gall, their embraces cold with satiety!—To none are they more ready to give offence, and from none more prone to take offence than from each other! They behold with apathy their partner's conduct, though in a stranger it would give every satisfaction.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE PARTS OF WOMEN PLAYED BY MEN AT THE THEATRE OF ROME.

THERE is no place in the world where the times long past, so forcibly and on so many occasions address the observer, as at Rome. There, among several more customs, they have also accidentally preserved one, which in all other places, has been almost totally laid aside.

The ancients, at least in the best times of arts and manners, permitted no woman to make her entrance on the stage. Their dramas were either so composed, that women were more or less dispensible: or the female characters were performed by an actor who had particularly trained himself to them. This practice is still preserved in modern Rome and the other territories of the church; except Bologna, which city, among other privileges, enjoys that of allowing women to be admired on the stage.

So much has been said in blame of this roman custom, that I may perhaps be permitted to say

somewhat in its praise; at least (for fear of seeming too paradoxical) if it be only to call the attention to a relic of antiquity.

Nothing concerning the opera is here intended; as the fine and flattering voices of the castratos, to which moreover the female habits seems far more suitable than the manly dress, easily reconcile us with whatever might occasionally appear an impropriety in the cloathing of the figures.

I presuppose, as in all such cases we must, that the parts are adapted to the manner and abilities of the performers. A condition, without which no theatre, and hardly the greatest and most various actor, could subsist.

The modern Romans have in general a great fancy for changing the dresses of the two sexes in masquerades. During the carnival a number of young fellows go about habited as females of the lowest class, and seem to take great delight in this disguise. Coachmen and lacquays frequently make a very decent figure as women, and especially if they are young and good-looking fellows, and are handsomely dressed. On the other hand, one sees ladies of the middle station as Pulcinello's, and the women of fashion look well and even beautifully in the officer's uniform. Every one seems to enjoy this frolic, in which we have all, when children, been often delighted; as an agreeable prolongation of juvenile follies. It is curious to see how both sexes appear to amuse themselves in this self-creation, by usurping as much as possible the prerogative of Tiresias.

In like manner, the young men who devote themselves to the performance of female characters, take incredible pains to attain at perfection in their art. They observe the looks, the motions, the deportment of ladies in the nicest manner; they do their utmost to ape them in every particular, and

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give their voice the softness and melody of that sex, even when they cannot alter its deeper tone; in short, they strive as far as in their power lies, to divest themselves entirely of their sex. They are as enamoured of every new fashion as any woman in the world can be; they employ the first-rate milliners to dress and adorn them; and the principal actress of a theatre is very successful when she makes so complete a figure.

As to the under-parts, they, generally speaking, are not so well filled; and it is not to be denied, that Columbine is often unable entirely to conceal her blue-beard. But as great improprieties are seen in the generality of the rest of the theatres, in respect to the under-parts; and, excepting in the very capitals of other kingdoms, where greater care is taken of the stage, there is frequently much reason to complain of the unskilfulness of performers of the third and fourth orders, and of the failure in the illusion that this occasions.

I attended the roman theatre not free from prejudice: but I soon found myself reconciled, without thinking of it; I felt a pleasure hitherto unknown to me, and I remarked that many others shared in it likewise. I strove to find the cause; and it seems to be: that in this representation, the idea of imitation, the sentiment of art, always remain alert, and by the proper performance only one kind of conscious illuson is produced.

We recollect to have seen an expert young man on the London stage, perform old characters with the completest deception, and we cannot but recollect at the same time, the two-fold pleasure that actor gave us. In like manner, a double satisfaction arises from hence, that these persons are not ladies, but ladies represented. The young man has studied the peculiarities of the female sex in their whole manner and deportment; he under-

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stands them, and exhibits them to our view in quality of an artist; he acts not himself, but a third, and properly a foreign nature. We enter so much the more deeply into this representation, as every one has observed them, every one has considered them, and it is not the subject, but the result of the subject, that is represented before us.

Now, as all art is thus eminently distinguished from simple imitation; so it is natural that at such a representation we should feel a peculiar kind of pleasure and overlook many imperfections in the execution of the whole.

It must indeed be necessarily understood, as was hinted above, that the parts must be suitable to this kind of acting.

Thus the public could not refuse a general applause to the Locandiera of Goldoni.

The young man who represented the hostess, exhibited the various shades of the character as accurately as possible. The sedate coldness of the girl, who is active and industrious in her affairs, is civil, friendly, and officious to all, but has no mind either to love or to be beloved, still less is disposed to hearken to the amorous passions of her principal guests; the private tender coquetteries by which she contrives to captivate her male visitors; the wounded pride she shews on being treated roughly and unkindly by one of them; the various delicate blandishments by which she artfully entices this very man to her; and at last the triumph at having even made a conquest of him!

I am persuaded, and have even been witness to it, that an able and intelligent actress may entitle herself to great applause in this character: but the latter scenes, represented by a lady, will always offend. The expression of that unimpressible coldness, that delicious sentiment of revenge, the insolent joy at having done mischief, would shock u

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with its intemperate truth; and when she at last gives her hand to the menial servant in the house, only that she may have one servant at home, we should be but little satisfied with the catastrophe of the piece. Whereas, on the roman theatre, it is not the unamiable coldness, the female insolence itself, the representation only reminds the audience of it; they comfort themselves with the thought, that at least for this time it is not real. They gave hearty claps of applause to the young actor, and were pleased that he had displayed so thoroughly a knowledge of the dangerous talents of the beloved sex; and, by a happy imitation of their behaviour, in a manner avenged us on the fair, for all the thing of a like nature that we suffer from them.

I repeat it then; the audience here felt the pleasure of seeing, not the matter itself, but its imitation; not of being entertained by nature, but by art; not of being shewn an individuality, but a result.

To this must be added, that the figure of the actor was well adapted to a person of the middle class of life.

And thus Rome has preserved to us, among its numerous remains, this old method, though more incomplete; and even though every one shall not be pleased with it, yet the man of reflection will find in it an opportunity of bringing back to his imagination the manners of those ancient times, and is more disposed to credit the testimonies of the old writers; who assure us, in different places, that there were actors who carried their art to such a pitch, as, even in female habits, to charm a nation of taste.

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For the Monthly Visitor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE.

(Continued from page 125.)

MEN boast of their triumphs over women, what do they boast of—truly the creature of sensibility was surprised by her sensibility into folly, into vice, and the dreadful reckoning falls heavily on her own weak head, when reason wakes; for where art thou to find comfort, forlorn and disconsolate fair one—since he that ought to have directed thy reason, and supported thy weakness, has betrayed thee.

MARY WOLLSTONECROFT.

As soon as the decease of the aged cottager was announced at the Priory, Mrs. Fitzcary humanely gave orders for the funeral; which was conducted in a decent and simple way—poor Maria was by her benevolent benefactress provided with mourning suitable to her circumstances; and as she thought it improper for her to continue alone at the cottage, she offered her a residence at the Priory till such time as she could otherwise provide for her—which Maria gladly accepted, when domesticated in the household of Mrs. Fitzcary, her employmeut was easy, and her situation in every respect comfortable; the only restraint she lay under was, that of keeping herself as much as possible out of the way of gentlemen; and never, if by chance she saw them, to hold any conversation with them; these injunctions Mrs. Fitzcary laid on her in a solemn and impressive manner, at the same time adding many serious admonitions for her future conduct—poor Maria's checks were tinged with blushes, as she listened in silent but profound attention to the discourse of her benefactress—she con-

again experienced a most painful degree of agitation; prudence, and the dread of Mrs. Fitzcary's anger, combated for some time the imperious voice of inclination, and might have been finally triumphant—if a soft tap at the chamber door, which was the appointed signal agreed on, had not informed her, that Frederick was hastening to the spot appointed for their meeting: prudence and terror yielded to the wild impulse of desire—she tied on her bonnet, and stole softly from the house—another—and another meeting succeeded; poor Maria was gradually led on, step by step, into the mazes of error—her whole soul was absorbed by the tenderness of Frederick. She considered no sacrifice too great to reward a love that seemed to her so disinterested as his—nor did she awake from the inebriating delusion, into which illicit love, and artful passion had steeped her senses—till cold indifference convinced her of the fatal error into which she had fallen—she was now frequently first at the place of meeting—generally the last to quit the fatal spot—where Frederick had often vowed never—never more to forsake her—if she wept, he no longer regarded her tears—if she implored him to protect her—he calmly desired her to compose her spirits, and keep their secret close in her own bosom, till time should enable him to remove her, should there hereafter be a necessity for such a measure—at length he hinted, that it would be most prudent for them, to meet less frequent—as he feared their interviews had been by some means or other betrayed to the family—poor Maria trembled—then all is over, said she, and Mrs. Fitzcary will abandon me. Oh! do not forsake me, do not leave me a wretch exposed to the wild insults of an unpitying world—be calm, cried Frederick coolly, I never dreamt of deserting you—but you must be prudent, our situation is most delicate—I have not the means of providing for you—all my hopes hang on the Bishop's patronage: would you, Maria, destroy those hopes—and blight my future prospects—this appeal to the generosity of Maria, darted with the rapidity of lightning through her feeling frame—and discarding

every selfish consideration, she bade him only consult his own interest, and leave her to *providence*—now you are a reasonable girl, said he, embracing her with more than usual tenderness—abide by my directions, and all will be very well—they separated, poor Maria to brood in sorrow over approaching infamy—and Frederick to plan new conquests.—Soon after this meeting, as the season was far advanced, the family repaired to London; Maria saw them depart with an aching heart, Frederick saw her for a few minutes only, he promised to write to her by the next post, after his arrival at the metropolis, and to lay a plan for her private departure from the Priory, before her situation should become public—poor consolation for a wounded heart. Maria, however, did not complain, her grief was too violent to vent itself in words—she suffered in silence, her health declined, and even hope had deserted her; post after post past, and no letter arrived—and poor Maria waited with a kind of apathy for her disclosure. At length the housekeeper at the Priory to whose care Mrs. Fitzcary had confided her, suspected the cause of her long, though silent sorrow—when questioned by her, Maria confessed the real state of her situation; but refused, steadily refused to name the seducer of her heart—Mrs. Millbank, (for that was the housekeeper's name) knew not in what manner to proceed—to keep the affair a secret, was impossible—and to write to Mrs. Fitzcary, might, she feared, offend her—in this dilemma, she consulted first with one friend, and then with another; till poor Maria's shame became as public, to use a common metaphor, as the noon-day sun—it was officiously transmitted to her benefactress—from whom an order arrived, for her instantly to quit the Priory, and repair to her own cottage—poor Maria obeyed in silence—she returned to weep and work, in her now miserable home. Mrs. Fitzcary, however, in the midst of anger, had remembered mercy—she gave orders that Maria should be provided both with necessaries and attendance—and guessing but too truly who was the destroyer of her innocence—out of regard to his family, she prevented any legal inquiry

from being made—by undertaking to provide both for the mother and the infant, should it survive—but this kindness, though Maria was not insensible to it, could not remove the weight of anguish that oppressed her heart—which way ever she turned, some object or other reminded her of her former state of contentment and innocence, while busy meddling memory presented to her hands the bitter cup of sorrow and remorse—deserted by the gay companions of her youth, many of whom so far from pitying her misfortunes—with all the rancour of little minds, triumphed in her shame—while aged matrons, with unfeeling caution, held her ruined name up, as a warning and beacon to their simple descendants—who, because they had never been exposed to similar temptations, fancied themselves more virtuous and invulnerable than their fallen associate.

While things were passing in this manner in the country—let us take a cursory review of Frederick's conduct in London. Soon after the arrival of the prelate's family, Miss Fitzcary, a fashionable fair one, and sister to the young gentleman of that name, became an intimate of the family—their mother was dead—and their father had been some years abroad, in a public station—they had in consequence been intrusted to the care of their uncle—when Frederick first took up his residence in the prelate's family—Miss Fitzcary was in the north, on a visit to a relation—from whence she was just arrived—Phillippina, (for such was her name) was very lively and good humoured, but extremely vain—vast sums had been expended on her education, to very little purpose—her accomplishments were merely superficial; for she had ever detested application to books, deeming it highly absurd for a woman of fashion to trouble herself about any knowledge, but such as led to the improvement of her person—the regulations of an assembly, the rules of precedence, and the conquest of hearts—in all these important sciences the fair Phillippina was a perfect adept—as she was extremely open to flattery, Frederick felt no difficulty in making himself agree-

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able to her—he studied her humours, approved her sentiments, however ridiculous—adopted her prejudices—vowed she was fairer than Helen—more graceful than Venus—as majestic as Juno—but, ah! he feared, cold and unfeeling, as the severe goddess of the bow; when a woman can listen with complacency to such absurd nonsense, there is no act of folly, however ridiculous, that you may not expect her to commit. Accordingly, we find her after a few weeks acquaintance—in which Frederick had run through the heart-rending catalogue of flames, darts, dying, and despair—preparing for an elopement to the land of Hymen, for both well knew all application to friends would have been ineffectual; while engaged in this pursuit, poor Maria was forgotten—it was at this time Mrs. Fitzcary became acquainted with Maria's misfortunes; she had her suspicions we have before seen, but she confined them to her own bosom, out of tenderness to the family of Frederick, whom she well knew, could not, without embarrassing themselves, provide for the maintenance of Maria—and she feared, if she was thrown upon the bounty of Frederick, whose pursuits were more expensive than his situation warranted, that she would sink gradually, from distress to misery, till at last there would be no resource—unhoused, unfriended, but the dreadful vortex of prostitution. While Mrs. Fitzcary, though greatly offended at Maria's conduct, and sorely wounded by the baseness of Frederick, was humanely planning to serve them both, and to shun the calamity that might have followed, had his conduct been made public. Frederick was congratulating himself that he had got so easily rid of an affair that he began to fear would have been very troublesome to him—he supposed that with respect to a certain circumstance, Maria had been deceived; and as to her feelings, on being betrayed and deserted, these were subjects he seldom condescended to think on. In short, in defiance of all the rules of equity and hospitality—he effected his intended elopement unsuspected, with Miss

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Fitzcary, and we must at present leave them in elegant apartments in Fitzroy square, waiting till the anger of their friends should subside; when they hoped to be restored to favour and to confidence.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF MADRID,

THE CAPITAL OF SPAIN.

From Hinckley's Translation of Link's Travels in Portugal, and through France and Spain.

THE interior of the houses, even of those of considerable size, by no means agree with the external appearance of the town. The entrances are narrow and awkward, and the apartments crowded together without order. Charles III. who changed Madrid from a filthy wretched village to a charming capital, could not force his reforms into the interior of the houses, where filth and dirt still prevail. We even found it so in one of the first inns, called the Cross of Malta. The common people, who fill the streets, accord with this description. They are dressed entirely in brown cloth, made of the brown wool of the country, wear a brown cap, and often brown spatter-dashes; but their shoes are leather, those of wood being unknown throughout Spain. Brown is a very general colour; and even the military wear short brown coats. In other respects, the men, even to the lowest classes, are dressed like the Germans and the French. However, the better kind of artisans wear a hair-net, called *redesilla* or *cofia*, and a jacket with a vast number of small buttons; but persons of condition generally wear, as with us Germans, a white cloak, and sword, and seldom use boots. The women, generally speaking, adhere more closely to the true Spanish dress than the men; for of the latter, the first people dress exactly as throughout the rest of

Europe, except in some trifles; but in other respects, the Spanish dress extends to persons of considerably high rank, and to persons, who, according to our German customs, dress almost in the same style as the first class of society. The black silk *mantilla* or veil, which ends before, in a crape, and covers the face, sometimes entirely, sometimes in part, a short and generally black petticoat, like the veil, adorned with fringe or Vandykes, which, like that, does not entirely conceal the figure, constitute the peculiarity of this dress among persons of easy circumstances. Their shoes were at this time worn with high-pointed heels; but the upper leather, according to a fashion borrowed from the rest of Europe, was of a different colour. Their hollow but black and fiery eyes, their slender and somewhat too meagre shape, the absence of a fresh and ruddy bloom, the yellow hue which assume its place, and their legs, which are often bare up to the calves, give them altogether an unpleasant, and at the same time a licentious look.

The inhabitants of Spain are not so fond of promenades as the French (who have one in every small place), but more than the Portuguese. Every large town has its *alameda* or promenade, so called from the *alamo* or poplar, with which they were originally planted. The poplar has in all ages been a favourite tree of the poets, by whom it has been much celebrated, perhaps because no tree of equal beauty grows so easily and rapidly in this climate. The poplars along the banks of the Manzanares are well known to the readers of old Spanish poetry. The *Prado* is now the usual promenade, wherein the morning persons of high rank are seen both on foot and on horseback: but after the *siesta*, or afternoon nap, the whole is filled with splendid equipages, which, according to a custom peculiar to Spain, daily perform the same dull round, following

each other during an hour or two, up one mall and down another, in a slow and tedious procession, without seeing any one but foot passengers of inferior condition, or the other coaches which happen to be in the opposite rank, and forming the most irksome amusement that possibly can be imagined: nor did I, after the first time I had experienced it, ever consent to endure it again. Sometimes a few coaches are seen without the gate, between the rows of trees on the road to Aranjuez. But who could be the bold adventurer, who first braved the laws of etiquette by taking his pleasure without the gate?

Madrid appears a very dead place except at the time of the promenade in the Prado, or in the morning, at some part where a celebrated mass is to be read. A great city, situated on a brook in an ungrateful country, where manufactures only flourish by means of extraordinary exertion and encouragement, and where the court resides but a few weeks in the year, is great but by force, and that force is every where perceived. At Madrid there is a great scarcity of amusements, which are therefore supplied by devotion, and its sister passion love. In Spain, the stage is very poor; and at both the theatres at Madrid, in general, bad pieces are performed by miserable players. One, however, of the actresses, who was not a bad performer, at this time shone in heroic parts. In this respect the Spaniards are even inferior to the Portuguese, and have nothing to compare with the excellent opera at Lisbon. Spaniards seldom invite company to dinner, and more rarely, if ever, to supper. They confine themselves to tertullas, where tea is given, and that great quantity of sweetmeats devoured, at which Bourgoing expressed so much surprise. But that writer is mistaken in applauding the temperance of the lower orders, and asserting, that no

man but a foreigner is ever seen drunk at Madrid. I have seen many Spaniards drunk; and the walloon soldiers may in some measure be excused for this vice, when, instead of the sour wine of Germany and Italy, they can purchase the fiery La Mancha for a trifle.

The climate of Madrid is in general very agreeable, the air being warm, and rain uncommon; for the frontier mountains of Castile seem to keep off the clouds, which I frequently saw, when the wind was north, resting upon, and hiding their summits, before they descended to the adjacent country. In summer the air is burning hot, no sea breezes lending their aid to cool it, and in winter uncommonly cold; I have often seen the Manzanares covered with ice. This extreme cold, in so southerly a latitude, undoubtedly arises from the high situation of the town, as the constantly low state of the barometer and the continual descent to approach the banks of the Tagus, which from Aranjuez to Lisbon has also a considerable fall, sufficiently prove.

THE SOIL ROUND LISBON.

(From the same.)

THE soil round Lisbon consists of limestone and basalt; the former lying at top, and being here and there very white, close, and excellent for building, but breaking too coarse for the statuary. Another singular species of limestone, which only forms a mass of petrification, appears at a depth in both banks of the river, lying beneath the other strata. The basalt begins at the bank not far from the sea, and then proceeds through Quelus toward Bellas; meanwhile a branch of the basalt mountain

extends beyond the city by the aqueduct, and unites with the forementioned chain toward Bellas. From thence the basalt country extends as far as Cabeca de Montachique. It properly forms only one mass of basalt, which is here and there covered with limestone. It is particularly striking that basalt is only found in those two parts of Portugal, Lisbon and Cape St. Vincent, where the earthquake of 1775 was most violent; and this circumstance is thought to confirm the opinion that basalt covering great strata of coals furnishes materials for subterraneous fires, and thus gives rise to earthquakes and volcanoes; but it must not be forgotten that Belem, which partly stands on a basalt hill, suffered less from that earthquake than some parts of the town evidently founded upon limestone; perhaps the basalt had, at some former period, been forced up from these parts by a similar convulsion; and the shocks which Lisbon has felt from time to time, are attempts of nature to raise other similar hills. But it is evident this is one of the innumerable hypotheses that have been thrown out without proof on this subject. Portugal, however, is rich in warm springs, which are doubtless the effect of subterraneous fires. Such springs are found even in Lisbon, though the warmth is very slight; also, at Cascaes, a few miles from Lisbon.

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THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JULY, 1801.

ADDRESSES TO THE LITERARY FUND.

(Concluded from Page 193. *)*

BY I. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

SERAPH of earth! lov'd CHARITY appears,
And drops on human griefs celestial tears;
O come! thine eyes of dewy light unfold,
And wave thy tresses of ethereal gold!
Mark the warm blush upon her forehead sent,
Her hand outstretch'd, her listening head just bent!
Hung round her knees a graceful group is seen;
She comes, and famine's blasted heath looks green!

Her blest abodes each little village grace,
And restless vagrants find a resting-place;
See where philanthropy her labour aids,
And opes to felon youths her schools and trades!
Lucina there, a splendid palace rears,
To calm the future mother's modest fears.
Sweet CHARITY! like Venus 'mid the waves,
Thou walk'st in beauty o'er the watery graves,
And, teaching man a promethéan art,
Bring'st fire from heav'n—or wak'st it in his heart!
Within his grate, sits meagre worth oppress'd,
Nor feels the sunshine playing on his breast;

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Or [illegible]-endow'd, as niggard nature frown'd,
Denied with organs, or of sight or sound—
The tender virgin of enchanting form,
The unsheltered lily, drench'd by many a storm,
Ere yet matur'd in beauty's pride it grew,
Attractive only to the spoiler's view———
And the poor victim of seductive art,
Whom dull sensibility of heart,
Or base mis-step, had doom'd thro' life to rove,
The luckless wanderer of unhallow'd love—

The tender mother, and the faithful wife,
Despairing of her unborn infant's life,
Whose pangs and sorrow, tho' to all decreed,
By nature were multiplied indeed———
Who mind shook'd by melancholy care———
The victim of neglect of wild despair———
And luckless penury, constrain'd to dwell
Oppression's captive in some dismal cell—
The snow-clad wreck of many a warrior brave,
Who nurs'd their murders o'er the distant wave—
And the increase, of e'e the lingering drain,
Of all her thousand images of pain—
For wants like these, they some asylum found;
Their pious labours knew nor rest nor bound.
Their hand was ever good their bounty could bestow
On the sad offspring of unletter'd woe:—
Their sympathy with every poor man's lot;—
The hand of charity was alone forgot.
The poor in debt, which will to want allied,
And where it must imparted, bread denied.

While the poor peasant could his meal supply,
The [illegible] of thoughtless industry;—
While his strong arm—his sturdy arm was sure,
His spare or dinal mite to procure:
While drooping science, with precarious toil,
Could scarce provide her with her midnight oil.
While hope within his breast that swell'd with many a sigh,
Of her could consent to beg, must die.
Unthought she never could her need proclaim,
Unseen, 'twas agony! but known, 'twas shame!

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At length this wretchedness attention drew;
The glorious privilege was left for you!
Oh! envied thought! Oh! exquisite employ!
Your proud distinction—your exclusive joy!
Search not the records or of Greece or Rome
For luxury of thought:—best found at home.
Say! can the glorious deeds their heroes wrought,
Or the stern virtues which their sages taught,
Yield such sublime exuberant delight,
As warms and satisfies the soul to night?

You on the waters cast your scraps of bread,
Which many a secret child of merit fed:
You saw them not—you trusted what was given,
And your work prosper'd, as approv'd by heaven.

So, ere the winter's cold, with liberal hand
The sower strews in faith the furrow'd land,
Hid for a while the future treasure lies,
Till vernal showers and autumnal skies
Call forth the springing blade, and swell the ear;
The promis'd plenty of the smiling year.
The reapers now the nodding sheaves enfold,
Their loaded tops all burnish'd o'er with gold.
With like success your mercy has been sown;
But the bright harvest shall be all your own.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH,

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

Scene.—The Danes at Yarmouth.

I WHO late raptur'd dwelt on scenes, where Yare
In sweet meander pours her inland stream,
Smit with the love of poesy, now dare
Again to meditate descriptive theme:
There nought disturb'd the mind's elysian dream,
Save when some breeze the wild flowers' freightage bore—
In rudest forms, here terror reigns supreme,
Here the mad breakers lash the sandy shore,
And nature starts appall'd at her own loud uproar!

The landscape now had darkness ceas'd to shroud;
The morn, unclosing her cerulean eye,
Cast a mild glance on every floating cloud,
And look'd it into beauty, whilst on high
The sun, that brightest glory of the sky,
To his diurnal round again upsprung
From forth a purple tissued canopy:
On Heaven's wide arch his central orb he hung,
And o'er th' expanse below the golden day beam flung.

Where rolls in Garien's port the foamy main,
Musing, I bent my solitary way;
Bound in the seaweed's mossy-woven chain,
Upon the strand full many a pebble lay,
That oft, as o'er it flash'd the silvery spray,
To fancy's shapings still more lovely seem'd,
And, as the curlews frequent div'd for prey,
Across the waves a line of splendour stream'd,
And on their surface hoar what myriad diamonds gleam'd!

Such bracing airs of seaborn coolness blew,
As flush'd with wholesome ruddiness my face,
The whilst mine eye would stretch its eager view
Along the dim immensity of space,
And on the horizon's hazy verge would trace
A fleet of war-ships, all their sails unfurl'd,
From earliest time the pride of Albion's race,
Which, as the thunders of her wrath they hurl'd,
To her wide waving-flag made couch the subject world.

Thou wat'ry sphere, that from creation's hour
Around these shores hast spread thine ample cest,
In thee the wond'rous, omnipresent power
Of God peculiarly is manifest!
Though now calm ripples skim thy glassy breast,
How frail the hope, that loves on thee to dwell!
Haply some storm ere long will break thy rest,
His frenzy fit this transient scene dispel,
And o'er each billow's crest succeeding billows swell.

Within thine oozy depths what caverns lie,
Thou mighty sepulchre of dead men's bones!
Caverns no living sight could e'er descry—
How oft thy surge in solemn cadence moans
With the poor shipwreck'd soul's expiring groans!
There where no sun illumes the drear confine,
His last sad dirge the night blasts fitful tones,
How oft wild weeds and branching coralline
Around his festering corse a shroud fantastic twine!

Thus wrapt in thought, I stray'd with sauntering tread,
When from a fisher's skiff a man drew near,
Few were the locks his freckled brows that spread,
The characters of age were graven there,
His cheeks with scars were furrow'd, scars most dear,
Of every meed that waits the truly brave,
His garb, that weather'd many a season drear,
And to the wind its faded tatters gave,
A veteran tar bespoke, son of the ocean wave.

"Forgive my bold inquiry, for what cause
"Thou quit'st the gay throng'd pier?" he frankly cried,
"Surely no grief thy footsteps hither draws,
"To pore despondent on the ebbing tide—
"Ne'er may'st thou trials hard as mine abide!
"Ah, for Old England's king long time I fought,
"And with his foes oft grappled side by side,
"Till to my home these wounds a passport brought;
"Since then, in yonder boat my daily toil I've sought."

"My friend! this bosom ne'er hath felt annoy,
"Yet marvel not, I leave yon crowded ways,
"For O, to me it is a blest employ,
"To follow nature through her every maze!
"As to the deep e'en now I turn'd my gaze,
"Methought was pictur'd there the self same change,
"That aye awaits us in our mortal days,—
"Yes, 'tis the will of Heaven, whilst here we range,
"That pleasure oft be ours, but oftener contrast strange!"

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" Time was," replied he, " when the briny surge,
" Upon the shelving spot where now we stand,
" Its restless course far onward wont to urge,
" Yon town, perchance, itself the only strand,
" Ere yet its walls by skilful toil were plann'd—
" A sad event too once befel, they say,
" Where yon tall vessel rides hard by the land;
" The tale, I ween, attention will repay,
" And, as we homeward bend, beguile the lengthen'd way.

" Fair smil'd days early beams, as now they smile,
" The morning air, as now, was all serene,
" When lo (most strange to tell!) a little isle
" Was on a sudden high emerging seen;
" Its brow was cover'd with a grassy green,
" And many a plant the soil uncultur'd rear'd,
" As though its base for ages firm had been;
" Around its steepy sides the main appear'd
" Alike its barrier strong, and foe whom most it fear'd.

" Amid the throng, which daily hasten'd there,
" Was one, that eager cried—" Ah, who can tell
" How sweet, how passing sweet a joy it were,
" On such a fair, romantic spot to dwell!
" Me, when my wants should e'er to town impel,
" How easy 'twere to ply the sweeping oar
" Across the breezy ocean's gentle swell!
" So should I gain ere long the neighbouring shore,
" And sure the change of scene would home endear the more.

" There strait a mansion he resolv'd to build,
" Where elegance and strength might both unite,
" With poplars silvery grey a nook he fill'd,
" Laburnum there hung flowers of golden light,
" Whilst shrubs more lowly fac'd the eastern site.
" Now had four suns their annual circuits roll'd,
" Still seem'd the isle a fairy palace bright,
" Still the soil boasted its prolific mould,
" And fast the poplars grew, most beauteous to behold.

" It chanc'd that once the moon, suffus'd with blood,
" To eve's dim hour gave signs of awful close,
" With hoarser murmurs heav'd the gulphing flood,
" High up the isle the mass of waters rose,
" And sky conspiring, threaten'd deeper woes!—
" The pale domestics round their master press,
"Ah, where," say they, " is now our priz'd repose?
" Befits us then to seek some nigh recess,
" Where we, from danger safe, our happy stars may bless."

" Why fear," he answer'd, " where no cause to fear?
" The elements their rage will soon abate;
" But if with coward hearts ye tarry here,
" Go then, and leave me to the chance of fate,
" Whilst on the shore the morrow's dawn ye wait."
They urg'd intreaties, but of no avail,
" At length departing, ere it prov'd too late,
" Now in their boat they spread a little sail,
" And, reaching now the port, escap'd the driving gale.

" Nor were its habitants from terror free—
" Loud in the quay the rocking billows roar'd,
" And many an heart, for relatives at sea,
" Of Providence a blessing kind implor'd,
" And wish'd their ships in harbour safe were moor'd!
" When now the twilight's dawning hour came on,
" The rescued train with anxious eyes explor'd
" The scene, where late the island palace shone,
" But O the dire reverse! shrubs, island, all were gone!"

As thus the courteous stranger clos'd his speech,
The busy crowd hard by appear'd in view;
Aside my footsteps turning from the beach,
Reluctant to the tar I bade adieu,
And pray'd his future hardships might be few.
To thee, vast deep! this moral truth I owe,
This moral truth obsequious fancy drew—
That as thy calm now smiles, thy storms now blow,
Each object, e'en most dear, so fluctuates here below!

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ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION

TO AN

UNFORTUNATE TAYLOR.

BY THOMAS DERMODY.

Hei mihi!

O THOU! whose visionary bills unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream,
Whose Goose, hot-hissing thro' the midnight shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream.

Why do imaginary needles wound,
Why do thy sheers clip short my fleeting joys,
Ah! why, emerging from thy hell profound,
The "Ghost of Shreds and Patches," aweful rise?

Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head,
The liberal linings of that breast unfold,
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread,
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold!

Tho' doom'd by fortune, since remotest time,
No meaner coin of modern date to use,
Lo! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the muse.

Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,
Why call on every pow'r in sore dismay,
Thy warmest oraisons, alas! are late;
Reflect:—didst thou e'er know a poet pay?

Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh,
Vain thy devotions from that sable shrine,
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly,
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine?

Ah, me! so long with dire consumption pin'd,
When shall that purse ill-omen'd, proudly swell
Full as the sail that holds the fav'ring wind:
Mysterious ministers of money, tell!

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Fond man! while pausing o'er that gloomy page,
That tells thee what thou art, in terms too plain,
O'er the capacious Ledger lose thy rage,
Nor, of unsettled debts again be vain.

There lords and dukes, and mighty princes lie,
Nor on them can'st thou for prompt payment call,
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye?
One honest, genuine bard is worth them all!

A common garment, such as mortals wear,
(Dull sons of clay, the ready price who give,)
Thou mad'st, and lo! it lasted one short year;
But, in my garment thou shalt ever live.

Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam
Of cloth, from fancy's loom all superfine,
Nor, shall I, cruel, haunt thy softer dream,
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine.

Let sage philosophy thy soul inform,
With strength heroic every ill to bear,
Not better broad-cloth braves the angry storm,
And constant patience is delightful wear.

Be patient, then, and wise, nor meanly shrink,
Beneath despondency's tumultuous blast,
The reck'ning-day may come, when least you think,
A joyful day—tho' miracles are past!

BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF
LAMBS AT PLAY.

From the Farmer's Boy, by Robert Bloomfield.

ON airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
For every day was Giles a SHEPHERD too.
Small was his charge; no wilds had they to roam,
But bright enclosures circling round their home.
Nor yellow blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn:

Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear Variety!
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!
Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play;
Indulg'd thro' every field by turns to range,
And taste them all in one continual change.
For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confin'd but loathe the present good;
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon pasture how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;
Sees every pass secur'd, and fences whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first essays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.
Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way!
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abash'd soon flies the place;
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;

Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!
Though unoffending innocence may plead,
Though frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed,
Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their sports and food.
Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
For lo, the murd'ring BUTCHER with his cart
Demands the firstlings of his flock to die,
And makes a sport of life and liberty!
His gay companions *Giles* beholds no more;
Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore;
Nor can compassion, with her softest notes,
Withhold the knife that plunges thro' their throats.
Down, indignation! hence, ideas foul!
Away the shocking image from my soul!
Let kindlier visitants attend my way,
Beneath approaching *Summer*'s fervid ray;
Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilst the sweet theme is *universal joy*.

NATURE AND NANCY.

WRITTEN BY MR. DIBDIN.

LET swabs with their vows, palaver, and lies,
Sly flattery's silk sails still be trimming,
Swear their Polls be all angels dropt down from the skies,
I your angels don't like, I loves women;
And I loves a warm heart, and a sweet honest mind,
Good as truth and lively as fancy,
As constant as honour, as tenderness kind,
In short, I loves nature and Nancy.

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I read in a song about Venus, I thinks,
All rigg'd out with her cupids and graces,
And how roses and lilies, carnations and pinks,
Was made paint to daub over their faces;
They that loves it may take all such art for their pains,
For mine 'tis another guess fancy,
Give me the rich health, flesh and blood, and blue veins,
That pays the sweet face of my Nancy.

Why I went to the play, where they talk'd well, at least,
As to art, all their parts they were trying;
They were playing at soldiers, and playing at feast,
And some they was playing at dying;
Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison, d'ye see,
All just for their gig and their fancy;
What to them was but jest, is right earnest to me,
For I live, and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls then like so many Algerine Turks,
Dash away a fine painted galley,
With their jacks and their pennants, and gingerbread-works,
All for shew, and just nothing for value:
False colours throw out, deck'd by labour and art,
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy;
They're all for the person, I'm all for the heart,
In short—I'm for nature and Nancy.

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Literary Review.

An Historical Tour in Monmouthshire, illustrated with Views. By Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart. A new Map of the County, and other Engravings, by William Cox, A. M. F. R. S. F. A. S. Rector of Bemerton and Stourton. 2 *vols.* 4*to.* Cadell and Davies.

MONMOUTHSHIRE was formerly part of Wales, but being in the Oxford circuit, is now reckoned a county of England. Its situation is extremely delightful. The views are romantic—the ruins scattered here and there impressive—and its mineral stores are conveyed to the most distant regions of the earth. That such a portion of Great Britain should attract the notice of the historian, was to be expected—and we are glad to find in the work before us, that the subject has received a proper degree of attention. Mr. Cox is well known to the public—his former publications have raised him to a considerable degree of eminence in the literary world.

The work is divided into two parts, and contains no small portion of information. The acknowledgment of his obligations shews that he has exerted himself with a due portion of industry; and both the clergy and laity seem to have come forward with a commendable liberality. Those who live on the spot are most likely to be accurately acquainted

with the history of the several places, and *facts* only should be handed down to posterity!

Mr. Cox visited Monmouthshire three different times—in the autumn of 1798, and in the spring and autumn of 1799; in these excursions he employed five months; traversed 1500 miles, and here delivers to the public the result of his observations.

An Introduction of some length contains a history of Monmouthshire while the Romans remained in our Island. Then particulars of the county are detailed with succinctness, in a series of chapters, well arranged, and replete with entertainment and instruction. The writer of this article may, perhaps, commit these lines to paper, under a strong predilection for his native county; but it must be confessed, that the performance before us possesses considerable merit, and forms a valuable accession to the mass of topographical information.

Anecdotes of celebrated characters are introduced with great propriety; that of MAJOR HANBURY, the father of the iron works at Pontypool, is particularly entitled to attention. By his activity a wilderness has been converted into a fruitful field—his ardent spirit of improvement was the means of producing the most essential benefits to his country. "The situation of Pontypool," says Mr. Cox, "near a region rich in mineral treasures, in the midst of forges and collieries, and at the head of the canal, render it peculiarly commodious for the establishment of iron manufactories; and, perhaps, another generation may see a *new Birmingham* start up in the wilds of Monmouthshire!"

The views being neatly executed, form a charming decoration to the work—the map is laid down with accuracy—papers also are added at the end,

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gratifying to the curiosity. Of many pleasing articles in the body of the work we intend to avail ourselves in the succeeding numbers of our Miscellany.

Excursions from Bath. By the Rev. Richard Warner. Robinsons. 8s.

THE indefatigable Mr. Warner having visited more distant parts of the country, thought it was time to look nearer home. Accordingly he adopts a motto from Pliny, agreeably to these his intentions—which he thus humourously translates—

Abroad to see wonders, the traveller goes,
And neglects the fine things that *lie under his nose!*

These *Excursions* are extended to about thirty miles around Bath—and take in most of the gentlemen's seats that are worthy of examination. The chief merit of the work, therefore, is a biographical illustration of the several paintings with which the walls of these seats are decorated. Here a variety of interesting particulars are thrown together—the fruit of extensive reading. In this respect, these *Excursions* cannot fail of being interesting to every lover of his country.

Among the many portraits at the Marquis of Lansdown's seat, that of the great General Washington is thus honourably noticed—

"*General Washington*, whose memory must always be embalmed in the recollection of every friend of civil liberty. Never was the eulogium of the poet more deservedly bestowed than that which a *bard of freedom* (Mr. Crowe, public orator at Oxford), has applied to the assertor of the rights of America—

——Blest are they
Who in life's toilsome journey may make pause,
After a march of glory, yet not such

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As rise in *causeless war*, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel; and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd and call'd on earth
Kings, heroes, demi-gods; but in high heaven
Thieves, ruffians, murderers---these find no repose:
Then rather patriot, conqueror, to thee
Belongs such rest, who in the western world
Thine own deliver'd country, for thyself
Hast planted an immortal grove, and there
Upon the glorious mount of liberty
Reposing, sit'st beneath the palmy shade!"

On the *cow-pox*, or vaccine inoculation, Mr. Warner is decided in his opinion—as appears from the following observations. He is speaking of Berkley in Gloucestershire—

"It gives name and title to the Earls of Berkley, and has the honour of numbering amongst its inhabitants Doctor Henry Jenner, the philosopher and philanthropist---the indefatigable promoter of vaccine inoculation, to the adoption and diffusion of which, every man who is anxious to *economize* the human race, will ardently endeavour to contribute. The struggle between truth and prejudices deeply rooted and long indulged, will oftentimes be protracted to a tedious length; but, fortunately for mankind, in the present instance, the triumph of science has been obtained already, and the utility of this mode of inoculation is now as universally acknowledged as it has been undeniably demonstrated!"

Mr. W. relates the following anecdote respecting Mr. Thynne's monument in Westminster Abbey—"An old domestic happening to meet one day a crony of former times, who was hurrying forward at a very quick pace, after shaking him by the hand, begged to know whither he was going in such violent haste. "Going," said the other, "why to Westminster Abbey, to look at the figure of *my father*, which is just put up there in white marble."—"Thy father's figure," returned

the questioner, "what dost mean, man?"—"I mean, replied he, "that they have been making a fine monument for Mr. Thynne, where they have carved the coach, the horses, and the *coachman!* Now *my father* was driving the coach at the time he was murdered, and I want to see whether they have made a good likeness of him or not!"

Similar incidents are interspersed throughout the work, with which we were pleased, because *all* the publications of this author exhibit a happy union of talents and of industry.

The Name of the Lord great among the Gentiles. A Sermon preached at the Re-opening of the General Baptist Meetinghouse, Church Street, Deptford, on Sunday the 17th of May, 1801, after it had been shut up for Repairs. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington. 6d. Symonds.

THE title page sufficiently explains the nature and tendency of the discourse before us, from which we transcribe the following paragraph, illustrative of the subject—

"Thus, from the disclosure of *the name of the Lord* to the Gentiles---from the *extent* in which it was received by them, and from the *beneficial effects* it has produced, may be inferred the superior and impressive nature of that GREATNESS to which it was destined. It is that elevated species of grandeur which results from a *plenitude of benevolence*, exerted by the supreme Being towards his creatures through an eternal duration! It includes not merely the supply of their temporal wants, but the relief of their spiritual distresses. Knowing neither a limit nor an end, it ensures the extirpation of moral evil, together with the diffusion of pure and uninterrupted felicity! But the *greatness* attached to human characters is oftentimes, alas! of a

diametrically opposite complexion. Your *Alexanders* and your *Cæsars*, however emblazoned in the annals of fame, are defiled with blood! The sighs of the captive---the tears of the widow---the cries of the orphan, enter into the ingredients of their glory. Neither the splendour of their talents, nor the heroism of their deeds, conceal from the eye of humanity the means by which their celebrity was attained. Acts, ferocious in their nature, and desolating in their effects, have handed down their names to posterity. Glaring upon the world with the destructive radiance of a meteor, the unsubstantial fabric of *their* greatness arose from amidst the groans, and the distresses, and the miseries of mankind!"

A Week's Conversation on the Plurality of Worlds: By Monsieur Fontenelle. Seventh Edition, with considerable improvements. Hatchard. 3s.

THIS little volume is replete with entertainment, drawn from the sublime subject of astronomy. The writer treats it after the French manner, sprightly and ingenious; the work, therefore, is peculiarly adapted to the rising generation. Fontenelle excels in the novelty and propriety of his illustrations.

Melancholy, as it proceeds from the Disposition and Habit, the Passion of Love, and the Influence of Religion, drawn chiefly from the celebrated Work entitled "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy"—and in which the kind, causes, consequences, and cures of this English Malady are traced. Vernor and Hood. 5s. 6d.

THIS publication presents an astonishing variety to the reader, with which he will be much amused. The anecdotes to be found in almost every

page are ingenious, and the contents of the whole volume are deserving of serious attention. We wish that it may obtain a very general circulation.

Hints to Public Speakers, intended for Young Barristers, Students at Law, and all others who may wish to improve their delivery, and attain a just and graceful Elocution. By T. Knox, A. M. Murray. 1s. 6d.

THIS small tract, dedicated to Mr. Erskine, has been drawn up with some evident marks of attention, and may, therefore, be safely recommended. It is well calculated to promote the delightful art of elocution, which, though neglected by us, wrought so many wonders in the remote ages of antiquity.

Village Dialogues, between Farmer Littleworth and Thomas Newman, Rev. Mr. Lovegood, Parson Dolittle, and others. By Rowland Hill, A. M. Williams. 1s.

THESE Dialogues are marked with that humour for which this author has been long distinguished. They are indeed adapted, by plainness of phraseology, to the persons for whom they are intended. But his remarks are very severe, and not always founded in justice. An invidiousness will be complained of by some readers, who will think that he ought to have had a little more mercy for his *brethren*---the established clergy.

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Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR JULY, 1801.

FROM Egypt, Russia, Portugal, and France intelligence has arrived in the course of this month, which is entitled to particular attention.

In *Egypt*, our troops appear to be gaining considerable ground upon the French, who now have only Alexandria and Cairo in their possession. After the losses which they have sustained—their whole force must be almost annihilated. Indeed, sanguine hopes are entertained, that we shall speedily wave our banner over that distant, but memorable part of the world!

As to *Russia*, a convention has been signed at Petersburgh, between Lord St. Helens, and the Russian government, by which matters are amicably adjusted. There is no doubt of *Sweden* and *Denmark* acceding to the terms, on which the agreement was concluded. Seriously it is hoped that nothing may arise to interrupt the harmony now once more subsisting between us!

Portugal is again in a most unpleasant situation. The French government having refused to ratify the treaty of Badajor—are marching their troops towards Lisbon! The Portuguese are determined to oppose them—but with no prospect of success.

France and *Great Britain* are still hostile to each other, and little that is specific has transpired. The Gallic foe threatens an invasion—we are on our guard against them—government is busy in fencing our sea coasts—and orders to that purpose have been issued, and obeyed with great alacrity—It is our humble and fervent hope, that our *fears* may prove unfounded—may *peace* and its concomitant *plenty*, speedily revisit our highly favoured island.

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MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST:

FOR JULY, 1801.

July 1. LORD NELSON reached town from his late famous battle before Copenhagen. He came on shore at Yarmouth, amidst enthusiastic demonstrations of joy; immediately on his landing he visited the Hospital, where his brave fellows are lodged for cure; who were wounded in the late naval fight. This instance of his humanity, gave great satisfaction.

2. An experiment took place on the river Thames, for the purpose of working a barge, or any other heavy craft against tide, by means of a steam-engine, on a very simple construction. The moment the engine was set to work, the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly; and she made way against a strong current, at the rate of two miles and a half per hour.

3. The King, Queen, and Royal Family reached Weymouth, where they were received with warm tokens of loyalty.

8. A poor distressed woman in Thames-Street, hired a boat to cross the river, to the bank-side of Blackfriers, in pursuit of a wandering husband; failing in finding him, she returned to the boat, to look for him near her own home; being again disappointed, she hired another boat to go to Vauxhall, to look for him there; not finding him, she hired a fresh boat to return home, when in an agony of despair, she threw herself into the water, near the Adelphi; where she immediately sunk, before the waterman was aware of her intention, who used every means to recover her, without effect.

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12. Damages of 485l. 9s. 4d. were awarded in the King's Bench against Mr. Creasy of Deptford, being the amount of an Ironmonger's bill for goods, to the Female Swindler, Miss. Robertson, upon Mr. Creasy's recommendation. A caution this: lest we speak *positively* in favour of persons, before we *thoroughly* know them.

13. A Boxing-Match for 20 guineas, took place at Wimbledon Common, between two noted pugilists; Tom. Jones, and Piton a Jew. The combatants met at two o'clock, attended by their seconds; Belcher, and Mendoza. The Jew was proclaimed victor, having struck Jones under the ear, which for some minutes deprived him of sense and motion. After the above match, Belcher and Bourke a butcher of Woolwich, entered the list. Some blows being exchanged, Bourke received a blow which *took off his nose*, and part of the *upper-lip*—he was carried senseless from the ring! Surely such brutalities ought not to be suffered in a *Christian* Country.

14. The Anniversary of the Revolution celebrated at Paris with great splendour and festivity. No description could equal the spectacle presented in Champ's Elysees, all Paris was present—balls, pantomimes, numerous theatres, concerts, elevation of balloons, artificial fire-works, and general illuminations. The Chief Consul in the morning reviewed the troops in the square of the Thuilleries —and afterwards gave an entertainment of 240 covers to the Ambassadors, Senators, Ministers, Counsellors of State, General Officers, Judges, &c. Alluding to the re-establishment of the Consuls health—the air resounded with acclamations of joy.

16. A jury sat at Battersea on the body of Miss Hompesch, who shot herself there a few days ago; in a fit of desperation. She was daughter of ge-

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neral Hompesch, and remarkable for her beauty. In a letter to her father, left behind on a table—she begged her *heart* might be taken out of her body, and sent to *her dear friend* in Germany, with this her dying request he literally complied.

17. An Italian beggar, aged 95, of the name of Fisher, was buried at Shadwell—he was never known to have an hours illness, previous to his last sickness. He had *thirteen wives*, by whom he left no issue. The last one who is living, is a middle aged woman—she is said to be inconsolable for his loss, because in his avocations of sweeping the streets and begging, he acquired a good deal of money!

22. A grand review of the London volunteers took place in Hyde-Park—about twenty minutes past ten—his Royal Highness the Duke of York accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and the Staff appeared on the ground. The troops made a handsome appearance—and fired with the utmost order and regularity.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

EMANUEL Gadd, Taunton, Somersetshire, druggist. Abraham Olivant, Stamford, Lincolnshire, miller. James Myers, Sunderland, Durham, hardwareman. Henry French, Broad-street, St Giles's, cardmaker. James Steward, Watford, Hertfordshire, mariner. Daniel Woolley, Carrhill, Yorkshire, clothier. Wm. Waterly Weller, St. Paul's, Deptford, Kent, miller. Daniel Girling, of Beccles, Suffolk, shopkeeper. C. Farquhar, late of Maddox-street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, builder. R. Smith, now or late of Bradford, Wiltshire, victualler. S. Jones, J. Milsom, and

I. Howard, Bradford, Wiltshire, clothiers. A. Cengoli, Sun-street, Bishopsgate street Without, London, florist. T. Allport, late of Lawrence, Poultney-hill, London, merchant. Wm. Bazeley, Bristol, linen-draper. John Emmens, Abingdon, carrier. Josiah Peacock and Cornelius Gill, London, merchants. Wm. Chigwin, West-lane, Bermondsey, merchant. A. Occarson, late of Fenchurch-street, London, merchant. Edw. Parr Symons and Peter W. Crapp, Plaistow-green, Kent, wool-staplers. T. Evans, Worcester, merchant. W. Harding and F. Mellor, Derby, mercers. W. Pugh, Worcester, merchant. J. Cohen, Haydon-square, chair-manufacturer. R. Earle, Chichester, spirit merchant. J. Hill, Maidstone, Kent, glass-seller. Wm. Betts Bird, late of Yarmouth, Norfolk, linen-draper. Samuel Lacey, Tooley-street, Southwark, oilman. John Eden Deacon, New Bond-street, linen-draper. J. Perry and G. Rigg, Bread-street, Cheapside, warehousemen. Benjamin Cole, late of the Strand, innkeeper. Richard Wilson, Bread street, London, merchant. Edward Dash, Walcot, Somersetshire, riding-master. Wm. Chapman, Rugby, Warwickshire, money-scrivener. S. Howard, Bradford, Wiltshire, carpenter. P. Cronish, Taunton, Somersetshire, cooper. J. Connard, Piccadilly, cutler. E. and J. Nicklin, Tipton, mealmen. J. Evans, Mansfield, Woodhouse, Nottinghamshire, hosier. N. Cutler, White's Grounds, Bermondsey, leather-dresser. R. Hawkins, Kingston-upon-Hull, cabinet-maker. N. Cooke, Charles-street, Westminster, army broker. J. Hawkins, Newbury, Berkshire, dealer. J. Fearon, Birmingham, tinplate-worker. R. Hilstead, Horsham, Sussex, victualler. T. Marsh, Old Compton-street, Soho, taylor. J. Angus, Strand, carver and gilder. S. Artaud, Pinner, Middlesex, shopkeeper. Wm. Breton, March,

Isle of Ely, Cambridge, millwright. Ed. Adcock, Birmingham, grocer. Nath. Cockayne, Borough of Derby, baker. Samuel Bridge, late of Sible Hedingham, Essex, plumber. John Rawson, late of Leicester, hatter. John Dawson, Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, steel-manufacturer. Luke Burchall, Southampton, draper. T. Bibby, Stockport, Chester, grocer. I. Gale, Bradford, Wilts, clothier. N. Ruddock, Monkwearmouthshore, Durham, butcher. J. Collins, St. Paul's Church-yard, confectioner. B. Cother, Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucester, clothier and linen-draper, J. Campbell, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, painter. C. Phillips, now or late of Halifax, York, merchant. J. Gilman, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, linen-draper. J. Wood, Wednesbury, Stafford, gun-lock-maker. Wm. Gandar, St. John's-street, Middlesex, plaisterer. S. Moses Solomon, Queen-street, Birmingham, merchant. Wm. Chamley, Liverpool, merchant. Wm. Richardson, Sutwood, Lancashire, whitster. Edmund Chalmley, Liverpool, merchant. W. Mather, late of Parker's-row, Bermondsey, Surry, baker. Henry Croasdell, Cecil-street, Strand, taylor. Thomas Holmes, Oxford, cordwainer. J. Robinson, Crosby-square, Bishop's-gate-street, merchant. Thomas Wilmot, Woolwich, Kent, linen-draper. John Stanley, Liverpool, merchant. Thomas Bowdige, Lime-street, London, factor. J. Crosby, Oxford-street, Middlesex, mercer. T. Griffiths, late of Henstridge, Somerset, victualler. J. Davies, Callington, Cornwall, linen-draper. S. Bright, Coventry, grocer. R. Harper, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, scrivener. W. Mather, late of Parker's-row, Bermondsey, baker.

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BIRTHS.

Of sons: the Lady of W. J. Campion, Esq. the Countess of Sutherland; her Majesty the Queen of Prussia; the Countess of Grennard. Of daughters: the Right Hon. Lady E. Halliday; the Right Hon. Lady Leslie; Lady Templetown.

MARRIAGES.

At Bath, the Rev. T. Blakeney, to Miss A. Newcombe, daughter of the late Primate of Ireland. Lord Louvaine, to Miss L. Wortley, of Grosvenor-square. Major Ottley, of Swaffham, to Miss Styan, of Lombard-street. By special licence, at the Dowager Lady Burgoyne's, Oxford-street, the Right Hon. Lord Ongley to Miss Burgoyne, only daughter of Sir John Burgoyne, bart. At Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Pelham to Lady Mary Osborne.

DEATHS.

At Lisbon, the eldest son of the Prince Regent. Lord Petre. At Offendam, the Hon. Mrs. Digby, sister to Lord Falkland. Of a fever, the Hon. Miss A. Ryder, daugter of Lord Falkland. At Coates, near Edinburgh, aged 77, the Countess Dowager of Glencairn. At the Hot Wells, Bristol, Lady Seymour, wife of the Hon. Lord H. Seymour.

To Correspondents.

Our readers in general are informed, that complete sets of the Monthly Visitor are now ready for delivery, with coloured plates, at the Prices affixed in the Prospectus published some time since.

Several valuable communications have come to hand; but not having room to notice them individually, our Correspondents are assured that they shall be duly attended to.

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THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON

Mackenzie, pinx.

Pub. Sep. 1. 1801. by Verner & Hood. Poultry.

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THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

AUGUST, 1801.

SKETCH
OF THE CHARACTER OF THE
RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours, taken from Life.

IN our past biographical details, we have been studious of variety. Convinced that merit confines itself to no age, or nation, we look for it in Britain, nor have we been disappointed. In civil and religious affairs individual instances have arisen, which shew an enlargement of talent, and a degree of benevolence, which challenge our admiration. The senator, the philosopher, and the divine, have been delineated with sacred fidelity. The events of their lives have been ascertained, and those moral inferences have been drawn which were favourable to the improvement of the readers of our Miscellany.

We mean, this month, to touch on the character of the person whose portrait we have given to our readers. We are sorry to say, that we have little to communicate respecting the private history of this celebrated character. Nothing appears to have been laid before the public respecting him. His character, however, is well known, and may be easily delineated. For many years he has acted a conspicuous part on the theatre of life, and we may with confidence speak of that impression in which the public has long acquiesced.

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The native county of this celebrated personage is Devon, and the writer has been shewn the parish which produced this deserving member of society. Of his early years, and his subsequent progress, we are ignorant, but it is highly probable that, at this period, he exerted those talents in an inferior degree by which he has been since distinguished. It may indeed be, that he discovered no indication of future celebrity; this has been the case with many; though the general course of human events proves that the mind of man contains in it seeds which afterwards spring up and ensure a glorious immortality!

The situation in which the subject of our memoir has most attracted the attention, and conciliated the approbation of the public, is the character which he sustained for many years as *Speaker of the House of Commons*. It is well known, that this august assembly distributes itself into two parties. The Ministerialists and Oppositionists make up the collective body which meet within St. Stephen's walls. The former professes to support the honour and dignity of the crown—the latter avow their regard for the rights of the people, and the happiness of mankind. It is the province of the Speaker to adjust those discordant parties—to mitigate the fury of prejudice, and to preserve a spirit of justice and moderation. How far this matter was accomplished by Mr. Addington, may be learnt from the testimonies of both parties. Neither one or the other ever accused him of partiality. Holding the scale with evenness, neither of the sides preponderated. We mention this circumstance, because it redounds to his praise, and cannot fail of commanding our admiration. In the conflict of opinions, and in the heat of debate, a common mind would have been warped, and yielded to the imperious impulses of so critical a situation. Addington, however, remained firm—his mind, like the rock assailed by the furious wave, preserved its accustomed stability.

That this account is really fact, appears from the regret expressed on both sides of the house, when he recently quitted this important station. This circum-

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stance shews the justness of his temper and conduct on former occasions. A more unequivocal testimony to his merit cannot be adduced. Such a tribute of respect may be deemed as honourable to him, as it is assuredly honourable to the parties whence it originated. Praise is often partial in its nature and operation. In the present case, the excellence of the late *Speaker of the House of Commons* rests on the broad basis of impartiality.

Of his character, as *Prime Minister*, it may be too early to make a just estimation. He entered upon his office at a most critical period of our affairs. The reasons of Mr. Pitt's resignation we pretend not to ascertain. But, on all hands, it must be confessed that our circumstances are peculiar, and that it requires no ordinary pilot to guide the vessel of the state into the harbour of permanent peace and felicity. Nor can it offend any man to say, that we wish him success in this great and momentous undertaking. The affairs of Europe have been long in a disordered state—we wish to see them happily adjusted. Britain, from her maritime situation, commands the trade of the whole world. Surely she ought, for the same reasons, to be at peace with all mankind. To the horrors of famine, and the devastations of war, we will not advert. But we may be permitted to say—that should Mr. Addington succeed in procuring an HONOURABLE PEACE—and in its train will follow PLENTY—he will then justly be denominated—THE SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY!

A very intelligent correspondent has kindly promised us some further particulars of this great public character, which we shall take the first opportunity of laying before our readers.

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THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LIV.]

ALFRED,

AN EPIC POEM, BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

In a deep glen, surrounded by tall rocks
And hanging trees, whose foliage dark, half hid
The light of day, while, with soft melody,
A mountain stream beside him murmuring ran,
Stood ALFRED—poring on his country's wrongs.
COTTLE.

THE second and third books of this pleasing poem are now to be the subject of our consideration. They exhibit the British Monarch in great distress—the Danes were ravaging every part of the island—all opposition was useless. ALFRED therefore is about to retire for a while, that he might burst upon his enemies with success, and shine forth in all the effulgence of victory!

ALFRED having announced to the troops that he must leave them—and withdraw into solitude—

Silent he stood, and with heart-weariness
Chanc'd to espy the brook slow murmuring near,
Whilst interruptions from the stones that strew'd
Its shallow bed, or the thick dancing reeds,
Stay'd not its course, for still, with earnest speed,
And undiverted, fast it roll'd along,
Never to know tranquillity, till mix'd
With the great mass of waters. "So must THOU,"
A voice most sweetly whisper'd—"So must THOU,
Toil on, O king! nor vainly hope to gain
A quiet, till in death that ocean lost!"
The musing prince look'd up—for ODDUNE stood
Before him—

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ODDUNE (the Earl of Devon) wishes to accompany Alfred, but he is refused—and then is dismissed "to seek the western land." The king, however, addressing ALSWITHA, exclaims—

He goes, 'mid death and perils! Heav'n will guard
Such worth as his from the night-prowling wolf,
Or fiercer Dane. If ever prince should find
A man like ODDUNE—let him not rejoice
That God hath dealt a crown, but given a—*friend!*

ALFRED next meets with SIGBERT, Abbot of Wilton, who raves against the Danes even to a degree of insanity. The monarch checks his lust of revenge, and beautifully reminds him of the peaceable forgiving spirit of the christian religion—

——"with craving appetite,
Loud will I call for blood! My very joints
Shall snap for extacy at Danish blood."
He ceas'd—convulsions heav'd his frame, his hands
Clench'd each other. When the king replied—
"SIGBERT, thy words are rash, thou hast not yet
Learn'd that great precept, greatest, most divine,
The spirit of the Deity himself,
Thy foes to pity."——
——Cried the wondering monk,
"Pity the *Danes!*" When Alfred spake, "e'en Danes!
For he our master taught, when he said,
To men more sunk, more lost than Danes themselves,
"Father, forgive! they know not what they do!"
And thou should'st copy him. For Danes I pray
Most ardently, that God would change their hearts,
And give me peace. Yet, said the indignant king,
If these fierce Normanders—these savage men,
Will waste our land, and drench our happy isle
With unoffending blood, and seek our lives,
And thirst for murder—be our arms absolv'd,
And let them perish by the avenging sword!

ALFRED having bidden his troops an adieu, proceeds with the Queen ALSWITHA, and their

infant child, across the heath to Glastonbury Abbey. With this scene the *second* book thus charmingly opens—

"Thou lovely moon!" cried Alfred, as he mov'd
Across the trackless down, all wide and waste,
Bearing his infant child. ALSWITHA lean'd
Upon his arm, for they had wandered long,
And it was night. "Thou lovely moon," he cried,
"How calm thou art! thou journeyest on thy way,
Nor heed'st the many mists that now and then
Awhile conceal thee, for thou passest on,
Casting thine eyes disdainful at the clouds,
The low and scatter'd clouds, that fain would hide
Thy majesty. And have not I a mind,
More vast than is yon orb? an intellect,
That ranges unconfin'd thro' time and space,
Scorning their narrow limits? What is this,
This thinking faculty, that acts and plans
Within me? Is it not, ere long, ordain'd
To cast aside its fetters, and assert
Its native dignity? I *know* it is!
Aye, in those regions where thou sitt'st enthron'd,
In empyrean glory, lovely moon!
I feel a sudden and mysterious calm
Shoot thro' my frame. This mind will copy thee!
Go on, ye grovelling clouds! increase in size
And number: gather round my head, and strive
To hide that light eternal! call the winds
And tempests to your aid! yet, undisturb'd,
I will behold your impotence and smile.
Sorrows and pangs of frail humanity!
Upon the wings of ages do ye fly,
Fast as the mists of night, whilst I shall live,
Clad in the robe of immortality,
When yon bright orb is quench'd!"
————————The king,
As meditating thus on lofty themes,
Felt cheer his heart; but soon the busy thoughts
Of his own cares, his country's wrongs, rush'd in,
And he was sad. Mournful he saw his child,
Who on his father's arms lay wondering

At that big lamp on high, whose tranquil beams
On every side shone luminous! And now
With new delight he laughs aloud to see
The full orb'd moon, and leaps with sudden start,
Of infant gratulation!

ALFRED now throws off his royal mantle—they meet an old cripple, with whom they divide their only loaf, and the following fine compliment is paid to the virtue of humanity—

————ALFRED turn'd the while,
And to the queen thus spake: "Hear, best belov'd!
Words that from mildness spring. 'Tis well to guard
The plant humanity: tender its leaves,
And he who checks their wild luxuriance
Will find them pine, and from the unfriendly soil
At length slow die away!"

The name of this aged cripple is NIDOR, and he relates his story to the royal couple with an affecting simplicity. His grand theme is the ravages and cruelties of the Danes. He had been bed-ridden for many years, but the fright into which the enemy had thrown him, caused him to recover his strength, and now he was fleeing for safety. They part at the sight of Glastonbury Abbey. A most interesting conversation takes place between ALFRED and ALSWITHA, respecting their present condition. She wishes much to accompany him, but he positively refuses—the king exclaims—

It is most hard! but we shall meet again!
Soon will my feet return, and, I would hope,
With tidings such as thou wilt joy to learn;
But doubt whate'er thou wilt, oh! never doubt
Thy husband's true affection.
————Alfred turn'd
And wept. ALSWITHA mark'd the tear! a tear,
That on her soul engrav'd a character
Deep, and for ever fresh.

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The conclusion of the book is particularly impressive—ALSWITHA and her infant are left at Glastonbury Abbey.

——————ALFRED now
Beheld his blooming boy—whom thus he spoke,
"Mild infant! thou can'st lift thy hands in sport,
And laugh, unconscious of the cares that press
Thy wretched parents, but the hour will come
When these light dreams shall vanish, when thy heart
Shall sink within thee, and the passing clouds
Seem leagu'd against thy peace. Delighted child!
Go on to smile, stretch out thy little arms
In nature's holiday, and chant thy song
Untutor'd, heedless of thy coming wrongs,
But they will soon o'ertake thee. Few and evil
Are man's appointed days, and such indeed
Thy Sire has found them. May a double share,
His, and thine own, have lain upon him! Child!
Beloved child! if thou should'st never more
Behold these eyes, nor at a riper age
Receive a father's blessing, may high heaven
Protect thee! God of heaven and earth look down
And save my child! ALSWITHA, now farewell!"
She answered not, and, as he mov'd away,
Sorrowing, his boy held out his little hands,
And chang'd from smiles to tears. "O, fare thee well!"
Cried ALFRED, "fare thee well!" Then towards the hall
With solemn step he walked.

ALFRED then recommends his wife and child to the abbot in a most affectionate manner—

"When thro' the lofty gateway slow he pass'd!"

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STONEHENGE, ON SALISBURY PLAIN,

Described by the Rev. Richard Warner.

SALISBURY Plain is a boundless extent of downs, tenanted only by the listless shepherd, his faithful dog, and their fleecy care. In vain the eye looks round for some object to relieve the uniformity of the scene; all is flat, bare, and desolate, nothing interposing between it and the distant horizon. In the midst of this solitude, the little valley in which Amesbury is situated at length appears, pleasingly contrasting the wide expanse of sterility through which we have been wandering, by the beautiful wooded hill sloping up from the mansion of the Duke of Queensbury; and crowned on its summit by a huge remain of Roman castrametation, a camp of Vespasian. His Grace's house, the only ornament of a village that gave birth to the amiable Addison, was from the design of Inigo Jones, and, like most of the other buildings of this architect, is simple and classical. Agreeably to the taste of the last age, it stands in a flat, through which the Avon winds its eccentric course; although the hill at its back offered a more commanding, and perhaps a more wholesome, situation. This, however, was reserved for the gardener to display his skill upon; who has performed his work by forming its face into a zig-zag ascending path, and cutting the woods on its head into rectilinear walks. On this scite of this mansion a nunnery formerly stood, (founded by Elfrida) whose inmates had imbibed so much of the spirit of their patroness, that they were expelled by Henry II. for their ill lives. But the prince quickly transplanted to the spot from Normandy another bevy of the same useless beings, who continued

here till Henry VIII. involved both nuns and monks in one general destruction. The scite of the monastery was then granted to Edward Earl of Hertford, from whose family it passed into that of the nobleman who at present possesses it. A new scene now exhibited itself at Amesbury, and in lieu of the senseless superstitions of monastic life, this seat, under the auspices of the Queensbury family, became the theatre of wit and elegant literature; the spot where Pope occasionally indulged his satyrical muse; the gentle Gay pursued his moral song; and Addison unbent his cultivated mind. At present such are the singular revolutions to which all human things are subject, it serves again the unholy purpose of marring the bountiful designs of Providence, and destroying the uses of youth and beauty, by affording a prison for thirty-three nuns, all of English families, and formerly settled in Lorraine in France. We went to visit the sisterhood, but it was a melancholy scene; the langnor and sadness of every countenance too clearly marked that depressed state of mind, which is, of course, induced by the attempt to extinguish the feelings of nature; and to triumph over passions that, under proper regulation, are so necessary to the state and circumstances of human beings; nor could we quit so many female charms in hopeless thraldom, without dropping an execration against that—

"Sad Institution, which austerely draws
The female heart from nature's genial laws;
Strangles Heav'n's bounty, and converts to woe
The plenteous source whence joy and life should flow."

Our visit to another monument of superstition, in the neighbourhood of Amesbury, was attended with very different emotions; this is Stonehenge, constructed between two diverging roads, one run-

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ning to Warminster, the other to Deptford Inn, at a short distance from this point of division. The distant effect of this stupendous fabric is not so striking as the description of its magnitude might lead us to imagine, since, being an isolated object, situated in the heart of the plain, without any thing around it, for a standard of comparison, every impression of its greatness is swallowed up and overwhelmed in that idea of immensity which the prospect on every side presents to the mind. This very circumstance of unaccompanied locality, however, heightens, perhaps, the effect of the fabric when we approach it; for the mind, not being interrupted or distracted by neighbouring objects, bends its undivided attention to the solitary wonder before it. The monument consists of four concentric arrangements of stones, the two outward circular, the two inner elliptical; the whole surrounded by a ditch, at the distance of one hundred and five feet from the external circle of stones. Of the outermost circle the general dimensions are, height, about fourteen feet; thickness, between three and four; breadth, between six and seven; they consisted of thirty rude upright pillars, standing between three and four feet apart from each other, crowned or connected together at the top by as many imposts or tranverse stones, each about ten feet in length, and three feet in thickness; the whole forming a large circular inclosure, ninety-seven in diameter. The interval or space between the two stones, which point exactly north-east, is greater than between the other columniations, and seems to have been purposely widened in order to afford an entrance into the interior of the structure. Only seventeen of these upright stones, and six of the connecting ones, are now in their original situation. The second circular arrangement occurs at nine feet distance from the inner side of the one I

have just described, consisting of smaller upright ones, none of them connected together at the top by imposts, except that which fronted the entrance, and which was evidently intended for a second gateway or portal to the more sacred parts of the edifice. This circumstance, though never noticed before, is sufficiently demonstrable from the impost, furnished with mortices to receive the tenons of the uprights, which lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the latter. The number of the smaller uprights seem to have been twenty-nine; of these nine only retain their original position. Thirteen feet within this second circle is the third arrangement of stones, which assume an oval shape, about sixty feet in its longer diameter, and fifty-two in its shorter; and was anciently formed by seven Trilithons, or combinations of stones, each consisting of two uprights, and an incumbent impost, separate and distinct from each other. The height of the largest pair of uprights is twenty-eight feet, the breadth of each seven feet, and the thickness three feet, gradually tapering from the basis to the summit. The imposts, one with the other, measure about sixteen feet in length, four feet six inches in breadth, and two feet six inches in thickness; each Trilithon is supposed to weigh about seventy tons. Two only of these compages are now standing; one having given way and fallen after the thaw in January 1797. The south-western Trilithon, and indeed all the stones towards that point, are higher than the others, and seem to have risen, by a gradual elevation, to a more majestic size, in proportion as they receded from the entrance into the pile.

Within these enormous compages of stones another elliptical range of uprights occurs, smaller than those before mentioned, but gradually increasing in height and magnitude towards the back of

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the temple, and tapering from the basis upwards. They were nineteen in number; two feet and a half broad; one and a half thick; and eight feet high. Towards the upper end of the last arrangement in the adytum stands the altar, or hearth-stone, originally one vast stone, four feet broad and sixteen feet long, broken at present into three fragments, all imbedded deeply in the earth. On this, the carcases of the victims, or at least such parts of them as the priests devoted to the gods, were consumed by fire.

Every member of this vast fabric displays the marks of labour, and the contrivances of ingenuity. Traces of the chissel, handled with skill, are every where visible in the elegant forms into which the vast Trilithons, and lesser upright pillars, have been wrought, and in the mortices which accommodated the transverse stones to the tenons of their supporters. The admeasurements also are exact, and seem to have been uniformly taken from the ancient Egyptian cubit, of twenty inches and four-fifths, English, to each.

One hundred feet from the outward arrangements of stone is, as I have before observed, a circular ditch, about thirty feet in breadth, formed by two parallel banks, entirely encircling the whole, except on the north-east point, where a gap occurs, affording entrance originally into the pile. Close to this gap is a huge solitary stone, lying on the ground, twenty feet in length, and six feet seven inches in breadth, which seems to have been intended for the first process in the bloody rites of Druidism—the immolation of human and other victims offered to their sanguinary gods.

One hundred feet further to the north-east, and immediately opposite to the entrance just mentioned, another vast stone occurs, upwards of seventeen feet high, but standing a little out of the perpen-

dicular, and bending towards the temple. This may be considered as the *pillar of memorial*, a customary appendage to the Gentile places of worship in the early ages, which the Jews, when about to take possession of the land of Canaan, were strictly enjoined to overturn and destroy. "Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations that ye shall possess, served their gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and upon every green tree; and you shall overthrow their *altars* and break their *pillars*, and burn their groves with fire; and you shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place." Two other smaller stones are found on the inner bank of the surrounding ditch, exactly opposite to each other, in a direction east and west; as well as two circular depressions, about sixteen feet diameter, in the same bank, the one lying S. S. E. and the other W. N. W. probably designed for the reception of the blood of the victims which were slain; according to the description of a similar excavation mentioned by Homer, when Ulysses says—

"I from the scabbard drew the shining sword,
And turning the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
—Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the cavern smoak'd with steaming blood."

Half a mile directly north of Stonehenge, but evidently connected with it, is a magnificent *cursus*, or Hippodrome, where the assembled multitudes, on high and festal days, celebrated those various exercises, sports, and races, which, it is well known, attended all the public and solemn religious meetings of the ancients. This runs in a direction east and west, to the extent of six thousand Phœnician cubits, or ten thousand English feet;

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commencing on the declivity of a gentle hill, passing through the valley, and climbing the gradual ascent of another elevation. It is included within two parallel ditches and banks, three hundred and fifty feet distant from each other; a vast oblong barrow terminates it at the eastern end, on which, probably, the judges were stationed to determine the prizes; whilst the other extremity is bent into a curve, like the ancient *stadia*, in conformity to whose sweep the chariots and racers took their course, in order to return to the goal from whence they had set out. The avenue from the temple directs itself towards the eastern end of this *cursus*, making an angle of forty-five with the meridional line; and, approaching it within one thousand cubits, suddenly divides itself into two ramifications; that on the left joining the *cursus* in a north-western direction, that on the right pursuing its way, in the same proportion of divergence, up a hill, and terminating amid two groupes of barrows, each consisting of seven. Two gaps in the banks, immediately opposite to the strait avenue that conducts to the temple, seem to evince, that this also was originally continued on, till it reached the *cursus*.

In estimating the toil and labour bestowed upon Stonehenge, it is necessary for us to take into consideration the materials with which it is constructed, and the places from whence such materials were brought; as these particulars may serve to prove the immense exertions to which men can be stimulated, when under the united influence of superstition and vanity. These materials consist of three sorts of stones, *sarson*, or *silicious grit*, *green granite*, and *micacious grit*. The first used for the outer compages, or circle, and the Trilithons; the second in the small uprights; the third for the altar, or hearthstone. The *grey wethers*, as they are

called, which cover Wroughton, Lockeredge, Clatford, and Kennet bottoms, in the neighbourhood of Marlborough, fruitful only in enormous stones, furnished the *sarson*, or silicious grit; the *granite* must have been brought from Dartmoor, in Devonshire, as there is none met with to the eastward of that place; the spot from whence the *micaceous grit* was brought, is uncertain.

Curiosity has in all ages been naturally excited as to the designation of this structure, the purpose for which such vast trouble and pains were exerted; and giants and conjurors, Britons, Saxons, and Danes, have, in turn, been complimented with the arduous task.

"Thou noblest monument of Albion's Isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the king of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd."

It seems now to be generally understood and allowed, that Stonehenge is a monument of Druidical superstition. Mr. King, indeed, with much learning and ingenuity, in the first part of his noble work *Munimentâ Antiqua*, has established this beyond controversy; and at the same time endeavoured to prove, that the rites observed in it were precisely similar to the superstitious practices of the ancient Moabites; that Stonehenge was the *great high place* of British Paganism; that the outer

stone was the *pillar* of *memorial*; the mass at the entrance of the ditch, the *slaughtering-stone* for killing the victims; the excavations in the banks, pits for receiving blood; the Trilithons, *high altars of oblation* for placing the sacrifices upon before they were consumed; and the *great stone* within the whole, the spot on which the last rite was performed, that of consuming the victims by fire. On considering most accurately the whole of this magnificent remain of antiquity, and reading with equal attention the observations of Mr. King upon it, I cannot but profess myself to be completely convinced by his arguments of the truth of what he wishes to establish; but, in addition to his conclusion, I would further assert, that although Stonehenge be a Druidical monument, it still is of considerably later date than many other remains of a similar nature in the kingdom. Indeed I do not believe it to have been the work of the *original* inhabitants of Britain.

MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS,

By the Duke de la Rochefoucault.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE Encyclopædia Britannica furnishes us with the following account of this noble man's character:—Francis Duke de la Rochefoucault, Prince of Marsilac, Governor of Poitou, was the son of Francis, the first Duke of Rochefoucault, and distinguished himself on several occasions by his courage and prudence. He wrote two excellent works; the one a book of Maxims, and the other, Memoirs of the Regency of Queen Anne of Austria. It was partly at the instigation of the beautiful Duchess de Longueville, that the Duke de Rochefoucault engaged in the civil wars, in which he sig-

nalized himself, particularly at the battle of St. Antoine. Beholding one day a portrait of this lady, he wrote underneath it those two lines, from the tragedy of Alcyoneus—

"Pour meriter son cœur, pour plaire a ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurois fait aux deux."

"To gain her heart, and please her sparkling eyes,
I've warr'd with kings, and would have brav'd the skies."

The author of the Maxims was not a member of the French academy. The necessity of making a public speech the day of his reception, was the only cause that he did not claim admittance. This nobleman, with all the courage he had displayed on various critical occasions, and with his superiority of birth and understanding over the common run of men, did not think himself capable of facing an audience, to utter only four lines in public, without being out of countenance. He died at Paris in 1680, aged 68.

ABILITY.

1. The desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

2. Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness, as to be able to make a good use of it.

3. The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age in which we live.

4. It requires no small degree of ability to know when to conceal one's ability.

5. Few men are able to know all the ill they do.

6. There are some affairs, and distempers, which ill-timed remedies make worse; and great ability is requisite to know when it is dangerous to apply them.

ACCENT.

7. The character of a man's native country is as strongly impressed on his mind, as its accent is on his tongue.

ACCIDENTS.

8. No accidents are so unlucky from which the prudent may not draw some advantage; nor are there any so lucky, which the imprudent may not turn to their prejudice.

9. Accidents sometimes happen from which a man cannot well extricate himself without a spice of madness.

ACTIONS.

10. Those great actions whose lustre dazzles us, are represented by politicians as the effects of deep design; whereas they are commonly the effects of caprice and passion. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, generally attributed to their ambition to give a master to the world, was probably owing to jealousy only.

11. Men may boast of their great actions, but they are oftener the effect of chance than of design.

12. Our actions would seem to be under the influence of good or bad stars, to which they owe great part of the praise or blame they meet with.

13. How brilliant soever an action may be, it ought not to pass for great, when it is not the effect of great design.

14. There ought to be a certain proportion between our designs and actions, if we would reap from them all the advantages they might produce.

15. Our actions are like blank verse, which every one recites in his own manner.

16. We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world knew the real motives which produce them.

17. To praise great actions, is in some degree to share them.

ADVICE.

18. There is nothing of which we are so liberal as of advice.

19. Nothing is less sincere than the manner of asking, and of giving advice. He who asks it would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; though he only aims at having his own approved of, and making his friend responsible for his conduct. On the contrary, he who gives it repays the confidence reposed in him by a seemingly disinterested zeal, though he seldom means any thing by the advice he gives but his own interest or reputation.

20. There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

21. We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

AFFECTATION.

22. We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

23. We had better appear to be what we are, than affect to appear what we are not.

AFFLICTION.

24. Interest and vanity are the usual sources of our afflictions, however specious may be our pretences to the contrary.

25. There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy. Under the pretence of bewailing the loss of a person who was dear to us, we weep for ourselves: we regret the good opinion the deceased had of us: we weep over the diminution of our fortune, of our pleasure, of our importance. Thus have the dead the honour of tears which stream only for the living. This is a kind of hypocrisy; because in this sort of affliction we impose on ourselves. There is another hypocrisy, which is less innocent, because it imposes on the world. This

is the affliction of such as aspire to the glory of a great and immortal sorrow. When time, which consumes all things, has worn out the grief which they really had, they still persist in their tears, lamentations, and sighs, they assume a mournful behaviour; and labour by all their actions to demonstrate that their affliction will not in the least abate till death. This disagreeable troublesome vanity is common among ambitious women. As their sex bars all the paths to glory, they endeavour to render themselves remarkable by the ostentation of an inconsolable affliction. There is still another species of tears whose shallow springs easily overflow, and dry away as easily. Some people weep in order to acquire the reputation of being tender; others weep in order to be pitied; others weep that they may be wept over; and some even weep to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

26. We sometimes lose friends whom we regret more than we grieve for; and others for whom we grieve, yet do not regret.

27. Most women lament not the death of their lovers so much out of real affection for them, as because they would appear worthy of having been beloved.

AGE.

28. Most people, as they approach old age, shew in what manner their mind and body will decay.

29. We arrive novices at the several ages of life, and often want experience, notwithstanding we have had years enough to learn it.

AGREEABLENESS.

30. We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoke and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.

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31. We may say of agreeableness, as distinct from beauty, that it is a symmetry whole rules are unknown; it is a secret conformity of the features to one another, and to the complexion and air of a person.

AMBITION.

32. The ambitious deceive themselves in proposing an end to their ambition: that end, when attained, becomes a mean.

33. When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of their misfortunes, they discover that it was the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, which supported them; and that, allowing for a little vanity, heroes are just like other men.

34. The greatest ambition entirely conceals itself, when it finds that what it aspired to is unattainable.

35. What seems to be generosity is often no more than a disguised ambition, which overlooks little interests in order to gratify great ones.

36. Moderation must not claim the merit of combating and conquering ambition; for they can never exist in the same subject. Moderation is the languor and sloth of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardour.

37. We pass often from love to ambition: but we seldom return from ambition to love.

APPLICATION.

38. Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

39. Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

APPEARANCE.

40. In every profession, every one affects to appear what he would willingly be thought; so that

we may say, The world is composed of nothing but appearances.

AVARICE.

41. Misers mistake gold for their good; whereas it is only a mean of attaining it.

42. Avarice is more opposite to œconomy than liberality.

43. Extreme avarice almost always makes mistakes. There is no passion that oftener misses its aim; nor on whch the present has so much influence, in prejudice of the future.

44. Avarice often produces contrary effects. There are many people who sacrifice their whole fortunes to dubious and distant expectations; and there are others who contemn great future for little present advantages.

BENEFITS.

45. We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

46. Men are not only apt to forget benefits and injuries, but even to hate those who have obliged them, and to cease to hate those who have injured them. The very attention to requite kindness, and revenge wrongs, seems to be an insupportable slavery.

47. Every body takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many persons even acknowledge moderate ones; but there is scarcely any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

BUSINESS.

48. The rust of business is sometimes polished off in a camp; but never in a court.

CIVILITY.

49. Civility is a desire to receive civility, and to be accounted well-bred.

(To be continued.)

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A PICTURE
OF
THE FEMALE CHARACTER,
AS IT OUGHT TO APPEAR WHEN FORMED.

By the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich.

THE picture I shall present, among other advantages, has that of antiquity. It was drawn by a masterly hand near three thousand years ago. The description I mean, is that left us of a virtuous woman, by the wisest of men, in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs; a description which all mothers and mistresses should teach the female pupils under their care, to read and learn by heart.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." Such a one is to be found, but not without care and diligence in the search. She is well worth the pains taken in the forming her, and more to be valued by her happy possessor, than all the brightest diamonds in the mines of the east.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." A well-nurtured woman is man's best and truest friend. Her fidelity is inviolable as the covenant of the most High, and her purity unsullied as the light of heaven. Absent, as well as present, her husband relies on her, for the preservation of his possessions, and of herself, the dearest and most precious of all. With such a steward at home, freed from care and anxiety, he goes forth to his own employment, whatever it may be. He has no occasion to rob others by sea or land; to plunder provinces or starve nations. Instead of her squandering his

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substance to gratify her own vanity and folly, the economy of his wife furnishes the supplies, and nothing is wanting in due time and place.

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She will never abuse this confidence reposed in her, but endeavour to render herself daily more and more worthy of it. And even if her endeavours should not always meet with the desired success; if the good man should happen sometimes to be a little out of spirits, or out of temper, she will not therefore become so too. Her cheerfulness will revive and restore him. She will still "do him good, and not evil," while he lives; and if she survive him, will continue to shew the same kind attention and regard to his family, and to his character. "My Servius," said the Roman Valeria, holding in her arms the urn which contained the ashes of her husband—my Servius, "though dead to the rest of the world, can never be otherwise than alive to me."

Solomon's description of a virtuous woman consists of twenty-two verses. It is well worthy your observation, that eleven of these verses (half the number) are taken up in setting forth her *industry*, and the effects of it. I shall recite all these together, that you may see what a variety of magnificent language is made use of, to describe her different employments, to recommend simplicity of manners, and make good housewifery and honest labour to be admired, in the rich and noble, as well as the poor and obscure among women. For you must bear in mind, that in works of the several kinds here mentioned, queens and princesses, of old time, disdained not to be occupied. You will likewise be pleased to consider, that if the rich are exempted from the necessity of working for *themselves*, they cannot be better employed than in working for the *poor*; since "the coats and gar-

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ments" made by the charity of Dorcas, were judged the best proofs of her goodness that could be submitted to the inspection of an apostle.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for they are all clothed with double garments. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."—On account of this her marvellous and unceasing diligence, with the many and great advantages derived thereby to her family, well may it be said, as it is said of her, "Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

But the honour is not confined to herself. It extendeth to her friend and her companion in life: "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land."—That is, he is known as *her* husband; as a man blessed with such a wife; as indebted, perhaps, for his promotion, to the wealth acquired by her management at home (for honours are seldom open to the poor); for the splendour and elegance of his apparel, to the labour of her hands; and, it may be, for the preservation and establishment of his virtue and integrity, to the encouragement, in all that is holy,

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and just, and good, furnished by her example, as well as by her conversation, the nature of which is thus described—"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." She thinks before she speaks; and, therefore, neither introduces a bad subject, nor disgraces a good one by an improper manner of discoursing on it. And as charity reigns in her heart, nothing that is uncharitable proceeds out of her mouth: all is lenient and healing. To express the whole in a few words, she says nothing that is foolish, and nothing that is ill-natured. But her charity is shewn in deeds as well as words—"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." This is yet another good effect of her economy and management. She is not only able to provide plentifully for her household, but has always something in store for the poor. Since what avails a charitable disposition, where vanity, folly, and extravagance have taken away the power to exert it? In vain is "the hand stretched out," when there is nothing in it.

Having thus considered this finished character of the virtuous woman, we shall not be surprised at the praise bestowed on it, in the remaining verses of the chapter.—"Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her," saying, "Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all." Happy the children of such a mother; they will be living proofs of the care taken by her in their education, when she taught them to walk, by the paths of honour and virtue, to the mansions of rest and glory. Happy the husband of such a wife, who sees all things prosper under her direction, and the blessing of heaven derived to his family through her. They will all join in proclaiming, that among women who do well, honour is chiefly due to the

virtuous and diligent wife, the affectionate and sensible mother.

"Favour," or rather, "gracefulness is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." A graceful person, and a set of fine features, are valuable things, but they are not always to be trusted; they may conceal tempers and dispositions very different from those one should have expected to find: and bitter than wormwood must then be the disappointment of the man, who has been directed in his choice by no other considerations. This, I say, *may* be the case. Let us hope it is not often so. God forbid it should. The face ought to be an index to the mind, and when all is fair without, as it is said of the king's daughter in the psalm, "all should be glorious within." But let beauty have its due praise, and suppose what you will of it—suppose all that the poets say of it be true; still the wise man tells you, it is *vain*, it is in its nature transient, fleeting, perishing; it is the flower of the spring which must fade in autumn; and when the blossom falls, if no fruit succeed, of what value, I pray you, is the tree? The grave is already opening for the most elegant person that moves, and the worms are in waiting to feed on the fairest face that is beholden. Labour, then, for that which endureth for ever: let your chief pains be bestowed on that part of the human composition, which shall flourish in immortal youth, when the world and all that is in it shall disappear, and come no more into mind. "A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates." The crown, which her own hands have thus formed, shall be placed upon her head, as it were by general consent, even in this life, and her good deeds, celebrated in the public assemblies,

shall diffuse an odour grateful as the smell of Eden, as the cloud of frankincense ascending from the holy altar. When her task is ended, the answer of a good conscience, and the blessings of all around, sweeter than the sweetest music, shall chant her to her repose; till awakened on the great morning of the world, descending angels shall introduce this daughter of Jerusalem into the joy of her Lord.

Such is the female character, and such the importance of forming it by education. Without education it cannot be formed; for we are all born equally ignorant, and are what we are by instruction.

ESSAY
ON BENEVOLENCE,

BY A YOUNG LADY.

And from the pray'r of want, and plaint of woe,
O, never, never, turn away thine ear;
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man should heaven refuse to hear!
To others do—(the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land, nor those alone,
All human weal and woe--learn thou to make thine own! BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

HUMAN nature is so constituted, that without society existence would soon become insupportable. We are formed with such dispositions, as to be incapable of happiness without the mutual intercourse of friendship; though surrounded with every delight which fancy could wish, or the most fertile imagination paint, yet, secluded from society, we must still feel forlorn and unhappy; the

most exquisite enjoyments would become tasteless and insipid, and life itself prove an intolerable burden. Hence it evidently appears, that no individual was created solely for himself, but intended to augment the general felicity of the species; the social and friendly affections were implanted in our nature in order to stimulate us to those mutual acts of kindness and good-will, without which the world would prove a desert, and human beings sink almost to a level with the brute creation.

If then it appears that the reciprocal aids of friendship are thus necessary to the comfort of existence, it must surely be our highest interest to cultivate those dispositions which may tend to render society permanently agreeable; amongst the foremost of which, may be reckoned the exercise of pure and extensive BENEVOLENCE; this is a virtue of so comprehensive a nature, as to include in it almost every thing which is requisite for human felicity. Were all mankind to act upon this principle, the world would be in a manner metamorphosed; happiness and joy would spring up in every region, and a very large proportion of the miseries of life would be abolished.

That this virtue has the most direct tendency beyond any other, to promote the welfare of society, will not, I think, admit of a doubt. The man who is possessed of a truly benevolent spirit, will consider the happiness of his fellow-creatures as intimately connected with his own; whatever may, in any degree, tend to advance *their* interests, or meliorate *their* sufferings, he will not on any account neglect or disregard. Looking upon himself as united by the closest ties to the whole universe of intelligent beings, his affection will not be partially confined to a few individuals, with whom he is personally acquainted. It will be extended to the whole creation. Though the actual exertions

of his philanthropy must necessarily be confined in a very narrow circle, his benevolent affections will be far from being thus limited; conscious how much he is indebted to others for a very large share of the comforts of his life, he will be anxious by every means in his power to repay the obligation. In imparting happiness to others he will be continually receiving fresh accessions to his own; every opportunity of rendering essential benefit to society, or even to the meanest individual, will afford him the most rational and sublime satisfaction.

Personal dangers he will readily encounter, whenever the public good demands so important a sacrifice. The prospect of becoming instrumental in promoting the best interests of his country, or of mankind at large, will inspire him with calmness and fortitude in the most trying situations, and animate him to encounter with chearfulness every kind of difficulty which can attend the execution of his purposes. Emergencies may occur, in which he will not think it too much to hazard even life itself, when by such a sacrifice any considerable accession of good may result to the community.

Nor will he be less attentive to the humbler, and less ostentatious, though not less praise-worthy, duties of benevolence, which are continually presenting themselves to our notice in the more retired scenes of private life. Various and innumerable are the distresses to which humanity is exposed. Misery, in a thousand horrid forms, intrudes herself into the dwellings of mortals, in order to embitter the cup of human life, and poison the comforts of existence. What an exquisitely gratifying employment to the benevolent mind to be in any degree instrumental in expelling the unwelcome intruder from the abodes of suffering humanity, and to be the means of changing the bitterness of complaint into songs of chearfulness and joy! What

field is here opened for the exercise of all the finer sensibilities of the generous mind, and the gratification of those humane and virtuous feelings which are the highest ornament and perfection of our nature! By a mind, endued with such feelings, the sufferings even of the brute creation will not be contemplated with an eye of indifference. Depraved and unfeeling must be the heart which could wantonly torture even the minutest insect. True benevolence will teach us a very different conduct; will teach us to consider every act of cruelty to the animal tribe as an outrage against the gracious Parent of the universe, by whom *they*, as well as ourselves, were created, and by whom *they* were intended to participate in the general felicity.

Candour towards the failings of others is another prominent feature of this amiable virtue. The benevolent man, conscious of many defects in his own character, will not think himself at liberty rashly to condemn the actions or intentions of his neighbour; should his actions have been represented in an unfavourable light, he will consider how frequently reports exaggerates; and if (as is very rarely the case) it should appear that rumour has, in any instance, spoken the precise truth, still he will make every candid allowance which the case will admit. Far from taking a malicious pleasure in reciting and magnifying the failings of others, he will consider that many have been his own deviations from the paths of rectitude; he will reflect that his offending brethren are beings of the same nature with himself, subject to the same passions, and liable to be overcome by the same temptations; consequently, that had he been placed in *their* circumstances, and exposed to the like trials, he is by no means certain that his own integrity would have remained unsullied; and that with the same advantages with which he has been favoured, they

might have shewn a conduct equal, or, perhaps, superior to his own. Such considerations will lead him to *pity* rather than rigorously to *condemn* those whom he shall observe to act in a manner inconsistent with their obligations. At the same time, the exercise of such reflections will contribute towards forming that humane and candid temper of mind so essential to our own happiness, as well as to that of all those with whom we are connected.

The exercise of this mutual candour and forbearance towards the failings of others, seems to be a duty naturally resulting from the present imperfect state of things. It is a virtue necessarily connected with the happiness of society, and productive of the most amiable and salutary effects. The most certain method of attaining and preserving this temper of mind, seems to be the cultivation of a sincere and diffusive benevolence.

The admirable efficacy of BENEVOLENCE in regulating and controuling the selfish passions, and in eradicating the malevolent ones, in softening and refining the temper, and throwing a lustre over the whole conduct, renders it of the highest importance in the human character. Without some degree of it, we can neither be qualified to enjoy happiness ourselves, nor be the means of imparting it to others. Wrapt up in the narrow circle of our own concerns, and regardless of the wants or interests of others, we must *necessarily* contract a selfish unsocial turn of mind, which cannot fail of rendering us unamiable, both in the sight of God and Man.

Maidstone, July 22. A. A.

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Epitome of Natural History.

No. VIII.

GREAT BUSTARD.

THIS very singular bird, which is the largest of our land birds, is about four feet long, and weighs from twenty-five to thirty pounds; its characters are peculiar, and with such as connect it with birds of the gallinaceous kind, it has others which seem to belong to the Ostrich and the Cassowary. Its bill is strong, and rather convex; its eyes red; on each side of the lower bill there is a tuft of feathers about nine inches long; its head and neck are ash-coloured. In the one described by Edwards, there were on each side of the neck two naked spots, of a violet colour, but which appeared to be covered with feathers when the neck was much extended. The back is barred transversely with black and bright rust colour; the quills are black; the belly white; the tail consists of twenty feathers, the middle ones are rust colour, barred with black—those on each side are white, with a bar or

two of black near the ends; the legs are long, naked above the knees, and dusky; it has no hind toe; its nails are short, strong, and convex both above and below; the bottom of the foot is furnished with a callous prominence, which serves instead of a heel. The female is not much more than half the size of the male: the top of her head is of a deep orange, the rest of the head brown; her colours are not so bright as those of the male, and she wants the tuft on each side of the head: there is likewise another very essential difference between the male and the female; the former is furnished with a sac or pouch, situated in the fore part of the neck, and capable of containing about two quarts; the entrance to it is immediately under the tongue. This singular reservoir was first discovered by Dr. Douglas, who supposes that the bird fills it with water as a supply in the midst of those dreary plains where it is accustomed to wander; it likewise makes a further use of it in defending itself against the attacks of birds of prey; on such occasions it throws out the water with such violence, as not unfrequently to baffle the pursuit of its enemy.

Bustards were formerly more frequent in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open countries of the south and east, in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and in some parts of Yorkshire; they were formerly met with in Scotland, but are now supposed to be extinct there. They are slow in taking wing, but run with great rapidity, and when young are sometimes taken with greyhounds, which pursue them with great avidity: the chace is said to afford excellent diversion.—The Great Bustard is granivorous, feeding on herbs and grain of various kinds; it is also fond of those worms which are seen to come out of the ground in great numbers before sun-rise in the summer; in winter it frequently feeds on the bark of trees: like the Ostrich, it swallows small stones, bits of metal, and the like. In the stomach of one which was opened by the academicians, there were found, says Buffon, besides small stones, to the number of ninety doubloons, all worn and polished by the

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attrition of the stomach. The female makes no nest, but, making a hole on the ground, she drops two eggs, about the size of those of a goose, of a pale olive brown, with dark spots: she sometimes leaves her eggs in quest of food; and if, during her absence, any one should handle, or even breathe upon them, she immediately abandons her nest. Bustards are found in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but have not hitherto been discovered on the new continent.

LITTLE BUSTARD.

Length only seventeen inches: the bill is pale brown; eyes red; the top of the head is black, spotted with pale rust colour; the sides of the head, chin, and throat, are of a reddish white, marked with a few dark spots; the whole neck is black, encircled with an irregular band of white near the top and bottom; the back and wings are rust colour, mottled with brown, and crossed with fine irregular black lines; the under parts of the body, and outer edges of the wings, are white; the tail consists of eighteen feathers, the middle ones are tawny, barred with black, the others are white, marked with a few irregular bands of black; the legs are gray. The female is smaller, and has not the black collar on its neck; in other respects she nearly resembles the male.

This bird is very uncommon in this country; we have seen only two of them, both of which were females. Our figure was taken from one sent us by W. Trevelyan, Esq. which was taken on the edge of Newmarket Heath, and kept alive about three weeks in a kitchen, where it was fed with bread and other things, such as poultry eat. Both this and the Great Bustard are excellent eating, and, we should imagine, would well repay the trouble of domestication; indeed, it seems surprising that we should suffer these fine birds to run wild, and be in danger of total extinction, which, if properly cultivated, might afford as excellent a repast as our own domestic poultry, or even the Turkey, for which we are indebted to distant countries. It is very common in France, where it is taken in nets like the Partridge. It is a very shy

and cunning bird; if disturbed, it flies two or three hundred paces, not far from the ground, and then runs away much faster than any one can follow on foot. The female lays her eggs in June, to the number of three or four, of a glossy green colour; as soon as the young are hatched, she leads them about as the hen does her chickens; they begin to fly about the middle of August.

THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM.

No. I.

Consisting of Miscellaneous Curiosities, extracted from various Authors.

OF THE SECRET WAYS OF DISPATCH, AND THE DELIVERY OF MESSAGES BY LETTERS, CYPHERS, AND OTHER WAYS.

SECRESY and celerity are of special importance for the right conduct and management of all sorts of affairs; but in military matters they are of that absolute necessity, that scarce any thing of moment can be effected without them. Various ways have the ancients and others invented, whereby they might convey their intelligence and advice with both these: a specimen whereof we have in the following examples.

1. Aleppo, is so called of Alep, which signifies milk, of which there is great abundance thereabouts. There are here also pigeons, brought up after an incredible manner, who will fly between Babylon and Aleppo (being thirty days journey distant) in forty-eight hours space, carrying letters and news (which are fastened about their necks) to merchants of both towns, and from one to another. These are only employed in the time of hasty and needful dispatch: their education to this tractable expedition is admirable, the flights and arrivals of

which I have often seen in the time of my wintering in Aleppo, which was the second winter after my departure from christendom. *Lithgow's Trav. part 5. p. 202, 203. Huigen Van Linschoten's Discourse of Voyages, l. 1. c. 6. p. 16.*

2. The city of Ptolemais, in Syria, was besieged by the French and Venetians, and it was ready to fall into their hands, when the soldiers beheld a pigeon flying over them, with letters to the city; who thereupon set up so sudden and great a shout, that down fell the poor airy post with her letter: being read, it was found that the sultan had therein sent them word, that "he would be with them, with an army sufficient to raise the siege;" and, that "they might expect his arrival in three days." The chrisitians having learnt this, sent away the pigeon with others instead of the former, which were to this purpose: that "they should see to their own safety, for that the sultan had such other affairs as rendered it impossible for him to come in to their succour." These letters being received, the city was immediately surrendered. The sultan performed his promise upon the third day; but perceiving how matters went, returned to his other employments. *Sabel. Ex. l. 6. c. 6. p. 340.*

3. Histæus, the Milesian, being kept by Darius at Susa, under an honourable pretence, and despairing of his return home, unless he could find out some way that he might be sent to sea, he purposed to send to Aristagoras, who was his substitute at Miletum, to persuade his revolt from Darius; but knowing that all passages were stopped, and studiously watched, he took this course: he got a trusty servant of his, the hair of whose head he caused to be shaved off, and then, upon his bald pate, he wrote his mind to Aristagoras, kept him privately about him till his hair was somewhat grown, and then bid him haste to Aristagoras,

and bid him cause him to be shaved again, and then upon his head he should find what his Lord had wrote to him. *Herod. l. 5. p. 301. Sabel. Exempl. l. 10. c. 6. p. 569. A. Gell. Noct. Attic. l. 17. c. 9. p. 458.*

4. Harpagus was a great friend to Cyrus, and had in Medea prepared all things in as good forwardness as he could: being therefore to send his letters to Cyrus, to hasten his invasion upon that country, he thought it the safest way to thrust it into the belly of a hare: so by this unsuspected means his letters went safe to Cyrus in Persia, who came with an army, and made himself master of the empire of the Medes. *Herod. l. 4. p. 203. Justin. Hist. l. 1. p. 18. Sabel. Exempl. l. 10 c. 6. p. 569.*

5. The ancient Lacedemonians, when they had a purpose to dissemble and conceal their letters, which they sent to their generals abroad, that the contents of them might not be understood, though they should be intercepted by the enemy, they took this course: they chose two round sticks, of the same thickness and length, wrought and planed after the same manner. One of these was given to their general when he was about to march, the other was kept at home by the magistrates. When occasion of secrecy was, they wound about this stick a long scroll, and narrow, only once about, and in such a manner as that the sides of each round should lie close together: then wrote they their letters upon the transverse junctures of the scroll, from the top to the bottom. This scroll they took off from the stick, and sent it to the general, who knew well how to fix it to that stick he kept by him; the unrolling of it did disjoin the letters, confound and intermix them in such a manner, that although the scroll was taken by the enemy, they knew not what to make of it; if it passed safe,

their own general could read it at pleasure. This kind of letter the Lacedæmonians called Scytale. *A. Gell. Noc. Attic. l.* 17. *c.* 9. *p.* 458. *Erasm. Adg. p.* 442. *Zuing. Theat. vol.* 3. *l.* 4. *p.* 156. *Plut. in Lysandr. p.* 144. *Pet. Gregor. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 667.

6. I have read in the Punick History of an illustrious person amongst them (whether it was Asdrubal, or some other, I do not now remember) who in this manner used to conceal such letters as he sent about matters of secresy. He took new tables, which were not yet covered with wax, and cut out his letter upon the wood; then (as the manner was) he drew them over with wax; these tables, as if nothing was writ upon them, he sent to such as beforehand he had acquainted with the use of them, who upon the receipt of them took off the wax, and read the letter as it was engraven upon the wood. Demeratus used this way of writing. *A. Gell. Noc. Attic. l.* 17. *c.* 9. *p.* 458. *Pexel. Mellific. tom.* 1, *p.* 59.

7. The way by pigeons to give intelligence afar off with wonderful celerity, is this: they take them when they sit on their nests, transporting them in open cages, and return them with letters bound about their legs like jesses, who will never give rest to their wings, until they come to their young ones. So Taurosthenes, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice of his victory at the Olympick games the self-same day to his father in Ægina. *Sandys on Ovid. Metam. l.* 12. *p.* 229.

8. There are books of epistles from C. Cæsar to C. Oppius and B. Cornelius, who had the care of his affairs in his absence. In these epistles of his in certain places there are found single letters without being made up into syllables, which a man would think were placed there to no purpose; for no words can be framed out of these letters. But

there had between a secret agreement betwixt them of changing the situation of the letters, and that in writing they should appear one thing, but in reading they should signify another. Probus, the grammarian, hath composed a book with curiosity enough, concerning the occult signification of the letters in the epistles of Cæsar. Suetonius saith of Cæsar, that any thing of privacy he wrote by notes or characters, that is, by so transposing the order of the letters, that no word could be made out of them. But if any man would understand and imitate this practice of his, he must know, that he changed the fourth letter of the alphabet; that is, he set down D for A, and so throughout all the rest of the letters. *A. Gell. Noc. Attic. l.* 17. *c.* 9. *p.* 457. *Sueton. l.* 1. *c.* 56. *p.* 36. *Pet. Gregor. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 667.

9. Artabasus, an illustrious person amongst the Persians, after the departure of Xerxes, was left with Mardonius in Europe; he had taken Olynthus, and was now set down before Potidæa: here there was intelligence betwixt him and Timoxenus, an eminent person in the town, and the device they had to convey letters to each other was this: they wrapped their letters round about the upper part of an arrow, and then glued on the feathers of the arrow upon it, and so their arrows were to be shot to such a place as they had mutually agreed upon. They had done this for some time, till they were casually betrayed; for Artabasus directing his arrow to the wonted place, it chanced to light upon the shoulder of a Potidæan that was accidentally there; divers, as the manner is, ran to the wounded man, and plucking out the arrow, perceived the letters that were fastened to it, and carried them to the magistrates of the city, whereby it came to pass that Timoxenus the traitor was discovered. *Pezel. Mellific. tom.* 1. *p.* 73.

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10. Antigonus, who had wintered in Mesopotamia, came to Babylon, and having there joined with Seleucus and Python, he determined to march out against Eumenes, who had fortified the river Tygris from its fountain to the sea, and indeed all the country bordering upon him, in which manner he waited the approach of the enemy; but forasmuch as the guard of a place of so great a length required a multitude of soldiers, Eumenes had obtained of Peucestus, that he should send for some thousands of archers for him out of Persia; which was done in such manner, that most of the Persians, though distant thirty days journey, did yet hear of the edict of Peucestus upon that very day it was given out, and that through the artificial placing of their watches: for whereas Persia is interrupted with valleys, and full both of many and high rocks, the strongest voices that were to be found amongst the inhabitants were placed upon the tops of these; so that the command being heard in divers places at once, they transmitted it immediately from one to the other, till such time as it was gotten to the utmost end of Peucestus's Satrapy. *Pezel. Mellific. tom.* 1. *p.* 409.

11. Octavianus Cæsar, when he wrote to his friends any thing of secresy or matter of importance, his manner was to take the next letter in the alphabet to that which should have been made use of, saith Don Cassius; and Suetonius saith, that as oft as he wrote by notes and characters, he used B for A, and C for B, and in the same order all the rest as they follow, only instead of X, he used a double AA. *Sueton. l.* 2. *c.* 88. *p.* 109. *Pet. Greg. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 667.

12. The Roman spies, who were sent into Persia, at their return brought a long piece of parchment that had letters wrote upon it within, which was given them by Procopius; but, for the better

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concealment of it, was put into a sheath, or scabbard of a sword, and so carried safe without suspicion. *Pet. Gregor. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 666.

13. Diognetus, the Milesian, was in love with Polycrito, of Naxos; and for love of her he betrayed his countrymen and their councils: for when they had besieged Naxos, he sent a young girl with a letter to Polycles, brother of Polycrita, and governor of the city; wherein he shewed the way how he might intrap and slay the Milesians. This letter was written upon a plate of lead rolled up, and baked in a loaf of bread, and so conveyed to the governor. *Pet. Gregor. de Repub. l.* 16. *c.* 4. *p.* 666.

For the Monthly Visitor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 292.)

If the power of example is so great as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken that, when the choice is unrestrained, the best examples only should be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate so strongly, should not be mischievous, or uncertain in its effects. —— RAMBLER.

AS what was past could not be recalled, at the intercession of the young pair, they were, in due time, received again into the family of the prelate, until an establishment of their own could be formed, which the prelate undertook to accelerate conditionally, that Frederick consented to his lady's fortune being settled on herself and her children: to this he could, being so circumstanced, make no reasonable

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objection; after protesting a thousand times that her wealth had nothing whatever to do with their union—that he married his lovely Phillipina only for herself. And, perhaps, some young and romantic ladies may be weak enough to believe his assertions true—while those who have read mankind, and traced the powerful working of self-love in the human heart, will doubt the sincerity of his declaration. After some time he was presented with a valuable living, to which he repaired, and kept the parsonage, a spacious mansion, of antient date, for their usual residence; hired a curate at the enormous salary of forty-five pounds a year, to perform the solemn offices of his benefice, while he amused himself with the neighbouring gentlemen, or occasionally loitered away a month or two of the year either with his own family, or that of Mrs. Lawson's; who, not at all pleased with their country residence, and finding herself neither flattered or adored by her husband, began to retaliate on his want of attention, by peevishness, arrogance, and contempt; frequently taking flight to her uncle's, where she vented her disappointment in unavailing and unpleasant upbraidings. Mrs. Fitzcary, however, who had been highly offended at her marriage, and was extremely weary of the subject, frequently silenced her, by remarking, that as Mr. Lawson was the husband of her choice, it was both indelicate and imprudent in her to blazon his faults. Let us return to the cottage, were we left poor Maria, on the eve of becoming a mother—the person, whom Mrs. Fitzcary had in kindness appointed to take care of her, was much tinctured with methodism, of a gloomy temper, and uncharitable spirit—from her, poor Maria heard nothing, from day to day, but censures on her errors, and exhortations to repentance—with strict injunctions to hate her betrayer. Maria could only answer by her tears—to hate Lawson was impossible—and to repent without hating him, seemed equally so—a terrible mental conflict ensued—she feared she was deserted by heaven, and abandoned to suffer misery in this state, and punishment in the next—while

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her mind was thus cruelly agitated, she gave birth to a daughter; her attendant, either from carelessness, or ignorance, did not pay that strict attention to her that her situation claimed, her milk became extremely troublesome, was with great difficulty subdued, and, finally, the fever which had attended it ended in a delirium—the infant was of course taken from her, and, wanting that nourishment which nature sent for it, pined and died—for near two years Maria continued in a low dejected state; she seldom spoke—she had ceased to weep. Mrs. Fitzcary, who was extremely concerned at her situation, neglected nothing that was likely to restore her to her former state of mind—on her return to the Priory, after Maria's delivery, she beheld with extreme concern the harsh temper of the woman to whose care she had confided her; she was instantly removed, and a younger person, more chearful and humane, placed in her stead—but this act of kindness was now useless, for moaping melancholy had so firmly seated herself in Maria's brain, that even kindness could not move her. At length Henry, who had been by mistake reported dead, arrived in the village, but so mangled and altered, that no one knew him; he had been in battle deprived of a leg, and was likewise dreadfully scared in the face, and, add to these the ravages a torrid clime had made on his complexion, no one will wonder that he was not known by his old acquaintance; his wounds had gained his discharge, and he was come to solicit the Greenwich pension—if disappointed of that hope, he had no other resource but to beg his bread—

> For he was too weak to work,
> Through realms his valour sav'd.
>
> YOUNG,

He stopped at the Plough on the Green, told who he was, wiped the sweat from his sun-burnt face, for he had walked many a weary mile, then eagerly enquiring after his grandmother and his sister, he heard of the death of one, and the misfortune of the other, in an agony of grief that sets description at defiance—he drank freely, for liquor was become habitual to

him, and then set out for the cottage; but how severe were his emotions, when he viewed from the little gate the desolation of its appearance; the garden was over run with weeds, the rustic seat round the elm had gone to decay, and had been broken up; the vine was matted together, and hung in rude confusion around the door and windows of the cottage, all emblematical of the change within—he entered the enclosure, the noise of his wooden leg aroused the attention of Maria, he rushed forward and caught her in his arms—spoke eagerly—uttered her name. She, for a moment, seemed to recollect the sound, but then relapsing into her usual insensibility, she shrunk from his embrace, and fixing her wild eyes on vacancy, sat senseless and immovable. "This is too much," cried Henry, "my poor Maria; and, if I can find the villain who has brought all this upon thee, dearly shall he atone for it." He then rushed from the cottage, and, with as much speed as he was able to make, regained the public-house, where, from the villagers, who were by this time assembled round him, for it was then evening, he heard who was the reputed seducer of his sister; though none knew, yet most, from coincidence of circumstances, suspected Lawson. It did not, in the mind of Henry admit a doubt, he drank freely, and continued with his old companions the greater part of the night—he then slept for a few hours—gained all the information he could of Lawson's residence—took one more look at his poor sister, which served only to invigorate his thirst of vengeance—then privately took from the cottage a pistol, which had been his father's, and, without saying a word of his intentions, set out for the residence of Mr. Lawson. He was two days and one night walking thither. He cleaned his pistol on the road, and purchased some powder and ball of a soldier he met with at a public-house, where he drank till his money was nearly exhausted, and his brain in a state of frenzy—and arrived at the parsonage-house just as Mr. Lawson, whom he demanded to speak with, had sat down to breakfast---he followed the foot-boy, rushed into

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the breakfast-room, took his aim at Mr. Lawson, who instantly fell, groaned deeply, and died. The family was in a moment assembled at the sound, every possible assistance was given, but to no purpose ---the aim was too surely taken---the ball had reached the brain. The wretched culprit was immediately secured, indeed he made no attempts to escape, and seemed perfectly satisfied to have taken vengeance for the injuries of his sister---though he knew his life must pay the forfeit of his crime. During this dreadful scene, Mrs. Lawson was absent on a party of pleasure ---the fatal news, however, was conveyed to her, and she instantly set out out for her uncle's residence, where she went through all the usual forms of grief and condolence---and was in a few days, between the intervals of tears and hysterics, enabled, by the help of aromatic salts, to consult with her milliner on the most elegant and becoming mode of wearing her mourning. In the mean time, the coroner returned the verdict wilful murder---and Henry was confined to take his trial for the deed. The body of Mr. Lawson was interred in the family fault---the effects at the parsonage all sold by public auction---and, as there was no children, Mrs. Lawson again figured in the first circles, with her fortune unimpaired. While Henry languished in prison, borne down by corporeal sufferings and mental sorrows---for the hour of reflection was come---poor Maria, as if acquainted by some secret impulse of the dreadful transaction, languished a few weeks, during which her reason seemed in some degree restored---and died without a struggle or a sigh, the morning preceding that on which her rash, but unfortunate, brother was to suffer death, who had, during the interval of her illness, been tried and condemned. He suffered according to his sentence, firm and collected, beseeching the surrounding multitude to assist him with their prayers, and to take warning by his example---not to indulge the impulse of passion---or impiously snatch from heaven the thunderbolt of vengeance.

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On this tale, which we recommend to the serious perusal of the young, the gay, and inexperienced, we make no comment; sensible that they will see the necessity of subduing the first symptoms of passion, under whatever appearance they make their approach---convinced that it is much easier to destroy the egg, than kill the serpent.

EXCURSION

ON THE

LAKES IN IRELAND.

(From Holme's Tour in Ireland.)

WE were detained at Castle Island by heavy rains, the whole of Sunday; however, Monday brought fair weather, and we betook ourselves to the road, not without some apprehensions, from information which we had received of the fords being swelled, through which we must necessarily pass; in this we were agreeably disappointed; the brooks were all fordable, with no great difficulty. Along the road, we had in view the immense mountains of the lakes, which afforded a boundless scope for fancy; their fantastical and rugged heads forming a thousand strange contrasts; every five minutes changed their appearance, according as mists would break, or clouds enwrap them; distant gleams of light would dart across their summits, and quickly vanish; then would succeed a thick and blackish vapour hanging on their gloomy sides, till it was again displaced by a blaze of sunshine! Thus were we entertained, till on our near approach to Killarny, the wide expanding bosom of the lower lake burst at once upon our expectant eyes; and here no one can pass without a pause; it deserves it; nay, it requires it: for the eye naturally seeks for repose, as well as the grosser parts of our system after exertion; too numerous a succession of

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objects will fatigue the sight, and baffle reflection; they require digestion; and when it is interrupted, confusion must arise, and the last object will erase from the mind the image of the first. After a pleasing kind of tumult of the mind had subsided, occasioned by the first impression made upon us by this magnificent scene, we moved slowly on, descending by Lord Kenmare's deer park wall, into the town of Killarny. It is exceedingly neat and clean, and thriving fast, both from the great encouragement given by Lord Kenmare to settlers, and from the prodigious influx of visitors to the lakes; the houses in general are good, and an appearance of comfort pervades the whole. His lordship's house adjoins the town, and the beautiful gardens spread themselves to the edge of the lake, finely planted, and preserved with care.

This morning we prepared for an excursion on the lakes. The boats are stationed at Ross Island, about a mile and a half from town; it is rather a peninsula, being separated from the main land only by a cut through a morass, over which there is a bridge.

Ross castle stands on this island, formerly the seat of O'Donoghoe Ross, one of the most ancient families in this county. It lies close to the water side, beautifully backed by wood, which covers almost the whole of the island; the banks, in most places, are hid by thick and hanging foliage. The castle is now in tolerable repair, having a garrison, with a governor appointed for it, upon the establishment. In the year 1641, it was held by Lord Muskerry, against the English, commanded by Ludlow, with Lord Broghil and Sir Hardress Waller, who besieged it with four thousand infantry, and two hundred cavalry; it was surrendered upon capitulation. Having embarked, and taken on board two men with horns, and two small pieces

of cannon, we stretched across the lower lake, to the base of Glenaá mountain, where we deposited our provisions in the cottage; and shaping our course towards the upper lake, we entered between the two mountains of Glenaá and Turc, a narrow canal, or river, which issues from the upper to the lower lake. Here the most wildly diversified scenery unfolds itself, that the enthusiastic imagination can conceive. The rugged and precipitate base of Turc, contrasted with the opposite richly wooded sides of Glenaá, whose romantic groves, falling to the waves, cast a deep and solemn shade around; whilst on the other side, rock piled on rock, flung in wild confusion along the banks covered with crawling ivy, and from their interstices, bursting numerous shrubs, in flower, and bearing fruit; quickly the scene would change; the mountains retire suddenly and leave us in a plain, of perhaps three hundred yards in breadth; the green lawn spotted with groups of oak, holly, and wild ash; again the hills approach, and environ us with dark precipices and nodding woods; awhile the course seems lost, we are suspended in doubt; till turning short, we penetrate a deep and gloomy shade, hid from the blaze of day by the umbrageous arms of the trees, which, interwoven together, form an imperious canopy. Once more we are launched into an amphitheatre of lofty rocks, clad with countless shrubs and forest trees, which, shooting from their bare sides, send forth their twisting roots towards the earth. Arriving underneath the Eagle rock, we stopped, and, landing on the opposite bank, stood lost in admiration, not unmixed with terror.

Its sublime height, girt with a waving forest, whose aspiring trees lift their tall shade high amongst the craggy eminences, the haunt of eagles and various birds of prey; at its base, the tremu-

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lous wave reflected all again with varied beauty. But how can I describe the wonders of its many echoes, which, on the explosion of the cannon, burst with tenfold magnitude from its rugged cliffs, rolling with majestic horror round the neighbouring hills, each seeming to repel the thunder as it comes, till by reiterated peals, it sinks into hollow murmurs among the distant hills, and is for a few moments lost; but, from the silent pause, the distant sound again strikes faintly on the ear, and by degrees, with collected force, grows louder, till at last it faintly dies away to utter silence!

Just at this awful period, the bugle horn sounded, and there issued from the grots and steep recesses of the mountain, innumerable sounds, like celestial voices, diffusing inexpressible pleasure, each wood and rocky dell prolonging the notes, which, floating on the agitated air, fell behind the hills, and mingled into one grand chord of most angelic harmony, that like—

"A solemn breathing sound,
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, that stole upon the air,
That even silence was took ere she was aware,
And wish'd she might deny her nature, and be never more;
Still to be so displaced."

From this enchanting spot we proceeded on to the old Wier bridge, a rude and picturesque object, where quitting the boat, we betook ourselves to the bank, whilst the boatmen prepared to drag the boat through a fall of water, which passes with great impetuosity under the arch; through it they conveyed ropes to the other side, and, with the most painful exertions, pulled it up through the fall into the higher stream, which is elevated about ten or fifteen feet. Thus continuing our course, we at length entered the upper lake through a nar-

row channel formed by two projecting cliffs, called Colman's Eye. This lake is surrounded by mountains of a fearful height, fringed with forests, which creep up their sides to various distances. From the glassy surface, emerge huge rocks, crowned with arbutus, displaying its bright green leaves of gayest verdure, blended with its scarlet fruit and snowy blossoms. Some immense islands lift their bare and craggy summits high above others, from whose fantastical shapes the boatmen have named them, one, the man of war, another, the church, and so on, according as there is an assimilation. The shores are mostly bold and steep, abounding with the most surprizing variety of shrubs and plants.

Here spring the living herbs profusely wild
O'er all the green deep earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes;
Whether he steals along the lonely dale
In silent search, or climbs the mountain rock,
Fired by the nodding verdure of the brow,
With such a liberal hand hath nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds
Innumerous, mix'd them in the nursing mold.

At the farthest extremity of the lake arose M'Gillycuddy's Rock; its many pointed head immersed in mists and storms; along its prodigious furrows we could distinctly trace the cataracts, swollen by recent rains, tumbling with fury, and glistening like liquid silver. In a little time we observed its forky summit pierce through the clouds, and the grey mists slow descending, like a great curtain half way down, through which the sun darted his rays, partially illumining its huge side and base. We landed on Romans' Island, where we found a small cabin, built by the person from whom the island takes its name: he was a singular character, and retired here to enjoy the pleasures of his rod

and gun. It is finely situated, commanding a delightful prospect of the circumjacent hills, with the numerous islands scattered over the lake. Embarking again, we crossed to the shore, and wound round the woody promontories of those stupendous mountains, proceeding to the very extremity. We approached the rocks as near as the land would permit, but all was involved in shadows, clouds and darkness; we could scarce see upwards an hundred feet.

We now bent our course homeward; passing again through Colman's Eye, we entered the beautiful canal, or passage to the lower lake. When we arrived within a quarter of a mile of the old Weir bridge, we felt ourselves gently urged on by the current; the boatmen drew in their oars, and we committed ourselves to the guidance of the stream; trimming the boat well, and observing our balance, we found ourselves hurried on towards the arch with encreased velocity; till, with the torrent, we were swept through the arch and down the fall, with a force that must alarm any person looking at us from the bank. As we approached it, the boatmen mentioned an accident having happened to a boat, which was broken to atoms down the fall, by not having sufficient water to carry it clear over the rocks, which by no means tended to quiet my fears for our own fate; however, we had a fine sweep of water, and were launched pleasantly into the lower stream. On our arrival at Glenaá cottage, we found a comfortable dinner ready for us, attended by every thing which could heighten enjoyment. About six o'clock we got on board, and winding round the fanciful shore which separates Mucruss lake from the lower, we returned to Ross castle.

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The Cabinet of Mirth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

WHEN Mrs. Robinson wrote the first number of that fanciful work, the Sylphid, (inserted in that edition of her life, which has just made its appearance) she dated it from Mount Ether. On receiving a proof, she found it had been altered to Mount *Etna!* On making enquiries into the author of this GEOGRAPHIGAL alteration, she found that the compositor had, on a reference to the Gazetteer, been unable to find any such Mount, persuaded himself it must have been a mistake in the orthography. She of course made the correction, desiring a revise, which she accordingly received, and found it had been altered and printed right; but, before it had reached her, some officious person, desirous of shewing his penetration, had not failed to alter it to *Etna* a second time; and, notwithstanding a letter desiring an attention to this circumstance, it actually was published MOUNT ETNA!

A taylor who was dangerously ill, had a remarkable dream.—He saw fluttering in the air, a piece of cloth, of a prodigious length, composed of all the cabbage he had made, of a variety of colours. The angel of death held this piece of patchwork in one of his hands; and with the other gave the taylor several strokes with a piece of iron. The taylor awakened in a fright, made a vow, that if he recovered, he would cabbage no more. He soon recovered. As he was diffident of himself, he ordered one of his apprentices to put him in mind of his dream, whenever he cut out a suit of cloaths.

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The taylor was for some time obedient to the intimation given him by his apprentice. But a nobleman having sent for him to make a coat out of a very rich stuff, his virtue could not resist the temptation. His apprentice put him in mind of his *dream* to no purpose:—"I am tired with your talk about the *dream*," says the taylor, "there was nothing like this in the whole piece of patch work, which I saw in my dream, and I observed likewise, that there was a piece deficient; that which I am now going to take will render it complete."

A preacher in a mosque began the history of Noah, with this quotation from the Koran, "I have called Noah," but, forgetting the rest of the verse, repeated the same words over and over. At length an Arab cried out, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

In a season of great drought, in Persia, a schoolmaster at the head of his pupils, marched out of Shirauz in procession, to pray for rain; when a humourous fellow asked where they were going? the tutor told him, and said, "he doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children."—"My friend," said the humourist, "if that was the case, I fear there would be no SCHOOLMASTERS left alive."

An importunate beggar went to a miser, and asked for a garment, saying that his object was to have something to remember him by. "My friend," said the miser, "as thy end is to remember me, I shall give thee nothing, for I am sure thou wilt remember a refusal much longer than a gift."

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A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a boon to ask."—"So have I," said the miser, "grant mine first, then I will comply with thine."—"Agreed." Said the miser, "my request is that thou ask me nothing!"

A pretended wit was very free in playing his tricks upon a modest man, who told him, he would do well not to make himself so ridiculous. "My friend," said the wit, "the materials of my composition are such, that I cannot help being so." "No!" replied the other, "thou art made of good materials, but they want to be well beaten into decent form."

EPIGRAM.

"Wit is a feather," Pope has said,
And females never doubt it;
So those who've least within the head,
Display the most without it.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE NAVAL CAREER OF *LORD VISCOUNT NELSON,*

Communicated by a Correspondent in Norfolk, the Place of Nativity of this gallant Hero.

IN the fifth volume of the Monthly Visitor, p. 109, is given a capital portrait and a Sketch of the Life of this distinguished Naval Character; in addition to which, we feel a singular pleasure in presenting our readers with the following further particulars; especially when we reflect on the channel through which it is communicated, we consider it as a sufficient *passport* for being introduced into our

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Miscellany, and consequently highly gratifying to our readers.

Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson, is the son of the Rev. Edward Nelson, Rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, by Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster. At the rectory house of his father's living he first saw the light on the 29th of September, 1758, and received the first part of his education at the free-school at Norwich, from whence he was removed to North Walsham, at which place his literary pursuits terminated.

At the age of twelve years, in 1770, he left school, and was admitted on board the Raisonable by his maternal uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling; but the difference with the Spaniards, relative to Falkland Islands being soon accommodated, the ship was paid off, and our young sailor was sent a voyage in a West India ship belonging to the house of Hibbert, Purrier, and Horton. On his return home, in July 1772, he was again received by his uncle, then commanding the Triumph, lying at Chatham.

His voyage to the West Indies had almost been the means of depriving government of his future services; he conceived an aversion to be employed in what may be called the higher line of service, and might have quietly sunk into the obscure situation of the master of a trading vessel, had not the address of his uncle again reanimated him, and reconciled him to the state in which he was afterwards to become one of its distinguished ornaments.

While at Chatham, he had frequent opportunities of navigating vessels from that place to the Tower of London, and also down the Swin Channel and to the North Foreland; and by his constant and unwearied attention he became a most excellent pilot.

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In April 1772, a voyage of discovery was undertaken, by order of the king, to ascertain how far navigation was practicable towards the North Pole, to advance the discovery of a north west passage into the South Seas, and to make such other astronomical observations as might prove serviceable to navigation. On this voyage young Nelson solicited to go, and, rather than be left behind, submitted to the appointment of coxswain to Captain Lutwidge, who, being struck with the unsubdued spirit which he displayed on this occasion, consented to receive him in this capacity; and from that event a friendship commenced between these two officers, which has continued without abatement to the present day. During the expedition, Lord Mulgrave took particular notice of the young coxswain, and formed that high opinion of his character which his subsequent conduct has so justly merited. In the course of it he encountered and overcame some difficulties which inferior minds would have shrunk from rather than grappled with. One anecdote is preserved by an officer who was present, and will evince that cool intrepidity in danger which then possessed our young mariner, and for which he has ever been remarkable. "In these high northern latitudes, the nights are generally clear: during one of them, notwithstanding the extreme bitterness of the cold, young Nelson was missing; every search that was instantly made in quest of him was in vain, and it was at length imagined he was lost; when lo! as the rays of the rising sun opened the distant horizon, to the great astonishment of his messmates, he was discovered at a considerable distance on the ice, armed with a single musquet, in anxious pursuit of an immense bear. The lock of the musket being injured, the piece would not go off, and he had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and being

at length able to effect his purpose with the butt end. On his return, Captain Lutwidge reprimanded him for leaving the ship without leave, and in a severe tone demanded, what motive could possibly induce him to undertake so rash an action; the young hero, with great simplicity, replied, "*I wished, sir, to get the skin for my father.*"

On the return of the vessels to England they were paid off, and Mr. Nelson desired to be appointed to one of the ships of a squadron destined to the East Indies. He was accordingly placed in the Sea Horse, Captain Farmer, of 20 guns, and in this ship was stationed to watch in the fore-top, whence in time he was placed on the quarter-deck. During this voyage, he visited almost every part of the East Indies from Bengal to Bussora; but ill health afflicting him, Sir Edward Hughes, with great kindness, ordered him home in the Dolphin, Captain James Pigott; which ship being paid off in September 1776, Mr. Nelson received on the 26th of that month, an order to act as Lieutenant in the Worcester, 64 guns, Captain Mark Robinson, then under sailing orders for Gibraltar, with a convoy; and he was at sea with convoys until the 2d of April, 1777.

On the 8th of April he passed his examination as lieutenant, and the next day received his commission as second of the Lowestoffe, 32 guns, Captain William Locker, in which ship he arrived at Jamaica; but desiring more active employment, he solicited an appointment to the command of a schooner, tender to the Lowestoffe; and in that small vessel eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of becoming a complete pilot for all the intricate passages through the Keys (islands), situated on the northern side of Hispaniola. During his continuance in the Lowestoffe, a circumstance oc-

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curred which so strongly presaged and marked his character, that we shall here record it.

"In a strong gale of wind and an heavy sea, the Lowestoffe captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered the first lieutenant to board her, which he accordingly attempted, but was not able to effect, owing to a tremendous sea. On his return to the ship, Captain Locker exclaimed—"*Have I then no officer who can board the prize?*" On hearing this, the master immediately ran to the gangway in order to jump into the boat, when Lieutenant Nelson suddenly stopped him, saying, "*It is my turn now; if I come back, it will be yours.*"

Soon after the arrival of Sir Peter Parker at Jamaica, in 1778, he appointed Lieutenant Nelson third of the Bristol, his flag ship; from which, by rotation he became the first, and under Sir Peter Parker's flag concluded his services in the rank of a lieutenant. On the 18th of December, in that year, he was appointed, on that station, Commander of the Badger brig; in which he was soon ordered to protect the Mosquito shore and the Bay of Honduras from the depredations of American privateers. In this service he acquired the grateful respect of the settlers, who unanimously voted him their thanks, and expressed their regret on his quitting the station.

On the 11th of June, 1779, Captain Nelson obtained his post rank, and was believed at that time to have qualified himself for his situation, equal, it would probably be injustice to say superior, to any other officer in the service. He had particularly attended to the duties of a pilot, and had become a most able one. The first ship he commanded was the Hinchinbroke. On the arrival of Count D'Estang at Hispaniola, with a numerous fleet and ar-

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my from Martinico, an attack on Jamaica was immediately expected: in this critical situation of the island, Captain Nelson was entrusted with the command of the batteries at Port Royal. In January, 1780, he was appointed to the command of the naval department in the expedition against Fort Juan, and performed the service with great gallantry. After storming an out-post of the enemy situated on an island in the river, he constructed batteries, and fought the Spaniards with their own guns. To his conduct the reduction of the fortress was in a great measure attributed, and he received the thanks and plaudits of his superiors and colleagues.

His exertions and fatigues in this expedition had visibly impaired his health, and on his return to Jamaica he was advised to go to Europe, which he did in the Lion, commanded by the Hon. William Cornwallis, by whose care and attention his life was preserved. He was eleven weeks at Bath before he recovered the use of his limbs.

In August, 1781, he was appointed to the command of the Albemarle, and in convoying some vessels to Newfoundland and Quebec, shewed his address in avoiding the chace of three ships of the line and a frigate. He sailed from Quebec to New York in October, 1782, and joined the fleet under the command of Sir Samuel Hood. In November he sailed to the West Indies, and was actively employed until the peace, when he was ordered to England, being directed in his way to attend Prince William Henry on his visit to the Havannah. On his arrival in England his ship was paid off, and during the autumn of 1783, and spring of 1784, he went and resided in France, and at that time was appointed to the Boreas frigate, ordered to the Leeward Islands.

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In this command he had an opportunity of shewing his firmness and discretion in some claims made by the Americans relative to the trade of the West Indies. From July 1786, until June 1787, he continued in the same station, and at length sailed for England. In March 1787, he married Frances Herbert Nesbit, of the island of Nevis, daughter of William Herbert, Esq. senior judge, and neice to Mr. Herbert, president of that island; the bride was given away by Prince William Henry.

The Boreas being paid off in November 1787, Captain Nelson retired to enjoy the comforts of domestic society at the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe, which his father lent him for a place of residence. Here he continued until the year 1790; and that interval may be set down as the only period of repose he had enjoyed from the active employment of his profession from the age of twelve years.

On the dispute with the Spaniards, in 1790, relative to Nootka Sound, Captain Nelson left his retirement, and offered his services, which were not accepted; but on the 30th of January, 1793, he was appointed to the Agamemnon, of 64 guns, under the command of Lord Hood, in the Mediterranean.

In this situation he was continually employed in acts of gallantry, which soon rendered his name renowned to his own countrymen, and formidable to the enemy. At Toulon, at Bastia, and Calvi, his exertions were unremitted, and at the siege of the latter place he lost the sight of his right eye. He again distinguished himself in the actions of the 13th and 14th of March, and 13th of July, 1795, and afterwards was appointed to co-operate with the Austrian General De Vins, at Vado Bay, on the coast of Genoa; in which service he continued until the month of November.

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In this year he was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, the taking of Port Ferrajo, with the island of Caprea. and in the evacuation of Bastia. The month of December, 1796, was signalized by the capture of La Sabina, a Spanish frigate, of 40 guns and 286 men, by Captain Nelson, now a commodore in La Minerve frigate. On the 14th of February, 1797, the memorable battle of St. Vincent's took place, in which our commodore acquired laurels which will never fade, by the capture of the Santissima Trinidada, of 136 guns, and the San Nicholas, with such circumstances of conduct and valour as never were surpassed, nor ever can be sufficiently admired and applauded. For this exploit he was rewarded with the insignia of the Bath, a gold medal from his sovereign, and the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In April, 1797, he hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, and was appointed to the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz, and while in this employment exhibited as many signal instances of personal bravery, as on any former occasion. On the 15th of July, he was detached, with a small squadron, to attack the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe. This enterprize did not wholly succeed, and Sir Horatio retreated with the loss of his right arm, and the acquisition of a greater portion of military glory. It was in December before he was sufficiently restored to resume his profession. On his first appearance at court, his sovereign received him in the most gracious and tender manner; and when, with deep sensibility of condolence, the king expressed his sorrow at the loss the noble admiral had sustained, and at his impaired state of health, which might deprive the country of his future services. Sir Horatio replied, "May it please your majesty, I can never think that a loss which the performance

of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country."

Previous to the issuing of a grant which secured to this gallant officer some public remuneration for the hardships he had endured, a positive custom required that a memorial of service should be drawn up; one more brilliant never met the eye of the sovereign of a brave nation. Sir Horatio had actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of *one hundred and twenty times!* and during the present war had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken or destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels.

The subsequent actions of this great man's life are so recent, and have been so amply detailed, that we shall add no more than the hero of Aboukir and Draco has received such rewards as acts like those achieved by him are intitled to demand. Wealth and honours have been showered upon him: he has lately had the title of viscount added to those formerly conferred upon him: and we hope he will long enjoy the well-earned appellation of the DELIVERER OF HIS COUNTRY!

Beauties of the Drama.

NATURE, (THE APPEAL OF).

(From Kotzebue's Natural Son.)

BARON AND FREDERICK.

Baron. Go friend, and may heaven protect you—you are free. I have sent to your mother, and hear she is much better; I pardon you for her sake—but beware of repeating this crime—highway

robbery is a dangerous profession!—Here is some money—seek for some honest employment—and should I hear favourable accounts of your future behaviour, my doors and purse shall ever be open for your assistance. Go then, and Heaven be your guide.

Fre. You are liberal—free with your money—free with your advice!—But I have a much greater favour to request; as you are a man of fortune and interest, I entreat your assistance to procure me justice against a most unnatural father!

Baron. A father!—Who is he?

Fred. A nobleman!—Lord of much land, and over many tenants—a favourite at court—a friend to government—esteemed by the peasantry—generous—openhearted—kind—

Baron. And yet leaves his son in want!

Fred. Yet leaves his son in want!

Baron. Young man, he must have some reason. Doubtless you have been wild and volatile—a gamester—libertine;—So that your father thought a few years service in the army might eradicate these vicious principles. Should this be the case, your father, sir, is not to blame!

Fre. No, sir—you are mistaken—I am unknown to my father—he has never seen me—for he abandoned me from the hour of my birth!

Baron. Ha!—

Fred. All the inheritance I ever received from my father, are a mother's tears! He never troubled himself about me—never even asked if his son were alive!

Baron. Oh shameful!——Very—very shameful! —*(Confused.)*

Fre. I am the wretched offspring of a stolen amorous hour! I was educated by my unhappy seduced mother, amidst sighs and tears; by the labour of her hands she earn'd a bare sufficiency to

cultivate my heart and mind—and by her care and diligence, I presume, I am now a man who might be a comfort to my father!—But such comfort mine voluntarily renounces—nor does his lull'd conscience ever remind him of a son's fate.

Baron. Lull'd conscience!—if his conscience can sleep under such circumstances, he must be an inexorable monster!

Fre. Having attained years of discretion, and unwilling to be longer burthensome upon an indigent mother—no other means offered but this habit—I entered the service of a volunteer corps—for no tradesman or artist can take an illegitimate child as an apprentice.

Baron. Unfortunate youth!

Fre. Thus passed my early days amidst broils and confusion! Nature generally gives thoughtless youth the enjoyment of some pleasure, to invigorate his mind against those inevitable cares which attend maturer years—but coarse bread, humble water, and the serjeant's discipline, were all the pleasure of my youth!—Yet what does my father care!—He can sit down to a sumptuous table, and smother every sting of conscience!

Baron. Oh, how it tears my very heart!—*(Aside.)*

Fred. This day, after five years absence from my mother, I came home, full of regard for a country which contained so dear a parent—elate with hopes—with pleasing dreams, which fond imagination painted—but alas! I found my mother sick—reduced to beggary — without victuals for these two days—without a pillow for her weary head—without a roof to keep her from the rain and storm!—There was no friend to close her eyes!—There was no spot on which she might die in peace—yet what does my father care? He possesses a magnificent dwelling—he reposes on a bed of down; and when he leaves this world, no doubt a

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pompous sermon will be preached on the occasion, to tell posterity—his most extensive christian virtues!

Baron. Tell me his name!

Fred. What signifies his having abused an easy, innocent maiden?—his having deceived her with false vows?—That he has brought into the world a wretched son, who must curse him for his existence—and this wretched son that he has almost driven to paricide—meer trifles these! trifles, which, on the judgment day, may all be atoned for by that piece of money!—*(Throws down the money which the Baron gave him.)*

Baron. What is your father's name?—I demand his name!

Fre. Baron Wildenhain!—Yes, perhaps here—in this very house—this very apartment—my mother was beguil'd of her virtue, and I begotten for the sword of justice! Now, noble lord, know I am not free—I am your prisoner—I will not be free—I am a highway robber—I confess it openly!—You shall be my prosecutor—you shall lead me to the place of execution—you shall hear the fruitless admonitions of the chaplain, and the wild ravings of a son cursing a father!—You shall stand by during my decapitation, when my blood—nay, *your* blood—shall stain your very garments.

Baron. Forbear! forbear!—Oh Heaven!

Fre. And when you leave this mournful scene—when you descend the scaffold — there—on the ground beneath—shall you behold my expiring mother sighing out her soul in bitter anguish!

Baron. Oh spare me—spare me!—

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JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

1. River. 2. Sigh. 3. Grace.

Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

BY W. E. M.

1.

A title giv'n to those in highest station;
A once most valiant, now imbecile nation;
A beast of prey possess'd of sinewy might;
And our united states boast and delight:
The initials take, and you a name will see,
Renown'd for eloquence and energy.

2.

Reverse a woman's christian name,
Which half eight letters doth contain,
And 'twill produce the same.

3.

One third of *sacred* you must take;
An *I* also a part doth make;
To which three sevenths you do add,
Of what each month makes many glad,
(By this I mean a publication,
Deservedly high in estimation):
Those several parts together show,
A name to which we all must owe;
For he it is who doth prepare
The closet feast, and mind's rich fare.

4.

My first a dreadful scourge for sin was sent,
And on my whole some of its rage was spent;

My second will a common tool impart,
Us'd in the joiner and the shipwright's art;
My whole doth give a large Europ'an town,
Part of a kingdom where base wrongs have been shown.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM HAAS, one of the most active and distinguished men of his country, died the 8th of June 1800, at the monastery of Saint Urban, in the canton of Lucern, he was born at Basil, the 23d of August, 1741; from his father, an eminent type-founder, originally of Nuremberg, he learnt that art, at the same time devoting himself to the study of sciences, under the professors of the university at Basil. From the death of his father, in 1764, he continued to follow his business till 1789, at which period he wholly established his son in the business, who is also well known for his abilities as a type-founder and printer.

Haas, during the twenty-seven years of his continuance in business, made several attempts to embellish the *type*, and was the first in Germany and Switzerland who successfully engraved a French type in the style of Baskerville. Several other discoveries and improvements in the typographical art insure him a distinguished place in the history of printing.

The following were his chief improvements. A new printing-press, established in 1772, which facilitated in a great measure that very useful art, and to the invention of which Haas lays sole claim. A second invention, which although less conspicuous, is not less useful in the typographical art, is a systematic arrangement of the filets and interlining, a description of which was published in 1772. The third improvement is *Typometry*, the art of printing geographical charts with moveable characters.

Several charts were published by Haas, which gained him universal applause: he also published many of his productions in the Memoirs of the Economical Society at Basil, of which he was a member. He also belonged to the Helvetic Society, which assembled many years at Oltan. He was also one of the founders of the Helvetic Military Society, and in 1790 was elected a member of the academy of arts and sciences at Berlin.

During his youth, he devoted several years to the military service of his country; and to his abilities the country owes the corps of artillery, instituted after the system under his own direction; and to his spirited endeavours Basil is also indebted for several improvements. After the revolution, Haas was nominated a member of the national convention for the canton of Basil; and after its separation he was elected to the Helvetic legislature.

ACCOUNT OF A PHOCUS,

FOUND NEAR BASTIA. FROM A PARIS PAPER.

"THE Phocus, that singular amphibious animal, which seems to be the model after which the ancients have described the Tritons, the Syrens, &c. is common no where but in the north seas. We very seldom see it in our seas, and particularly in the Mediterranean. The fact which we are going to relate must therefore be interesting to naturalists.

"A wood-cleaver, who worked in the month of March last in the vicinity of Bastia, discovered upon shore an animal with which he was unacquainted, and the view of which inspired him with terror. It was a Phocus asleep upon the beach. The wood cleaver called some neighbours; the animal was taken and put into a tub full of water; the following is a description of it: It was four

feet long, with a round head about six inches in diameter, resembling in some respect that of a calf, but in the place of ears nothing was perceivable except very narrow apertures, almost hid with hair. Its skin very thick and hard, was also covered with hair, sleek, short, and oily. This one was a female, its eyes were somewhat like those of an ox; it had a fierce look, and yet an air of mistrust. Its nostrils were flat, and from them ran almost constantly a mucus of a very fetid smell, particularly when it was out of the water. The neck was thick, but of much less circumference than the head. Very near to the neck came out the arms, or rather membraneous hands, generally in a position very close to the body; each finger had four fangs and nails. One would suppose at the first look that these hands were without hair, but the hair was only shorter upon them than upon the other parts—The paws behind were nearly a foot in length, almost touched each other, and laid in the direction of the tail; this tail which terminated in a rounded point, might be about two inches and a half long, and about twelve or fourteen lines broad; it proceeded from between the two apparent feet or back fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal, which they were able to preserve only 24 days, although the greatest care was taken of it. It would not eat, its appetite failed from the moment it came into human hands; it refused little fishes, fresh meat, fresh grass, bread, wine, &c. The sixth day they gave it a preparation of tea in cow's milk. It swallowed it very well, but it refused a second dose. They conceived an idea of letting it plunge into the sea, after a collar had been put upon it, to which was attached a long cord. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time out of sight, under water; it was with difficulty that they forced it to return

on board. We may presume that in these immersions, which were frequently repeated because it seemed to like them, it might have nourished itself with some fish. It was endowed with a considerable degree of intelligence. For example;—it took delight in being caressed near the head, and testified its gratitude by faint cries and winking of its eyes. When the man to whose care it was entrusted, and had given it the name of Moro, would say to it, "Give me thy hand, poor Moro," it would raise the fore-arm, stretch out the hand, and in bending the fangs, really squeeze the hand presented to it.

"Although its conformation did not permit it to be very active, it walked, or rather, crawled, with considerable swiftness. One day that its keeper, thinking it asleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal went out, and descended seven or eight steps to look for him, where he was walking upon the esplanade. It was remarked that it did not deviate a line from the path which the person of whom it was in search had gone an hour before. We should hardly believe these circumstances, if they did not constitute part of an account sent by the Prefect himself of Golo, who had been an eye witness of them. It was intended to send it to Paris, but the animal was soon perceived to be in a languishing state. The mode of living to which it was confined, was, perhaps less the cause, than a wound in the right foot, which it had received, it is not known how, and which every day grew worse. What hastened its death was, that the sea being extremely agitated for two days by a very violent north wind, it was impossible, during that time, to put it in the water as usual. The third day it went into the sea, only to breathe there its last sigh.

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VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

HAYMARKET.

THIS evening, July 29, a new Spectacle, in two acts, was brought forward, under the title of *The Corsair*. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tomar, (the Corsair) - - - - -		*Mr. H. Johnston.*
Gagliard, (the Bridegroom) - - -		*Mr. Farley.*
Rugoso, (Father to Fiorita) - - -		*Mr. Howell.*
Julio,	Sons of Rugoso	*Master Menage.*
Frederico,		*Master Lloyd.*
Aspetazzio,		*Master Brooks.*
Leggiararo,		*Master Jenkinson.*
Quieto, (Slave to the Corsair) - -		*Mr. J. Palmer.*
Franchio,	Fishermen	*Mr. Trueman.*
Gamberio,		*Mr. Caulfield.*
Fiorita, (the Bride) - - - - -		*Mrs. Gibbs.*
Spogliata, - - - - - - - - -		*Miss B. Menage.*

Corsairs, Villagers, Fishermen, &c.

This ballet is a compilation, derived from many pieces of the same kind, but particularly *Oscar and Malvina*, *Obi*, *Perouse*, &c. and possesses very

little novelty or interest. It is the avowed production of Mr. Farley.

The actors acquitted themselves with considerable ability, particularly Mr. H. Johnston, the hero of the piece. There was a quickness, and a savage energy in his manner highly impressive—Farley recommended his work with great emotion and appropriate gesture. Mrs. Gibbs exerted herself with admirable effect, and displayed great theatrical powers.

The hornpipe of Miss B. Menage, *a la Pariset*, was unanimously encored by the audience, and repeated with unabated spirit. This dance was composed for her by D'Egville.

The music is fanciful, characteristic, pleasing, scientific, and grand, as may well be expected from such an able composer as Dr. Arnold.

The scene is laid in Italy, and beautifully descriptive throughout the whole piece; some of the scenes were indeed peculiarly rich, and beautiful in the colouring; and they were executed in a very finished style. The view of Mount Vesuvius, its eruption, and the flowing of the lava, is very splendid, and was well managed.

With some judicious amendments, this piece will doubtless pass off with the success that usually attend such compositions; and if the events were not rather too much like what the town has often seen, it would most probably have created a strong interest. It was well received by a numerous audience, and repeated without opposition.

The following are specimens of the songs:

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

Welcome love, welcome joy,
Welcome cupid, amorous boy;
Hymen now your torch prepare,
Crown the brave, and deck the fair.

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DUETT.—FRANCHIO AND GAMBERIO.

Let others complain, 'tis the fisherman's pleasure,
In hail, rain, or sunshine, to search for his treasure;
Tho' dangers surround us, and tempests assail,
We defy the rough ocean, and laugh at the gale.
So our nets full of fish, we are quite in our glory,
And we sing viva viva, huzza, Pescatori.

On the banks of the bay, at the close of our labour,
Our spirits we cheer, with the pipe and the tabor,
Nor care we how early the sun hides his head,
The fire of Vesuvius will light us to bed.
So our nets, &c.

SONG AND CHORUS.

FRANCHIO AND FISHERMEN.

FRANCHIO.

Lead on, Galliardo, we swear,
This detestable foe to pursue;
To his castle we'll quickly repair,
And restore Fiorita to you.

CHORUS.

Yes, fair, thy avengers are nigh,
We swear to relieve thee, or die.

GRANCHIO.

The tyrant we swear to destroy;
In agonies he shall expire,
Who savagely baffled thy joy,
And murdered thy reverend sire.

CHORUS.

Yes, wretch, thy avengers are nigh,
We swear to subdue thee, or die.

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REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

MR. GUY, the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in Southwark, was as remarkable for his parsimony as his public munificence.—He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table cloth.

It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick-stove, and without any candle, a person, who came to enquire for him, was introduced, and, after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalised by Pope, in the lines—

"When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, that living, sav'd a candle's-end," &c.

"I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of *saving*, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior."—"And is that all you are come about?" said Guy, "why then, we can talk this matter over in the dark:" so saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave.

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THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR AUGUST, 1801.

ALL ALONE.

(From Mrs. Robinson's Lyrical Tales.)

I.

AH! wherefore by the church-yard side,
Poor little LORN ONE, dost thou stray?
Thy wavy locks but thinly hide
The tears that dim thy blue-eye's ray;
And wherefore dost thou sigh, and moan,
And weep, that thou art left alone?

II.

Thou art not left alone, poor boy,
The Trav'ller stops to hear thy tale;
No heart, so hard, would thee annoy!
For tho' thy mother's cheek is pale
And withers under yon grave stone,
Thou art not, Urchin, left alone.

III.

I know thee well! thy yellow hair
In silky waves I oft have seen:
Thy dimpled face, so fresh and fair,
Thy roguish smile, thy playful mien,
Were all to me, poor Orphan, known,
Ere fate had left thee—all alone!

IV.

Thy russet coat is scant, and torn,
Thy cheek is now grown deathly pale!
Thy eyes are dim, thy looks forlorn,
And bare thy bosom meets the gale;

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And oft I hear thee deeply groan.
That thou, poor boy, art left alone.

V.

Thy naked feet are wounded sore
With thorns, that cross thy daily road;
The winter winds around thee roar,
The church-yard is thy bleak abode;
Thy pillow now, a cold grave stone—
And there thou lov'st to grieve—alone!

VI.

The rain has drench'd thee, all night long;
The nipping frost thy bosom froze;
And still, the yewtree-shades among,
I heard thee sigh thy artless woes;
I heard thee, till the day-star shone
In darkness weep—and weep alone;

VII.

Oft have I seen thee, little boy,
Upon thy lovely mother's knee;
For when she liv'd—thou wert her joy,
Though now a mourner thou must be!
For she lies low, where yon grave-stone
Proclaims, that thou art left alone.

VIII.

Weep, weep no more; on yonder hill
The village bells are ringing gay;
The merry reed, and brawling rill
Call thee to rustic sports away.
Then wherefore weep, and sigh, and moan,
A truant from the throng—alone?

IX.

"I cannot the green hill ascend,
"I cannot pace the upland mead;
"I cannot in the vale attend,
"To hear the merry-sounding reed:
"For all is still, beneath yon stone,
"Where my poor mother's left alone!

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X.

" I cannot gather gaudy flowers
" To dress the scene of revels loud—
" I cannot pass the ev'ning hours
" Among the noisy village croud—
" For, all in darkness, and alone
" My mother sleeps, beneath yon stone.

XI.

" See how the stars begin to gleam,
" The sheep-dog barks, 'tis time to go—
" The night-fly hums, the moonlight beam
" Peeps through the yew-tree's shadowy row—
" It falls upon the white grave-stone,
" Where my dear mother sleeps alone.

XII.

" O stay me not, for I must go
" The upland path in haste to tread;
" For there the pale primroses grow,
" They grow to dress my mother's bed.—
" They must, ere peep of day, be strown,
" Where she lies mould'ring all alone.

XIII.

" My father o'er the stormy sea
" To distant lands was borne away,
" And still my mother stay'd with me,
" And wept by night, and toil'd by day.
" And shall I ever quit the stone
" Where she is left, to sleep alone.

XIV.

" My father died, and still I found
" My mother fond and kind to me;
" I felt her breast with rapture bound,
" When first I prattled on her knee—
" And then she blest my infant tone,
" And little thought of yon grave-stone.

XV.

" No more her gentle voice I hear,
" No more her smile of fondness see;
" Then wonder not I shed the tear,
" She would have DIED, to follow me!

" And yet she sleeps beneath yon stone,
" And I STILL LIVE---to weep alone.

XVI.

" The playful kid, she lov'd so well,
" From yon high clift was seen to fall;
" I heard, afar, his tinkling bell---
" Which seem'd in vain for aid to call---
" I heard the harmless suff'rer moan,
" And griev'd that he was left alone.

XVII.

" Our faithful dog grew mad, and died,
" The lightning smote our cottage low---
" We had no resting-place beside,
" And knew not whither we should go---
" For we were poor---and hearts of stone
" Will never throb at mis'ry's groan.

XVIII.

" My mother still surviv'd for me,
" She led me to the mountain's brow,
" She watch'd me, while at yonder tree,
" I sat, and wove the ozier bough;
" And oft she cried, " fear not, MINE OWN!
" Thou shalt not, BOY, be left ALONE."

XIX.

" The blast blew strong, the torrent rose,
" And bore our shatter'd cot away;
" And, where the clear brook swiftly flows,
" Upon the turf at dawn of day,
" When bright the sun's full lustre shone,
" I wander'd, FRIENDLESS---and ALONE!

XX.

Thou art not, boy, for I have seen
Thy tiny footsteps print the dew,
And while the morning sky serene
Spread o'er the hill a yellow hue,
I heard thy sad and plaintive moan,
Beside the cold sepulchral stone.

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XXI.

And when the summer noontide hours
With scorching rays the landscape spread,
I mark'd thee, weaving fragrant flow'rs,
To deck thy mother's silent bed!
Nor, at the church-yard's simple stone,
Wert thou, poor Urchin, left alone

XXII.

I follow'd thee, along the dale,
And up the woodland's shad'wy way:
I heard thee tell thy mournful tale
As slowly sunk the star of day:
Nor, when its twinkling light had flown,
Wert thou a wand'rer, all alone.

XXIII.

" O! yes, I was! and still shall be
" A wand'rer, mourning and forlorn;
" For what is all the world to me--
" What are the dews and buds of morn?
" Since she, who left me sad, alone
" In darkness sleeps, beneath yon stone!

XXIV.

" No brother's tears shall fall for me,
" For I no brother ever knew;
" No friend shall weep my destiny
" For *friends* are scarce, and *tears* are few;
" None do *I* see, save on this stone,
" Where I will stay and weep alone!

XXV.

" My father never will return,
" He rests beneath the sea-green wave;
" I have no kindred left, to mourn
" When I am hid in yonder grave!
" *Not one!* to dress with flow'rs the stone;—
" *Then—surely,* I AM LEFT ALONE!"

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EUGENE.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACT.

By William Case, Jun:

For a particular Detail of the unhappy Subject of the following Poem, Vide Biogr. Brit. V. 1. P. 230, and Annual Register for 1759.

STRANGER, mark'st thou yon gibbet, that, peering so high,
The forest's wide tract seems to bound?
Full oft hath it startled the traveller's eye,
As, journeying this way, he hath heard the hoarse cry
Of the ravens, that hover around.

Such sounds sure would blanch Superstition's cold cheek!
The rude whistling wind's frequent gust,
That amid the thick branches sweeps shrilly and bleak--
Whilst at each dreary pause, hark! how heavily creak
The gibbet chains, canker'd with rust!

I remember the time, when the murderer there,
In the anguish of death writh'd aghast;
Thrice three summer suns have since sped their career,
And as oft times his corpse, in the winter months drear,
Hath been shrivell'd and rock'd by the blast.

But he who thus perish'd, was one (strange to tell!)
Whom science her votary hail'd,
Who to discipline youth's pliant mind knew full well,
And intent on the lore of past ages would dwell;—
Ah, how little their precepts avail'd!

When the dull-beating clock told that night was far gone,
In his chamber Eugene oft would pore
On some favorite page, whilst his lamp dimly shone,
Then, low muttering, fold his arms close, and anon
Pace with footsteps unequal the floor.

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His features abroad seldom any one saw,
His hat so o'ershaded his eye:
And suddenly oft would he silent withdraw,
To read of some blood-guilty wretch, whom the law
Of his country had sentenc'd to die.

In the converse of friends he no pleasure could feel,
Most irksome his days seem'd to roll;
The place whence he came he e'er strove to conceal,
But his gestures, alas! would too plainly reveal,
That some secret press'd hard on his soul!

It was strange, that his thoughts should unvarying pursue
A theme he dared never divulge,
Yet that one rich in talents, possess'd but by few,
Should e'er have committed aught hateful to view,
Seem'd suspicion too base to indulge.

It chanc'd, that a rumour was spread far around
The spot he had formerly known,
That hard by the edge of yon forest were found
A man's fleshless relics, which deep in the ground
Some wretch had inhumanly thrown.

Ere long to the memory of some it recurr'd,
That twice seven years then had past,
Since a friend disappear'd, nor had any e'er heard,
Even whither he went, but it oft was averr'd,
He by violent hands breath'd his last.

Then many a circumstance rose, that implied,
It were easy th' assassin to trace;
But he, the accused, the charge strait denied,
Though the strange words he dropt, as a bone he de-scried,
Caus'd a tremor to start in his face.

When conscience his mind now began to upbraid,
The crime he resolv'd to confess;
Eugene his accomplice he forthwith betray'd,
And added, the corps in a cavern was laid,
And the skull fac'd the right-hand recess.

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The bones, it was true, in the cave still remain'd,
Where a hermitage anciently stood;
Then Eugene was soon trac'd, for the murder arraign'd,
In the high-grated walls of a lone prison chain'd,
And adjudg'd to be hung near the wood.

—" Must this quick-throbbing frame be reduc'd then to nought,
" Whilst expos'd to the rabble's rude stare?"—
Thus he mus'd, woe-begone, then (O horrible thought!)
With a weapon, conceal'd in his dungeon, he sought
By self-murder to end his despair!

His rash effort was baffled—to prove true his fears,
He was borne to the scene of his fate,
And his skeleton now a memorial appears,
That just heaven the cries of the murder'd soul hears,
And demands retribution, though late.

April, 1081.

SKETCHES
OF
VILLAGE SCENERY.

IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

By A. K.

FRIEND of my youth, whom each revolving year,
As time advances, only makes more dear;
If worth well try'd, if sweetness, sense refin'd,
E're claim'd the willing tribute of the mind,
Then may Eliza, in these artless lays,
Pardon the muse that fain would sing her praise.
For I have seen thee, in life's halcyon hours,
Culling, with choicest care, reflection's flow'rs;
Shunning the busy maze that thousands run—
Who, courting folly, are by vice undone.
Intent in duty's paths, secure to stray,
Through life's evanescent, and fretful day;
And I have seen thee, many trials o'er,
Anchor'd in safety, on a peaceful shore.

Long may the comforts of the world be thine,
Long thy mild radiance beam with rays divine,
And shed their influence on a rising race,
Whose opening beauties bloom with native grace,
While Edmund grateful owns, through life's career,
No days before were e're so sweet, so dear,
As those he has pass'd with thee in wedded life,
Where tender friendship best endear the wife,
And kindred souls, reflecting mutual worth,
Prove peace and virtue may reside on earth.
For me, not destin'd such delights to share,
Condemn'd to days of toil, and nights of care,
Oppress'd, I court the muse, in hopes to find
Suspended thought relieve an anxious mind;
By retrospection soften present pain,
And thus a conquest o'er misfortune gain.
Come then, my friend, in fancy let us stray,
Through those lov'd scenes that charm'd our early day,
O'er the green vista, by the valley wide,
Where Thame's majestic pours his fruitful tide;
Pay at the muse's shrine the meed of praise,
Where* tuneful Pope compos'd his polish'd lays,
And view, with tearful eye, the mournful trees,
Rear'd by his care, wave graceful to the breeze;
What tho' to dust the planter's hand is gone,
Unfading praise shall flourish round his urn—
While satire, delicate, but keen, while wit and ease,
With learning blended, have the power to please,
So long shall Pope be read, so long remain
An acknowledg'd favourite in the lists of fame.
In cloister'd state, see Damer's† mansion rise,
Whose fair dimensions please e'n critic eyes,
Enrich'd with works of art, by taste refin'd,
A just criterion of the founder's mind,
Embattled walls, with creeping ivy crown'd,
And spiral turrets throw a gloom around,

* At Twickenham, now the residence of Lord Mendip.

† Strawbery Hill, built by Horace Walpole.

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There polish'd Walpole, from the world retir'd,
Enjoy'd the thoughts which such a scene inspir'd;
And there, at friendship's call, he rais'd the fane
Sacred to Clive, the laughter loving dame.
Now let us through the matchless valley stray,
And view where Richmond sits in proud array,
In sylvan beauties rich, and shelt'ring woods,
In fragrant vallies, and in silver floods,
While wondering vision does the scene survey,
The glowing landscape slowly melts away.
Transcendant Sheene,* while memory remains,
Dear to my heart will be thy charming plains,
Endear'd by childish sports, when life was new,
And wing'd by hope, the rapid minutes flew,
Ah! faithless, visionary, empty pow'r,
Pointing to bliss beyond the present hour,
Thy tissue web, in Tyrian colours wove,
Paints friendship ever firm, and constant love,
Youth grasps the promise—gay and debonair,
Nor dreams that time will melt it into air.
How sweet to stray when Luna's peerless shade,
In silvery radiance on the waters play'd,
To hear night's plaintive minstrel sweetly pour
Her melting notes along the winding shore,
Or raise the lofty swell, more sweet, more wild,
Than Orphean airs that stygean gloom beguil'd,
To caroll cheerily an artless strain,
Or join with vacant heart the village train,
That bent their eager steps, at closing day,
With honest zeal, to clap a favourite play;
Slaves to no rules, unpractis'd in disguise,
Convuls'd, with laughter roar, or melt in sighs,
As varied scenes met their astonish'd eyes.
Cold must that bosom be 'gainst feeling proof,
That can, unmov'd, retrace the scenes of youth,
Where sportive childhood scorn'd the wizard's care,
With buoyant heart, and spirits free as air;
Or view, without dismay, and awful dread,
The well remember'd mansions of the dead,

* Sheene, or Sheene, the old name of Richmond.

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Throng'd with companions of their early days,
Puerile competitors for village praise;
Or see the senseless turf a cov'ring lend,
To hide the dust of parent, child, or friend,
Without exclaiming, with a fearful cry,
"Great God, how humble, and how frail am I."
Cold, I repeat, that heart, unkind, severe,
From whom, poor nature, cannot gain a tear;
Far from my breast cold apathy depart,
Give me, kind heaven, a soft and feeling heart,
To glow with transport when another's blest,
To melt in sorrow when a friend's distress'd,
To sigh when fortune frowns on modest worth,
And slowly bends the sinking frame to earth;
To pour, with tender care, and honest art,
Pity's lenient balsam on a wounded heart,
Let me act thus, from ostentation free,
And then, Eliza, I but copy thee.
How oft, my friend, to shun the noon-tide heat,
We have sought the woodbine's shadowy retreat,
Where nature sheds her sweets,* to few reveal'd,
Like modest merit, in the shade conceal'd;
The violet blooms, the cowslip decks the ground,
While thick umbrageous shades the valley bounds,
Save at those brakes, where art, though unperceiv'd,
By opening views the solemn scenes reliev'd,
'Twas there great Bacon,† near those shades reclin'd,
First stor'd with knowledge his expansive mind,
Till wild ambition all his soul inspir'd,
And still, the more he gain'd, the more requir'd,
He left the shade, despis'd the peaceful scene,
The fragrant valley, and the verdant green,
And launch'd in public life, in hopes to gain
Unfading honours, and a deathless name,
The adverse winds his ardent wishes crost,
And on corruption's coast his hopes were lost;

* Honeysuckle Grove, belonging to Owen Cambridge, Esq.

† Sir Francis Bacon Lord Verulam, inhabited the mansion now occupied by Lord Frederick Cavendish.

Ah! then, with burning heart, despis'd, betray'd,
He curst the hour that see him quit the shade,
His forune seiz'd, his reputation gone,
His spirits broken, restless, and forlorn,
Absorb'd in grief he lay, convinc'd too late,
That peace and virtue rarely dwell with state;
At length a royal grant did succour bring,
And James, for once, did as became a king,
Releas'd the sufferer, bade his sorrows cease,
Restor'd his fortunes, pour'd the balm of peace
On his declining days, and led his willing feet
To his once scorn'd, though now desir'd retreat,
Where sweet philosophy her mild beams spread,
Around her darling votary's hoary head;
Nature's vast treasures he with zeal explor'd,
Her useful metals, and her valued ore's,
Fair science smil'd, and with a graceful hand,
O'er former sorrows wav'd a poppy wand,
And grateful he own'd, in life's declining day,
This ray of comfort chac'd his cares away.
See to the left, where Percie's* seat appears,
Illustrious up a long extent of years;
For there, when superstition's sick'ning hand,
Threw murky darkness round a gloomy land,
Mistaken zeal the cheerless cloister rais'd,
And thought, by wounding nature, God was prais'd;
Nor there alone, for, in those darksome times,
A convent founded, cleans'd a soul from crimes,
Indulgences were granted, and pardons sold,
The foulest crimes were then effac'd with gold,
Till Luther† rose—blest be the glorious day—
And tore, with just disdain, the mask away;
Then reason struggled, tho' the priesthood frown'd,
While rage and malice threw their spells around;

*Sion House, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

† The author is sensible that Luther was not the earliest, or the only reformer.

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And vicious Henry, cruel, and unjust,
Himself the slave of avarice, rage, and lust,
In faith more varying than our changeful clime,
Trampled on law, and kill'd by right divine,
While awe-struck senates, at his will, resign'd
Heaven's first best gift, the freedom of the mind,
At his command fierce persecution rais'd,
Her horrid yell, and fire and faggot blaz'd;
Yet still the enquiring mind pursu'd its course,
Opinions cannot be subdu'd by force.
Fair Sion, never more may thy domain
Wear the vile badge of superstition's reign;
Nor favour'd Albion, on her sea-girt strand,
Become the sad victim of a bigot hand—
For such, 'tis said, there are from Gallia's shore,
Intend their old dominion to restore:
Where papal bulls once kept the land in dread,
While trembling kings oft bow'd their passive head;
The leaven's still the same, e'en to this very hour,
Religion is their mask—the steps to pow'r:
Trick'd out in monkish shreds, by crafty knaves,
Who preach a base doctrine, only fit for slaves.
Ah, Sion, dear to thought thy green alcoves,
Thy winding waters, and thy stately groves,
Where ariel nations find a safe retreat,
Defying winter's storms, and summer's heat;
There wandering oft, by meditation led,
I've held sweet converse with the illustrious dead:
By Homer fired, have view'd the Grecian race,
Achilles' stern brow, and lovely Helen's face—
On Andromache's distress dissolv'd in tears,
With Priam groan'd o'er noble Hector's bier—
Then, with unwearied eye, view'd nature's range,
As Thompson sung the seasons and their change—
With Milton's lofty muse astonish'd soar'd,
Through heights and depths none other e'er explor'd,
With pensive Young have mourn d the certain doom,
Of suffering mortals hast'ning to the tomb,
By him consol'd, see love unbounded shine,
Ador'd that wond'rous pow'r, immense, divine,
That form'd, directs, supports, the vast design.

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Within these walls, great Suffolk's darling child,*
Fair as the opening spring, as zephyrs mild,
Improv'd her opening mind, and lovely face,
With inward worth, and unaffected grace;
Endear'd to all, whom kindred ties had wove
Round her fond heart in gratitude and love;
No thirst of power disturb'd her equal soul,
Nor could ambition raise a wish to rule,
From hence was torn, the deed was not her own,
Trembling, reluctant, to a tottering throne,
Torn from pursuits far dearer to her mind,
Than all the glittering toys for state design'd:
Ill fated fair, could not thy tender youth,
Thy fervent piety, and steady truth,
Gain from imperial power a meed of grace?
No, sullen Mary frown'd on all thy race,
And sign'd, without remorse, the deed that gave
Such early virtue to an untimely grave.
In death you triumph'd, scorning to complain,
Firm, dignified, compos'd, no dread of pain
Disturb'd thy eager hopes, intent to rise,
With kindred cherubs, to your native skies;
Tis past, thy bliss is certain, and secure thy fame,
While cruel cruel Mary ever must remain,
A firm and eternal monument of shame.
My muse, descend from scenes of state and strife,
To sing the charms of sweet domestic life,
Where tilted greatness, shunning vain parade,
Courts sweet tranquillity in Sion's shade:
Long, noble pair, may you be spar'd, to shed
The dew of plenty round the sufferer's head,
With liberal hand, and feeling heart, to pour
Life's blessings on the hungry and the poor;
Such deeds may teach the thoughtless sons of wealth,
Luxuriant profligates of sense and health,
That folly's ample round, and fashion's maze,
Ne'er yet bestow'd the meed of well earn'd praise,
That all the wealth Peru's rich mines bestow,
All, harrowing thought, gain'd by a nation's woe.

* *Lady Jane Grey*, so well known for her piety and misfortunes.

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Not regal greatness, ancesteral praise,
Though that ascended up to Cæsar's days,
Did e'er, through time's wide range, such joys impart,
As that which springs from an approving heart.
Eliza, can thy patience yet more verse sustain,
Nor deem the muse prolix, nor dull the strain;
Still I could point out many wild retreat,
Where pendent birds' nests tempt the school boy's feet:
Could paint the little cot, where peace presides,
Where friendship governs, and content resides;
Where frugal plenty each day spreads her store,
To give what nature needs, and nothing more;
What can we ask besides? what else require?
A hearty welcome, and a cheerful fire.
'Tis there, my friend, from noise and folly free,
And oft in kindness been confer'd on me.
Enough of village scenes, I close the strain,
If you approve, I have not writ in vain;
Unus'd to censure, if you can't commend,
You'll think the verse has sooth'd a care-worn friend,
And curb'd repining thought's obtrusive reign,
That rankling worm, that only adds to pain.
Farewell, my friend, whatever scenes appear,
Joyous, or sad, to mark the passing year,
Your example will each wayward wish controul,
Form'd to subdue, or agitate my soul;
And teach me to bear, through life's still varying day,
Those transient ills, that quickly pass away,
Content this state of trial to sustain,
Till nature sinks me into earth again—
Then may my soul repose, when freed from care,
With the first good, first perfect, and first fair.

London, Aug. 4.

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Literary Review.

Memoirs of the late Mrs. Robinson, written by herself, with some Posthumous Pieces. In four volumes. Hurst. 1l. 1s.

THIS, though a very dear, yet may be pronounced an entertaining work. The subject of the Memoirs was on various accounts a celebrated character. Her personal beauty, and her extraordinary talents, were well known and admired. Her misfortunes also, and her connection with a certain great personage, served to heighten her celebrity. She is now, however, gone to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Peace be to her departed spirit.

This singular woman passed through a variety of strange scenes—hence her memoir interests our sensibility, and holds forth many lessons of instruction to the female world. Neither talents nor charms can, without prudence, ensure our felicity.

The 1st volume, with a few pages of the second, contains the Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, drawn up by herself—in the remaining part of the second the life is finished by another hand, probably that of her daughter's. The 3d includes her prose pieces, viz. the Sylphid and Jasper, together with the Savage of Aveyron, in poetry. The last volume is made up of poetical pieces, particularly, the Progress of Liberty, in two books—and, Tributary Lines, addressed to her by different friends. Such are the contents of the work. They certainly might

have been comprised in a much smaller compass—but there were ends to answer—and care, we apprehend, has been taken that these ends should be answered. We must, however, confess that our curiosity has been gratified.

Mrs. Robinson was born in 1758, at Bristol—her father, an eminent merchant there, was unsuccessful in trade—she was married before sixteen—her husband, by profession an attorney, was unfortunate, and she lived with him for some time in prison—she had recourse to the stage for subsistence, and wonderfully succeeded—here the Prince of Wales became enamoured of her, but with him she lived little more than a year; he allowed her 500l. a year for life, and a moiety to the daughter—she afterwards lived for sixteen years with General Tarleton; with him, and on his account, she caught a cold, that took away the use of her limbs, which she never recovered—she died on the 26th of December, 1800, of a dropsy in her chest, and was buried in the churchyard of old Windsor, agreeable to her own request. A monument is in contemplation, and poetical tributes of respect have been paid to her memory!

Her character was certainly mixed—but her temptations were great and numerous. Her matrimonial connection was in the first place unfortunate, and paved the way to her subsequent deviations from the path of rectitude. Of this circumstance she appears fully apprised, and sincerely regrets. Personal beauty is a snare—and often leads to an extreme degree of distress. From this biographical sketch, however, the superior advantages of virtue are evinced—it is the *only* sure parent of a rational peace, and of a pure felicity.

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A Short and Comprehensive System of Classical Geography, adapted for the Use of Schools, illustrated with a new Set of Maps, collected from the last ancient Historians and Geographers. By the Rev. R. Turner, LL. D. late of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, Author of an Introduction to Geography, &c. with a Recommendatory Preface by John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullins-row, Islington. Hurst. 3*s.* 6*d. bound.*

IN the present age great pains have been taken to aid youth in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and accordingly we are happy in pointing out volumes which are calculated to answer so valuable a purpose. Dr. Turner wrote an excellent introduction to geography; and with equal ability has he drawn up the work before us. *Ancient* and *Modern* GEOGRAPHY are here accurately laid down, with circumstances of their history, which fling an interest over the whole narrative. The young mind is perplexed with the changes which TIME has produced in the divisions of kingdoms and districts of the earth; but the present work explains them with neatness and perspicuity. The maps also are a great accession to the publication. Indeed the attentive study of this little work cannot fail of forming an admirable introduction to the perusal of the classics, which constitute an inexhaustible source of instruction and entertainment to the rising generation.

The geographical abridgement at the close of the volume, and of the *whole Aneid of Virgil* and the *Odyssey of Homer*, together with the *Travels and Voyages of Saint Paul*, must be extremely amusing to minds endued with any tolerable degree of taste and discernment. We therefore recommend this *System of Geography*, without reserve, to *all* the readers of our Miscellany.

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Youth's Monitor, containing the following moral and instructive Tales; the Herdsman; Contented Hermit; Ferdinand and Henry; the Sisters. Hurst.

THE sprightliness of these tales, in conjunction with their moral tendency, commands our approbation. Its author had no reason to conceal his name; the motive was undoubtedly good; and the plan is pleasingly executed. Youth wants many admonitions to guide their steps in the paths of virtue and piety.

Sketches of some of the Southern Counties of Ireland, collected during a Tour in the of Autumn 1797, in a Series of Letters. By G. Holmes. Longman and Rees. 9s.

THIS is a publication of merit, and is embellished with a few charming reviews of the sister country. The author describes his tour with judgement, dwells on particular spots with rapture, and paints his scenes with a pencil dipt in the colours of the rainbow. We shall select an extract, which the reader will find in the body of our work. We were however sorry to find the writer in the preface expatiating so much on his inability; we have perceived no marks of deficiency in the letters; and therefore such humiliating expressions about his own powers should have been avoided.

Thalaba the Destroyer. By Robert Southy. 2 vols. Longman and Rees.

THE high character of Mr. Southy in the poetical world, leads us to expect something from his pen superior to the common run of productions. Original in sentiment and expression, we have been delighted with his Parnassian flights, and they have attracted no small degree of the public attention. The present work is not a common place production. The title conveys a terri-

ble idea, and terrible is the story from its beginning to its conclusion. Of the nature of the poem, and of the verse in which it is written, Mr. Southy remarks.

" In the continuation of the Arabian Tales, the *Dondaniel* is mentioned, a seminary for evil Magicians under the roots of the sea!

" From this seed the present romance has grown. Let me not be supposed to prefer the metre in which it is written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse, the noblest measure in my judgement of which our admirable language is capable. For the following poem I have preferred it, because it suits the varied subject, it is the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian Tale."

We however regret that both the story and the verse are so very remote from the common current of events around us. We pretend not to arraign either the judgement or taste of this truly pleasing poet. But we confess, that there is here and there *such a wildness* that baffles our comprehension. We at the same time readily acknowledge that several of its parts are beautiful, and that its tendency is favourable to improvement. A poem of any length should be written in *blank verse*, it fills the ear, and makes an impression on the heart.

Letters addressed to a Young Man on his first Entrance into Life, and adapted to the peculiar Circumstances of the present Times. By Mrs. West, Author of a Tale of the Times, a Gossip's Story, &c. in 3 vols. Longman and Rees.

THAT young people stand in need of advice, and that it is the duty of every parent to give it, are truths generally acknowledged. The preacher and the moralist have strove in every age to guard youth against the numerous temptations by which they are on every side surrounded.

Moral and religious instruction are here combined and extended to the manifold departments of human life. The former is on the whole unexceptionable, the latter is professedly designed for members of the church of England. The volumes will be found useful to young people; and to all such publications we wish success.

Adventures of Musul, or the Three Gifts, with Tales. Vernor and Hood. 1s. 6d.

THE contents of this little work are marked by a proper degree of variety. Fancy has produced many ingenious stories, which will gratify youthful curiosity. Such collections are entitled to our commendation.

Memorial of the Family of Tufton, Earls of Thanet, deduced from various Sources of authentic information. Robinsons.

MANY particulars are here gathered into a volume respecting a noble family, whose rise and progress will be to many an object of curiosity. The memorialist has taken great pains, and we applaud his industry.

The Millenium, or chearful Prospects of the Reign of Truth, Peace and Righteousness, and serious Reflections on the Commencement of the new Century; two Discourses preached, the first on November 5, 1800, and the second on January 4, 1801, in the new Chapel, Bridport; with Notes, By Thomas Howe. Longman and Rees. 1s. 6d.

THESE are two excellent sermons preached on memorable occasions. The writer discovers a just acquaintance with his subject, and breathes

an ardent wish for the felicity of all mankind. We recommend the perusal of these discourses. They cannot fail of producing a good effect. The prospects suggested are of the most exhilerating tendency.

A Voyage to Botany Bay, with a Description of the Country, Manners, Customs, Religion of the Natives; also the Sequel to this Voyage; in one vol. By the celebrated George Barrington. Symonds. 3s. 6d.

THE *eastern part* of New Holland is justly become an object of our curiosity. Ten thousand miles distant from Britain, it possesses a wonderful degree of novelty; and the transportation of so many hundred criminals thither, makes us desirous of knowing their condition in so remote a region of the globe! Of these particulars Mr. Barrington informs us in an entertaining manner. His elevation to office enables him to take a more comprehensive survey of his fellow convicts, and his reformation imparts to his narrative traits of credibility. We have been amused with the performance, and we doubt not that it will prove a source of amusement to others.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR AUGUST, 1801.

THE present month has not been unproductive of various events, which must affect in a considerable degree the political world. The reports relative to an invasion of this country by the French are greatly subsided. Whether there ever was ground to fear from that quarter is with many a matter of doubt; and surely considering how

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well we are guarded on every side, the blusterings of the enemy ought not to have given us any serious apprehension. But Lord Nelson has been commissioned to enter their harbours, and destroy their hostile preparations. Accordingly on the 8th, he did destroy many of the gun boats in the port of Boulogne. The firing was violent and incessant, the plan was well designed and ably executed. The spectators on each side of the channel were so numerous, that a French paper remarked, the water seemed like a great river, on the banks of which the two parties were contending for victory! But his Lordship was not equally fortunate in his attack on the 16th. The enemy were prepared to meet them, for the French were on their guard since the former encounter; and therefore terrible was the carnage and destruction. Lord Nelson still continues to watch the coast of the enemy, and intends to do them material injury. Of these proceedings various are the opinions, some think that his Lordship ought not to be employed on so trivial an occasion, whilst others deem the undertaking absolutely necessary to the safety of the country.

Sir James Saumarez in July last, obtained a signal victory over the Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean, the circumstances of the action were honourable to our navy, and will heighten its glory.

But the grand event by which the attention of the political world is at present absorbed, is the taking of GRAND CAIRO, an object to which our forces in that quarter have looked forward with ardent expectation. Alexandria must now fall, and then our conquest will be complete. May we make a good use of our success! We cannot conclude this article without congratulating our readers on the manner after which *Cairo* was taken; few if any lives were lost! In such circumstances

we should always rejoice; we thereby gratify the best feelings of the human heart. At the same time we hope the time will soon come, when the *Sword* shall be laid aside for ever, and PEACE shall embrace the whole world.

We close with announcing a MOST ABUNDANT HARVEST.—Corn is falling fast.—May PLENTY in conjunction with PEACE bless all mankind.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR AUGUST, 1801.

August 1. A FELLOW entered a gentleman's house at Portland Place, and finding no person in the servants-hall, he took all their great coats, which were nearly new, and threw them over his shoulder. As he was making his escape, he was met by the second coachman, who enquired what he was going to do with the coats? The fellow, quite unembarrassed, replied that "he was taking them to be cleaned," as they were splashed. The coachman, believing this to be the case, said, "*Stop a little, and you shall have mine too*;" which he accordingly gave him, and suffered the fellow to depart; nor was it until some hours after that the theft was discovered.

2. As the Marquis of Abercorn was driving Lady C. Hamilton and another lady in a phæton, on the road between Stanmore and Edgware, the horses took fright, and the reins breaking, they ran against the bank with such violence, as to throw out the marquis, who was sitting on the opposite side. By this accident both his legs were broken, one just above the ancle, and the other a compound fracture at the ancle joint. The horses ran about a quarter of a mile further, and at a turning threw the ladies into a hedge, but neither

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of them received any material injury. We are however, happy to learn, that the marquis is doing as well as can be expected.

4. Lord Nelson attacked Boulogne, and destroyed many of their gun vessels. The contest continued throughout the whole day—the spectators, on both sides the channel, were numerous, on this extraordinary occasion.

8. About twelve o'clock at night, as two gentlemen were passing through a lane leading to Walworth common, they were affected with piteous moans, which seemed to proceed from a small hovel belonging to a chimney-sweeper. The cries continuing, the gentlemen entered the house, when they found a poor little boy (an apprentice) suspended by the right arm from the cieling, having the left hand and leg tied together, in which painful situation the poor creature had been for some time. It was with difficulty, by cutting the rope, that the gentlemen extricated the little sufferer from his master's cruelty, who alledged for such horrible barbarity, that the boy had lost *two* or *three shillings* the preceding day.

10. A journeyman shoemaker was brought before the sitting alderman, charged by his employer with spoiling some leather, which he had given him for the purpose of making shoes. The master produced shoes made by this man, and explained to the magistrate the deception used, by marking the heels and soles with a machine, that imitated stitches, when there were actually but a very few real stitches in the shoes, so that with very little wearing they all come to pieces. Many respectable masters attended, and told the magistrate how much the trade might be injured by such a deception. The journeyman was convicted, and sentenced to three months hard labour in Bridewell.

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16. Two attendants of the Turkish Ambassador passing from the Adelphi to their lodgings, were wantonly attacked by a set of blackguards, who avowed no motive for their proceedings, than that the unfortunate men were foreigners; one of them was repeatedly knocked down, his face dangerously cut, and his beard torn off in handfulls. A warrant is served against the offenders.

17. About *four hundred and seventy persons* are released from the King's Bench Prison through the late insolvent act obtained by the Earl of Moira's exertions, all of whom were loud in the praises of the Marshal, who behaved to them with the greatest liberality.

18. Sir Richard Worsley's valuable collection of antique sculpture, paintings, &c. was taken on board the Tobert, by a Spanish frigate, and carried into Malaga, where they were condemned, and are purchased for the National Museum at Paris.

19. Lord Nelson made a second, but unsuccessful attack on Boulogne, in which he had many of his men killed and wounded. The enemy had strongly chained together their gun boats, so that every attempt to take them away proved abortive.

20. A gentleman at Middleton in Suffolk, a short time since left 70,000l. for the improvement of a botanical garden. Some circumstances however rendering the bequest abortive, the executors made inquiry for the lawful heirs, and discovered them to be a poor man residing at Clapton, near Woodbridge, and the wife of a labouring man with four children at Middleton, between whom this large property is now divided.

21. While the play of DEAF and DUMB was performing at Hereford Theatre, a cause was tried before Baron Thomson, at the shire hall in that

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city, by the issue of which the heir at law of a man born *deaf* and *dumb* recovered his estate situate in the country of Cardigan, South Wales.

22. Official accounts are received by Government of *Cairo* surrendering to our arms in Egypt, which most probably will prove a prelude to the expulsion of the French from every part of that far-famed and distant country.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

THOMAS Mottershead, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. James Colecom, Bow-street, Covent-garden, bricklayer. Wm. Marsden, Manchester, merchant. John Evans, Blackrod, Lancashire, victualler. W. Marsden and Chris. Tonge; Liverpool, merchants. John Brain, Bristol, dealer and chapman. Daniel Swallow, Rotherhithe, Surrey, victualler. M. Collin and T. Lewis, No. 38, Hatton Garden, Middlesex, navy agents. J. Inglish Keighly, F. Fergusson and W. Armstrong, London, merchants. G. Seagram, Tiverton, Devonshire, grocer. E. Griffin, St. Michael, in Bedwardine, Worcestershire, grocer. J. Thomas, Bathwick, Somersetshire, lodging-house-keeper. Michael Kelly, Camden Row, Middlesex, warehouseman. Robert Blessaard, Gnat Bank, Lancashire, miller. Benj. Field, Union Street, Bishopsgate Street, upholsterer. Tho. Nelson Asheton, Liverpool, merchant. Jacob Harrison, late of Philadelphia, now of Leeds, merchant. James Middlewood, Manchester, fruiterer. Geo. Collier, Shrewsbury, money-scrivener. Thomas Gilks, Warwick, cornfactor. James Horne, jun. late of Woodbridge, Suffolk, corn-merchant. T. Gore, late of College Hill, London, warehouseman.

J. Matthews, late of Gargrave, Yorkshire, dealer. H. Hardy, Snow Hill, London, card-maker. Rich. and Wm. Maddocks, Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, London, warehousemen. Thomas Toy, Penryn, Cornwall, linen-draper. Samuel French, jun. late of Hertford, mealman. Jane Galliers, St. John's Street, West Smithfield, baker. J. Wood and J. Wood, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, gunlock-makers. W. Baldwin, Wigan, Lancashire, scrivener. J. Damerum, Portsmouth, baker. W. Nunny, Langford, Somersetshire, teazle-dealer. J. Sheriff, Hatton Garden, Middlesex, merchant. James Somervail, Liverpool, merchant. Wm. Somervaille, Grange Court, Cary Street, taylor. William Day, Cheapside, man's-mercer. John Firth, Sowerby, Yorkshire, cornfactor. John Phillips, Walcot, Somersetshire, baker. Tho. Millar and James Hulme, Manchester, dealers. Joseph Clay, Batley, Yorkshire, drysalter. Tho. Brissey, Wigan, Lancashire, shopkeeper. J. Holmes and J. Palmer, Craven Street, Strand, army commission brokers. R. Maddocks, Barge Yard, Bucklersbury, broker.

BIRTHS.

Of sons: Lady Katharine Forester, at the Duchess of Rutland's, in Sackville-street; at his house at Mortlake, the Lady of J. Hawkins Whithed, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Red, of twins; at Leixlip the Right Hon. Lady Augusta Leith. Of daughters: the Lady who was married at Rome, and at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, to his Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick, at his Royal Highness's house, in Grosvenor-square; at Richmond, the Countess of Glasgow; Mrs. Perry, wife of Mr. Perry, of Turn again-lane, Fleet-market of two boys and a girl, who, with the mother, are likely to do well.

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MARRIAGES.

Sir Marcus Somerville, Bart. to Miss Marianne Meredyth, daughter and sole heiress of Sir Richard Gorges Meredyth, Bart. Mr. Thomas Binless, of Basinghall-street, to Miss Jackson, of Gower-street. The Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, to Miss Louisa Call, second daughter of the late Sir John Call, Bart. Brigadier General Danner to Miss White, sister to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Bantry, and niece to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Longueville. At Stoneham, the seat of Hans Sloane, Esq. M. P. Joseph Jekyll, Esq. M. P. to Miss Sloane.

DEATHS.

At Carlisle, Mr. Lowthian, coach-maker. His death was occasioned by the following accident:—Looking at some persons amusing themselves by throwing the hammer, it slipped from the hand of the person who was throwing it, and taking a wrong direction, struck Mr. Lowthian on the forehead. After a few days illness, Mrs. Bagshaw, of Duchess-street, Portland Place, widow of the late Colonel Bagshaw. Major Brown, of the Leicestershire Militia. This gentleman was returning from London to join his regiment at Yaxley Barracks, and was found dead in the coach at Piggleswade. At Great Harcourt, Newfoundland, Mrs. Garland, and also her daughter, the former aged 118, and the latter 80. At his house near Bath, Viscount Barrington, aged 41. His lordship was nephew to the Bishop of Durham. At the Hot-Wells, Bristol, Lady Horatio, wife of the Right Hon. Lord Hugh Seymour, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, &c. Frances Drake, of Halifax, aged 102. In an advanced age, at Terragles, near Dumfries, the Hon. Lady Winefred Constable, only daughter of the late Nithsdale, and relict of the W. H. M.

Constable, Esq. of Everingham, in the county of York. Lately, at an advanced age, at his seat at Bunney Park, Nottinghamshire, Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart. father to the late Lord Rancliffe. At Ellon Castle, in the county of Aberdeen, the Right Hon. George Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age. His Lordship is succeeded by his grandson, Lord Haddo. By a fall from his horse, at Deuton Park, in Yorkshire, James Ibbetson, Esq. third son of the late Sir James Ibbetson, and brother of Sir Henry Carr Ibbetson, of that place, barts. Mrs. Elmslie, wife of John Elmslie, Esq. of Berner-street, who on the 4th instant was delivered of her 21st child. At the Royal Naval Hospital, Plymouth, Lieutenant Burke, of the Doris, of a typhus fever, occasioned by several wounds received in his shoulder from a grape-shot, in the glorious attack on La Chevrette in the harbour of Brest. Sir William Plomer, Knight, Alderman of Basishaw Ward. He was chosen Alderman in 1772, served the office of Sheriff in 1774, and that of Chief Magistrate in 1781. At Whitby, very suddenly, Mrs. Mary Dearman, wife of Mr. Nathan Dearman, of that place, and one of the people called Quakers. Aged 56, the Rev. T. King, D. D. Chancellor of the cathedral church of Lincoln, and Rector of Bladon-cum-Woodstock, in Oxfordshire. The Hon. and Rev. P. Howard, brother to the Earl of Suffolk. At Blackheath, aged 72, the Earl of Dartmouth. In Dublin, Lord Rossmore. At Liverpool, Mr. Wild, upwards of twenty years Prompter of Covent Garden. Gen. Lord Adam Gordon, Colonel of the 1st foot.

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INDEX

TO THE

FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

The letter P signifies that the piece to which it is annexed is to be found in the *Poetry;* and the letter R intimates that it is an article in our *Review.*

	Page
A	
Almeria - - P -	83
Annual Register for 1799 R	91
Adventures of Musul R -	91
Aleppo, Funeral Customs at - - - -	147
Adonia - - R -	203
Alfred, an Epic Poem 223,	328
Amusements in High Life	227
Addington, Rt. Hon. Hen. Life of - - -	325
All Alone - - P -	401
Adventures of Musul R -	421
B.	
Batavia, Manners of - -	14
Buonaparte, Residence of	54
Beau Nash - - 56,	118
Beauties of the Drama, 67, 182, 277,	388
Butcher's Sermons, Lines on - - P -	80
Bath, History of - R -	89
Bankrupts, List of 105, 213, 321,	427
Births, List of 107, 214, 324,	520
Ba domachia - R -	208
Bustard, Great - - -	358
Ditto, Little - - -	360
Biography - - -	300
C.	
Cowper, Wm. Life of - -	3
Cabinet of Mirth 63, 170,	273
378	
Choice - - P -	28
China, Communications from - - -	153
Cock, Domestic - -	156
D	
Drama - - - - 75,	397
Deaths, List of 107, 215, 324,	429
Descriptive Sketch P - 195,	301
Dancer, Daniel life of - -	217
E.	
Edward, a Tale - R -	91
Evans's Sketch fifth edit. R	92
Elwes, life of - - -	109
Exhibition at the Royal Academy - -	148
Essay - - - -	165
Epilogue - P -	198
Evening Recreations R -	207
Egyptians, Account of	247
Essay - - -	263
Egypt - - -	269
Excursions from Bath R -	313
Evans' Sermon at Deptford R - - -	315
Essay on Benevolence -	353
Eugene - - P -	406
F.	
Friend, Address to - P -	77
Fenelon's Reflections R -	93
Family Budget - R -	204
Friends - - R -	206
Female Swindlers - -	221
Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds - R -	316
Female Character - -	348
G.	
Garrick, life of - -	136
Goodacre's Tables R	205
Goldfinch - - -	257
H.	
Hottentots, Account of -	25

Digitized by Google

	Page
Hospitality, Spanish	46
Hymn to Jupiter	72
Hours, Reckoning of	254
Historical Tour through Monmouthshire R	311
Holmes's Tour	372
I. & J.	
Jubilee of Shakespeare	99
Juvenile Recreations 58, 167, 281, 392	
Irving's Elements of Composition R	94
L.	
Lying-in Women, Custom of	74
Lines on a Hamlet P	78
Lines P	81
Literary Fund, Address to P	189
297	
Lisbon	295
Lambs at Play P	307
Letter to Young Men R	323
Little Captain	173
M.	
Monthly Chronologist 102, 210, 314, 429	
Marriages, list of 107, 215, 324, 429	
More, Hannah, Works of R	201
Matilda R	206
Madrid	292
Melancholy R	316
Memoirs of the Family of Tufton R	421
N.	
Nelson, lord, Ode to P	199
Nature and Nancy P	309
Nelson, Lord, Account of	380
O.	
Ode for his Majesty's Birth Day P	193
Out at Last, by P. Pindar, R	205
P.	
Pointer, Spanish	43
Persian Princes R	93
Praxis of Logic R	96
Pompey's Pillar	186
Prologue P	197
Public Speakers, Hints to R	317
Phocus, account of	394
Turner's System of Geography R	418
Q.	
Queen Elizabeth	259
R.	
Rolla, life of	99
Retrospect of the Political World 100, 209, 318,	424
Rochefoucault's Maxims	341
Robinson, Mrs. Memoirs of R	416
Remarkable Characters	400
S.	
Seduction, a Tale 22, 160, 265, 367	
Sleep, Invocation to	79
Solitude, Ode to P	83
Stranger 125,	251
Sonnet	269
Steele and Pocock's list of Ships R	206
Stonehenge	333
Skeaches P	408
Secret Correspondence	361
Sketches of the South of Ireland R	419
T.	
Tales of the Arbor R	94
Turkish Punishments	181
The Millenium R	421
Thalaba the Destroyer R	419
U. & V.	
Visits to the Aviary R	93
Unfortunate Taylor P	306
Village Dialogues R	317
Voyage to Botany Bay R	422
W.	
Winter Walk	11
Wansey's Excursion to America R	94
Winter Noon	189
Writings	246
Women	280
Y.	
Youth's Monitor R	410

To Correspondents.

The Rev. John Evans has promised us his "Excursion through the County of Kent," for the succeeding Numbers of our Miscellany.

The next Number of the Monthly Visitor will contain a capital Portrait of Mr. Jefferson, the President of the United States of America, with a concise Sketch of his Life, together with his Speech on the opening of Congress; favoured by an American Correspondent.

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